AFGHAN POETRY

OF THE

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY:

BEING

SELECTIONS FROM

THE POEMS OF KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

WITH

TRANSLATIONS AND GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.



EDITED AND COMPILED BY

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DEDICATED TO

GEORGE ANDERSON, ESQ.,

FORMERLY OF KUMTOUL INDIGO FACTORY, DURBANGAH, TIRHOOT;

IN GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF

KINDNESS RECEIVED ON MY ARRIVAL IN INDIA.

INTRODUCTION.

It is with some diffidence that I venture to approach a subject which has already met with such able handling at the hands of others far more masters of the language and literature of which they were treating than myself, and I do not imagine that the present work will be found to contain anything that is not already known to the Pushtoo scholar. My only object in compiling it has been to facilitate a further study of the language on the part of such as may have only as yet commenced it, and to enlist generally the interest of those as yet unacquainted with it, whether in England or India, by a rendering, however bald and inadequate, of some of the more interesting pieces which its literature contains.

It is indeed strange to observe the apathy with which the study of the Pushtoo language is taken up even now-a-days, and that in spite of the daily increasing importance for professional purposes of a thorough acquaintance with this language to so many of our Anglo-Indian officials, whether of the Military or Civil Services, independently of the interest attaching to the study of this language, which is that of one of the most peculiar of the populations with which, in the course of the extension of our Oriental territories, we have ever been brought in contact, and of the fact of the length of our acquaintance and connection with the land of their homes and the stirring episodes in our national history which have occurred and may yet occur in the course of our intercourse with this country and its inhabitants; and if this is true as regards the language itself, still more is it the case with regard to its literature, which could under any circumstances only be expected to come under the notice of such as had pursued their studies in Pushtoo to such an extent as to be able to appreciate the interest attaching to those of its productions which are still extant and available for their perusal; there are indeed but comparatively few that appear to be acquainted hardly further than by name with the works of its most famous authors, such as whose names are household words in every Pathan home, and whose compositions are in the mouths of countless numbers of the Pathan population, many of them subjects

That this neglect has been redeemed by brilliant exof our Government. ceptions in the case of those capable of an appreciation of the interest attaching to these works, and the beauties to be found in them, has been amply demonstrated by the valuable works of Dr. Bellew, Mr. Hughes and others, and lastly but by no means leastly those of Major Raverty. The latter may indeed be styled the Father of the study of the Afghan language and literature, for more than thirty years ago he devoted himself to placing at the disposal of the public the unique stores of information which he had in the course of years of study acquired upon the subject, and it is mainly owing to the facilities which he was thus able to afford that his successors in the task and the ordinary student of the present day is indebted for any proficiency which he may attain in his pursuit. "Raverty's Grammar," "Raverty's Dictionary," "Raverty's Gulshan-i-Roh" or Selections of the most interesting, characteristic and beautiful extracts from Pushtoo literature, will ever be lasting memorials of the conscientious and disinterested labour which this pioneer of the study of the Pushtoo language and its literature bestowed upon a subject the interest and importance of which was even less adequately understood at the time that he wrote than at the present time.

However much these works may be improved upon by a more extended acquaintance with this population and its language, they will ever remain the original foundation of whatever our further acquisitions in this respect may be. As regards the present work it is only to be regarded as being supplementary to them, and specially compiled for the benefit of the beginner in Pushtoo.

With this reservation the only merits which I claim for its production are that as regards the vernacular portion of the work the system of spelling adopted has been as far as possible based upon the latest devised rules of orthography and grammatical construction, such as a candidate for examination. in Pushtoo would now-a-days be required to pay attention to in the composition of his theme. It must be remembered that the Pushtoo can hardly be called a written language to any appreciable extent; as in the case of Scotland, to which country its characteristics of population and national traits afford a remarkable analogy, its sole literature may almost be said to be such as has taken a poetical form more or less of the character of ballads; these poems moreover have been mostly handed down by oral tradition, and but in few cases committed to writing. Even where the latter has been the case, as might be expected amongst a rough and uneducated people who scorn such, as they consider them, effeminate accomplishments as reading and writing, but little attention has been paid by the various transcribers to any uniform system of spelling or of grammatical construction, the equivalents of the words recited having been probably as often as not committed to paper upon phonetic rather than upon any other principles.

It is only lately, since the introduction of the printing-press into Peshawar, that a demand for printed copies of these poems has arisen. This demand has of course been almost exclusively confined to the natives of the country, and the nature and quality of the article supplied has been such as would meet with their expectation and requirements, but to any European, except such as have made the reading of vernacular literature their special study, it must often have been a matter of experience how discouraging to the ordinary reader is the spectacle presented upon opening a book of this character in the usual type; so much so that in spite of his desire to penetrate its contents and make himself acquainted with the matters of interest which it contains, a perseverance in his object involves a hard struggle, the more so that, as is the case with most Anglo-Indians, his more immediate object in this study is the agreeable and profitable employment of such leisure as he is able to snatch from the more serious business of life upon which his maintenance depends, and this Tleads me to the only other merit which I claim for this work, which is that the printing is legible; there is no running of one word into another, or placing one portion of a word upon the line with the remainder in the interval above it, as is the distracting custom in most of the productions of the Vernacular Press. I should add that the brief Grammatical Introduction which I have prefixed to the accompanying Selections is a mere compilation of notes taken by myself whilst studying for examinations from the mouth of vernacular feachers and from the works of Major Raverty and Professor Trumpp. this apology for the appearance of the work at all, I will proceed to add a few remarks for the benefit of the English reader or of such Europeans in Iudia as have not been brought much in contact with a Pathan population.

Afghanistan has always been a country abounding in rustic poets, and amongst a people absolutely devoid of any other form of literature the poetic has, as amongst most free and mountain races, been ever the favourite mode of recording any forcible impression whether of a sentimental, historical or moralistic description which may have occurred to the composer; down to the present time there is no form of enjoyment more appreciated by even the most wild and barbarous of the tribes inhabiting these regions than that afforded by the recitation of their favourite ballads, or indeed of any such as relate in a sufficiently impressive manner any forcible incident of national or individual interest. Amongst all these productions of local talent the poems of Khush-hal Khan Khatak, the famous chief and warrior, and Abd-ul-Rahman, the philosopher and moralist, have ever held the foremost place in the affections of their fellow countrymen, so much so that many even of the most ignorant amongst them have in the course of listening to repeated recitations of them by professional bards acquired an acquaintance by rote with the best known of them, and there is no surer or readier mode of appealing to their sympathies or enlisting their

confidence than by the quotation of a few stanzas from the compositions of the one or the other poet.

This is but natural, for these poems breathe of the subjects in which every Pathan delights; they remind him of days of former grandeur and prowess and they talk to him alike of love and warfare, which are the themes which must ever appeal most readily to the untutored instincts of a brave though savage and independent people. As they tell of raid and foray and contest between clan and clan his eyes flash and his nostrils quiver with the passions they arouse; as they describe the softer emotions of love and sentiment his breast heaves with gentle sighs, for in spite of rugged and brutal bearing there is no people in which exists a deeper fund of latent tenderness and gallantry; again, little as he may probably care to carry into practice the moral teaching of the didactic portions, he can still fully appreciate the loftiness of the sentiments which they contain, and in this he is not singular amongst mankind.

The poems, as would be expected, bear throughout the impress of the natural influences by which the composers were surrounded. Afghanistan is a country where nature ever exhibits herself in the most conflicting aspects; it is a country of lofty mountains and deep ravines, of arid plains and fertile valleys, of bitter cold and scorching heat, for the seasons too share of the extremes visible in the physical characteristics of the country; in winter biting frost and heavy snow in parts, in summer scorehing winds and fiery sunshine. The only period of the year on which the Afghan poet delights to dwell is that intervening between the freezing blasts of winter and the burning heats of the hot season, while the general barrenness and sterility of his native land is amply brought home by his repeated recurrence to the simile—as typical of everything that is charming and delightful, and which is one that he invariably makes use of when he wishes to bring in a comparison which shall touch the heart of his reader—of a "garden," to walk in which on a hot summer's day is the supremest of his delights.

What wonder then that, born and bred amongst these scenes of sterility and savage grandeur, the Pathan should breathe of the instincts with which his constant intercourse with them would inspire his nature. In the deadly struggle for existence which the barrenness of his native land involves, the strong hand has ever been the only law recognised or to which an appeal would be made, and "Thou shalt want ere I do" has been as much the motto of every Pathan tribe as it ever was of the border clans of Scotland in the good old days of yore. But deeply as in the case of the true Pathan the fiercer instincts of human nature seem affected by the scenes which Nature herself has spread around him, these are accompanied by a simple and poetical appreciation of the more beautiful and softer features of the landscape, and a healthy manliness of tone in his expression of the sentimental emotions, which afford a

refreshing contrast to the maudlin or voluptuous treatment which such subjects meet at the hands of most Oriental poets. It is this manliness of tone inherent in his nature which must on one point always appeal to the chivalrous feelings instinctive in every European and make the latter feel disposed to deal kindly with his other failings, objectionable and contemptible as they may appear in our eyes; and that is his treatment of the weaker sex, so different from the habits and customs of other Eastern nations with whom we have been brought It must, however, be understood that throughout these remarks I am speaking of the higher classes of Pathans; amongst the populace their women-kind probably meet with no better treatment than they do amongst the lower classes of Europeans. To Englishmen of all nations must this redeeming trait ever appeal with peculiar force, for from what other Asiatic people with whom we have been brought in contact could we have hoped for the treatment, rough as it was, which our fellow countrywomen met with at the hands of the savage and vindictive Pathans when they fell into their hands as prisoners at the time of the disastrous evacuation of Cabul in 1842, and that too at a time when the passions of their victors were at their fiercest pitch and they were flushed with victory and success; far different were the experiences of such as some years later fell into the hands of our own Sepoys and others, our only mistake in dealing with whom had been that we had treated them with too great confidence and generosity. Startling contrasts are, however, as much the characteristics of the nature of the Pathan as they are those of his country and its climate; he is capable of the most unexpected outbursts of generosity and sentiment as of the most cold-blooded and calculating acts of treachery and sordid greed and duplicity; of the deepest self-devotion to those to whom he is attached or whom he considers to have a claim upon his gratitude, in comparison to which life, or what perhaps is dearer to him than life, money, presents no value in his eyes; as of the most implacable resentment towards those at whose hands he imagines himself to have received any injury, more particularly it would almost seem if such should in any way be connected with him by blood.

It is with the expression of such manly sentiments as were exemplified on the occasion to which I have above referred that the Pathan love-songs are replete; portions indeed of the sentimental poetry are of that type so peculiar to Mahommedan compositions of this nature, in which the expression of the sentiments of human love and passion are so inextricably mingled with those of devotion to the Deity that in many cases it is almost impossible to distinguish the one from the other, or separate the outpourings of the love-sick poet from the mystic yearnings of the devout mind for absorption in or union with the Divine Being. The special distinction of the Pathan poetry in this respect, as contrasted with the current poetry of the East, is that—intermingled as are the expressions of these sentiments in the poems of this description—

there is nothing about them that need shock the ear of the refined lover or offend the sense of propriety of the devout reader, as is too frequently the case with the gross and material allusions commonly indulged in by most Oriental poets. If the sonnets are read as simple love-songs they are full of beautiful and picturesque comparisons such as would naturally occur to the rustic poet pouring forth his feelings of sentiment towards his mistress amidst the recesses. of his native mountains; if they be regarded as the expression of the cravings of the devout soul for a closer union with its Creator, there is nothing in them that need prevent their perusal by a reverent mind. The similes introduced in these love-songs are in many cases as wild and fanciful as the scenes which The lover is compared to the must have met the eyes of the composer. breeze which is fancifully supposed to be distractedly wandering about in pursuit of the perfume of the rose; he is drawn towards his mistress as the sun in its mid-day heat draws up the dew; again, like the dew which, glittering in the rays of the sun, is fancifully compared to countless eyes, he is all eyes for the approach of his mistress; as the sun derives its light from some supernatural source, so the refulgence of her beauty is reflected upon him; the snow upon the mountain tops melts upon the approach of spring into sympathetic torrents of tears over the woes of separated lovers; the mountain slopes covered with the smoke of burning prairies are typical of the sighs and lamentations of the same; again, the wounded heron, separated from and left behind by its companions in their flight, lends itself by its distress and the agitation which it exhibits to the same purpose; his mistress is compared to a cypress, to a pine, in her stateliness of figure and graceful carriage, her face to a tulip, in which the red and white are cunningly mingled, her locks are like hyacinth, etc., etc. The appreciation of scenery and the beauties of nature which finds such a frequent expression in these poems is a sentiment with which we Europeans must sympathize most strongly, all the more so that a capacity for such æsthetic enjoyment is not by any means widely spread amongst Asiatics.

To understand appropriately the spirit and character of the patriotic and historical portions of this poetry it would be necessary to review briefly the special characteristics of the people amongst which their authors took their origin and the scenes and conditions of society amongst which they were born and brought up.

As has been before remarked the country of Afghanistan affords in its social aspects a remarkable analogy to that of Scotland, particularly as regards its political condition and the national traits of its inhabitants; that is, if regard be had to the Scotland of the Middle Ages. As in Scotland the Highland portion of the population is found divided into various clans, distinguished by patronymics denoting the ancestors from which they respectively claim their origin, each of which, in former ages, under the feudal authority of its own tribal chief, whose

personal influence was the only rule that its members recognized for their guidance, led a distinct and semi-independent political existence, neither recognizing nor deferring to any claims on the part of other clans of a collateral origin, or indeed of any supreme power except in so far as the head of the clan found it expedient or necessary to do so,—in the same way each Afghan tribe constitutes a separate political unit bound to its individual chief by strictly feudal ties, and recognizing no authority beyond him except under compulsion by superior force.

The tribes, however, of Afghan origin, by no means form the exclusive population of these regions; for, intermingled amongst them, is found a considerable sprinkling of tribes of Persian and Moghal descent, introduced into the country in the train of various Moghal and Persian invaders, their relations with whom are, as it may be imagined, none of the most cordial; for the latter are evidently a comparatively recent accession to the population, and the tribes of Afghan origin, who are the oldest inhabitants of the country of whom we have any record, could thus hardly be expected to look on them with other than feelings of jealousy and dislike as intruders and interlopers. There is strong reason to believe that the Afghans themselves are a tribe of Western origin, who have taken refuge in the regions in which they are now found from the successful invasions of their own homes; but their descent is lost in obscurity, and it is difficult even to make a suggestion as to the immediate cause of their immigration into these regions. Curiously enough, they themselves claim to be of Jewish extraction, and there is no doubt that this strange traditionary belief in their descent is firmly implanted in their breasts; it is no weaker now than it was more than two centuries ago, the poetry of which period abounds in allusions to the same. Certain of the words, moreover, found in their language, are by some supposed to be remotely connected with the Hebrew, and thus to give some shadow of reason to the advancement of this strange claim on their part; all, however, that is certain about them is, that at present they constitute the majority of the inhabitants and speak a variety of dialects of a common language. This similarity of language, however, appears to constitute locally no bond of union between the members of the various tribes into which this population is divided, which each exist apart with entirely distinct customs and interests. and on terms of mutual distrust and suspicion, if not of actual open hostility.

Following out, then, the analogy that has been suggested to the condition of Scotland in the Middle Ages, we must endeavour to imagine the Highland and Lowland sections of the population inextricably intermingled as regards their local position in adjacent counties, as it were, instead of inhabiting perfectly distinct tracts of country, though equally distinct from one another in all their social relations. The Afghan would thus sufficiently and adequately represent the Highlanders, or the more ancient inhabitants of the country, while the Lowlanders, or the mixed and alien races, comprised of the relics of successive

invading elements from the South, would be represented by the various races of a distinct extraction from the Afghans, which are found scattered amongst them, but the difference of whose origin is immediately proclaimed by their

appearance, language, and manners. As then in Scotland the Highland portion of the population, whilst living on terms of perpetual hostility with its Lowland neighbours, was itself divided into clans constituting different communities which, though regarding one another with a jealous distrust, were bound internally with the closest ties, -so in the case of the tribes of Afghan origin are their respective members equally jealous of their tribal rights and privileges, while at the same time living collectively upon terms of the bitterest hostility with the races of a different extraction residing in their midst. If this latter be the case now-a-days, after years and years of intercourse, or at any rate of contact, how much more must it have been so two centuries ago, when the Moghals were supreme in Hindustan and the dominant race in Afghanistan itself, and that in spite of the most determined and obstinate resistance on the part of its Afghan inhabitants! Of the bitterness of the feeling towards them on the part of the latter there is abundant evidence in their poetry of that period, which abounds with descriptions of sanguinary conflicts between the rival races and bloodthirsty pæans over hecatombs of slaughtered Moghals. Such portions of this poetry are full of peculiar interest to us in the present state of our relations with the country as denoting the terms upon which our predecessors in the sovereignty of Hindustan were upon with these savage and determined opposers to their rule, and the means which they eventually adopted to overcome this opposition and introduce distrust and disunion among the confederate tribes. It must be remembered that at the time these poems were written no such a personage as an Amir of Cabul existed, neither had Cabul itself ever been the seat of a national or other dynasty; up till then, and indeed for many years subsequently, it never formed more than the headquarters of the Government of a local Satrapy, according as the province of which it was the chief town happened to constitute for the time being a dependency of some Central Asian Dynasty or of the throne of Delhi. Though under these circumstances this province nominally stretched as far as Ghazni on the south and to the confines of the present district of Peshawar on the east, the actual rule of the Governor of Cabul does not appear to have extended beyond the Cabul valley itself and those immediately accessible from it. In the same way the district of Peshawar was a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi. and its chief town the headquarters of another provincial Governor, whose nominal sway extended over all the tribes scattered throughout the surrounding country. The degree of recognition, however, accorded to the rule of these respective governors by the tribes inhabiting the mountains extending from Jellalabad to the neighbourhood of Peshawar, such as the Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris,

Khataks, etc., etc., appears to have been of almost as vague and shadowy a description as that now accorded by these same tribes to the Amir of Cabul. The Moghal Emperors appear to have tried every expedient that could possibly occur to them, whether through the medium of force or diplomacy, to reduce these tribes to a position of subordination to their rule, but equally without success. They remained a set of incorrigible and uncompromising robbers and banditti, only to be won over to an inoffensive attitude by a lavish expenditure of gold, whenever their neutrality or good services were required. Many years later the strength and independence of their position was demonstrated by the fact that Nadir Shah, the great conqueror, on his return from Hindustan, was compelled to submit to pay a heavy black mail to these predatory tribes to secure a safe passage through the Khaibar Pass for the treasure which he brought with him.

The poems of one of the authors of whom I am speaking date from the middle to the end of the seventeenth century, and so extend through the period during which the Emperor Aurangzeb—reversing the tolerant and temporizing policy initiated by his predecessor Akbar, and carried out by the latter's immediate successors Jehangir and Shah Jehan, which had done so much to extend and solidify the Moghal supremacy throughout the continent of Hindustan—was endeavouring, by a resort to violent and oppressive measures, to reduce the heterogeneous races comprised within his empire, over many of whom he held little but a nominal sway, to a condition of abject subjugation to his rule; an enterprise in which, after years and years of warfare, he not only failed himself most signally, but by his failure and the feelings of dissatisfaction and opposition which he aroused laid the seeds of the subsequent downfall of his dynasty.

Against no people did he make more strenuous and futile efforts than against the Afghan tribes inhabiting the regions adjoining the North-Western frontier of the Punjaub.

The importance of keeping open a free current of communication between Hindustan and Central Asia had always been recognized by every Moghal Emperor of Delhi as being the only means by which fresh influxes of reinforcements of their countrymen could be obtained, and it was to the failure of this supply of fresh and renovating national material, in consequence of the closing of this means of access, that the gradually increasing weakness of the Moghal rule was subsequently due; but whereas previous Emperors had been content to secure the freedom of this means of communication with the homes of their race from the wild and warlike tribes, in whose hands the route by Cabul lay, by a mixture of force and cajolery and to purchase the immunity they required at the cheap expense of an occasional expedition against an individual offender and a few bribes and honorary titles bestowed upon such as submitted to their wishes, without, however, for a moment dreaming of any attempt upon the freedom

of the mass, it was one of Aurangzeb's ambitious schemes to reduce the entire inhabitants of these regions to a position of absolute submission to his rule. In this enterprise, however, he failed as signally as he did in his later under-For two years were his armies encamped takings against the Mahrattas. amongst these mountain fastnesses, and countless were the lives lost and treasures expended in the guerilla warfare with the fierce and hardy Afghans which ensued, the leader amongst whom was the famous chief, warrior and poet, Khushhal Khan Khatak, of whom Elphinstone in his History of India appropriately remarks, "This war derives additional interest from the picture of it preserved by one of the principal actors, Khushhal Khan, the Khan of the Khataks, who was a voluminous author and has left several poems written at this time for the purpose of exciting the national enthusiasm of his countrymen. They are remarkable for their high and ardent tone, and for their spirit of patriotism and independence, so unlike the usual character of Asiatics." It is from these amongst others that I now give a few selections, and feeble as will be my translations as compared with the fire and spirit and vigour of the originals, they may yet be of some interest to the general reader unable to peruse them in the original, if only on account of the matter which they contain.

Khushhal Khan was, as has been before remarked, the chief of the Khataks, a powerful and warlike tribe inhabiting the neighbourhood of the Khaibar Pass, He was born in the early part of the seventeenth century, and died in a ripe old age towards its close; he was thus the contemporary of Charles the First, Charles the Second and James the Second amongst our Sovereigns, and lived through a portion of the reign of the Emperor Jehangir, the whole of that of Shah Jehan, and the greater part of that of Aurangzeb, amongst the Moghal Emperors of Delhi. It was during the reign of the Emperor Shah Jehan that he arrived at the age of manhood, and his abilities and influence appear to have been fully recognized by this Sovereign, who, with the diplomacy which was then the policy of the Moghal Emperors, supported him in every way, and entrusted him with various responsible duties connected with the protection of the line of communication between Hindustan and Cabul. Wherever this Emperor's name is mentioned in his poems, he is spoken of by Khushhal Khan throughout in terms of the greatest esteem and respect, very different in their tone from those in which he refers to his successor Aurangzeb, who, as has been described, reversed the temporizing policy which had been that of his predecessors in their relations with these mountain tribes, and made a bitter enemy of Khushhal Khan by treacherously imprisoning him in Hindustan for many years in consequence of some supposed contempt of his authority. He escaped, however, from this imprisonment to his native country, where, as may be imagined, he became the rallying-point of the opposition offered by his fellow-countrymen

to the attempted aggressions of the Moghals. As is known from history, this opposition on the part of the Afghan tribes was of so determined a character that, though the Emperor Aurangzeb himself took command of the forces, he was unable to accomplish his object, and obliged, after several years of a disastrous and desultory warfare, carried on at the expense of many lives and much treasure, to withdraw his troops to Hindustan. Later on he succeeded in effecting by cajolery a great part of that which he had failed to do by force, and by a liberal expenditure in the way of bribes and douceurs to the leaders of other tribes, succeeded in detaching these from their confederation with the Khataks, a subject to which many are the bitter and contemptuous allusions made by Khushhal Khan, who appears never to have abated from the hostility of his demeanour towards the Moghals till, worn out and broken-spirited, betrayed into the hands of his enemies by his own son, he seems in his old age to have felt at times the hopelessness of contending against such influences, or of inducing the other tribes in the face of it to combine with him in the defence of the national independence. His feelings towards Aurangzeb, however, never changed, and he never alludes to him except in terms of the bitterest hatred and contempt, and never loses an opportunity of covering him with derision and obloquy. The poems of Khushhal Khan are of the most heterogeneous description as regards the subjects of which they treat, they deal with those of a patriotic nature, contests with the Moghals and tribal feuds, sports of various descriptions, especially that of hawking, which appears to have been the favourite amusement of this accomplished and versatile chief, conviviality, religion, morality, and sentiment. He appears to have been indeed a man of the most extraordinary vigour of mind and exceptional versatility of talent; there is no subject which could ordinarily occur to a human being, not a specialist, which he does not discuss. Such a development of intellect and power of observation and appreciation of the gravity and profoundness of the problems affecting human life as are exhibited in his works are all the more astonishing to us when we consider his career, the age he lived in, and the almost utter state of barbarism of the social surroundings amidst which he spent the best part of his life. It is true that the greater portion of his poems appears to have been written after he had passed the prime of his manhood, and subsequently to the period of his imprisonment in India by Aurangzeb, to which frequent references are made, though some of them were evidently written during the time of this confinement, for they contain the most pathetic lamentations over the restraint he was subjected to, and expressions of home-sickness and pinings after the free life and the mountains and streams of his native country. It is probable that it was in the course of this confinement, and in that of his previous intercourse with the Emperor Shah Jehan, with whom he appears to have been on the most friendly and confidential terms, that he acquired and developed the taste for refined

and literary pursuits and philosophical enquiries and reflections which was then the characteristic of the Moghal court, to which all the Oriental literati of the age had, since the time of the Emperor Akbar, been encouraged to resort. There is no question that he was a man of exceptional talents and energy both of mind and body, nor that, had his lot been placed in a wider field and in a more civilized sphere, he would have risen to a position of considerable celebrity. As it was, being only the chief of a comparatively insignificant mountain tribe of Afghanistan, his existence depended throughout on the most precarious circumstances, and he died in an obscure old age unnoticed and unconsidered by his fellow-countrymen and contemporaries.

His poems are characteristic of the national character and the circumstances of his life; they contain the most extraordinary mixture of warlike, not to say bloodthirsty sentiments, and those of a philosophical, religious, or sentimental nature. In the same poems almost one may find the simple and most charming expressions of his appreciation of the beauties of nature and the benefits of the Creator, the most sanguinary rejoicings over the discomfiture of his foes, even when these are of his own countrymen, and reflections of a moralizing description which show the amount of thought he had bestowed upon such subjects.

Such of these poems as relate to patriotic subjects, tribal encounters, the struggles between the Afghans and the Moghals, are those the recitation of which is most popular amongst his fellow-countrymen of the present day, as they are those of more special interest to ourselves; they are collectively far too numerous for reproduction in the present work, but it is hoped that the samples produced may be indicative of the interest attaching, to the remainder. It should be noted that though, in speaking of this section of the population of Afghanistan, I have done so under the modern and conventional designation of Afghans, this term is rarely used in these works, in which Khushhal Khan almost invariably, refers to his fellow countrymen of the various tribes under their common national designation in the East as Pathans. The term Afghan is, however, used occasionally, but then only as evidently synonymous with Pathan.

Some of the poems written during the period of Khushhal Khan's imprisonment in India are, as has been said, most touching in their nature and in the terms in which he gives vent to his pinings after his native country and the scenes amongst which his life had been spent. Their expression also is strikingly characteristic of the strange patriotism of the Afghan, which appears to attach itself to the inanimate surroundings of his home with feelings of the deepest devotion, such as resent, with sentiments of utter abhorrence and almost in the light of sacrilege, the intrusion amongst these of the stranger and infidel, while at the same time completely devoid apparently of any sentimental regard or even interest in his fellow-countrymen and neighbours harboured amongst these scenes beyond the narrow circle of his immediate relations and friends.

It will of course be remarked that many of the local references are to places in what is now the British district of Peshawar, within the limits of which a great part of the territories of the Khatak tribe lay. At that time, however, this district was merely a remote dependency of the throne of Delhi, whose rule was recognized but little more than in name by the presence of a Moghal Governor at Peshawar.

The translations are almost literal, and give but a very feeble idea of the fineness of conception and the spirit contained in the originals. Were the mode of expression of the latter ruder than is the case (and in many instances it is very far from being anything of the kind, though the metre is not of course such as would commend itself to or be appreciated by European readers unaccustomed to its rhythm), still the sentiments contained in these productions are thoroughly poetical. Whether War or the Emotions, Religion or Philosophy, be the subject treated of, its mode of handling is true poetry, and that of a simple and natural character, far different from the forced and artificial effusions of most Oriental poets when dealing with the same themes.

As regards the constitution of the language in which the poetry is written, it abounds, as might be expected, with Persian and Arabic words, the former language being considered amongst the Mahommedan populations of the East the special medium for the expression of the more refined sentiments, as the latter is that of terms of devotion and those relating to the arts and sciences. The framework, however, is pure Pushtoo, and its mode of expression is identical with that of the Pushtoo spoken in the present day. It may be of interest to remark that out of 2000 words taken consecutively from the pages of these poems there were found to be 500 whose origin could not apparently be traced to any Persian or Arabic source, and these, as might be expected, consisted, besides verbs, pronouns, particles, etc., principally of words expressive of primitive ideas, such as in every language form the most lasting traces of the original source from which it is derived; amongst these were many evidently of Sanskrit origin.

A number of the following poems have already been far more ably translated by Major Raverty in his "Selections from the Poetry of the Afghans," and are merely reproduced in their present form in this work for the assistance of the student.

C. E. B.

^{**} A great portion of this Introduction has been reproduced from the Jan., 1890, Number of the "Asiatic Quarterly Review," by the kind permission of the proprietors.

ERRATA.

READ	FOR	LINE	PAGE
راوخت	وراخت	6	٥
حنفي	خفى	3	٣٩
تقصير	تقسير	3	121
محبوبه	مجوبه	12	۴٦

1, 5, 6, 7, 8 Omit "termination" at top of first columns.

GRAMMATICAL INTRODUCTION.

The Pushtoo Language is written in the Persian character, but contains, in addition to the letters comprised in the Persian Alphabet, several denoting sounds peculiar to itself or derived from the Sanscrit.

Letters peculiar to Pushtoo.

$$\dot{\tau}=$$
 "ts." $\dot{\tau}=$ "dz." $\dot{\tau}=$ "gey" or "zhey." $\dot{\tau}=$ "khey" or "shey." $\dot{\tau}=$ "rūn" nasal "n."

Letters derived from Sanscrit.

There are two principal Dialects in Pushtoo, viz. the Northern and the Southern. The former, which is spoken in the regions extending from Cabul to Ghuznee and Peshawar, is a rough and a harsh one; the latter, which is spoken in the districts of Herat, Candahar, and Quetta, is a soft one; this is probably owing to the proximity of these latter districts

to Persia, which has had the effect of softening the sounds, for the Pushtoo language is naturally a harsh and guttural one, for example, the letters, and in Northern Afghanistan, as "gey" and "khey," while in Southern Afghanistan they are pronounced as "zhey" and "shey."

Though the sounds conveyed by the letter are both represented by the same letter they must be carefully distinguished in practice. It will be noted that in such words as are incorporated in Pushtoo from Persian the sound "ts" represents the Persian and "dz" the Persian , as:

There are three sounds of ::

This latter sound is distinguished by the sign - placed over the vowel.

THE PARTS OF SPEECH.

The Article does not exist in Pushtoo, it is either expressed by the indefinite Numeral "one" or by the Demonstrative Pronouns.

The Noun is of two Numbers, Singular and Plural, and of two Genders, Masculine and Feminine.

The Cases are formed by the pre- or post-position to the Noun in its inflected state of the following particles:

The Accus. and Agent are simply the inflected form of the Noun; beyond this inflection there is no alteration in the termination of the Noun from that of the Nominative Case Singular or Plural as the case may be.

Adjectives always precede their Nouns and agree with them in Gender, Number, and Person.

The Genders and Inflexions of the Noun can only be learnt by a careful study of the termination of the Nominative Case Singular.

Feminine Nouns are formed from Masculine Nouns on the same principles as the Feminine of the Adjective is formed.

GENDERS AND INFLECTIONS OF NOUNS AND ADJECTIVES WITH EXAMPLES OF EACH.

I .- MASCULINE TERMINATIONS.

	TERMINATION.	NOM. SING.	INFLECT, SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. SING.
I.	Consonant.				
	(a)		unchanged	ونه ران adds	
		مار	مار	ماران	
		مار كۇ <i>ر</i>	كۋر	كؤرونه	
	(b)	3.	adds 8	adds 8	adds s
•		دک	<i>د</i> کة	د کهٔ	دکه
		غل	مَّلُهُ	غُلُهُ	ملف
	(c)	adds s with	vowel change		
			vowel leng	gthened	shortened
		څۇرب	څاربه	څاربه	څربه
		شپون	شپانه	شپانه	شپنه
2.	يَ		changes	ي into يَ	into ي or
		سړي	سړي	•	2
		سپی		سپرِي	سپئي
		سړي سپـي ستري	سپري ستري	س <i>ړي</i> سپي ست _{ري}	سپئي سترئي
3.	é		>		
0.	(a)		unch	anged	changes to &
	\/	ويشته	ويښته	-	C
		ويښته <i>ُ</i> گُته َ	گ نگ	ويښتهَ گته	كُت
	(b)		unchanged	drop s and	changes to s
			-	ونه ,انه ,ان add	
		ابيونه	ليوة	ليوان	ليوه
		ابيو ^ر هَ زړ ^ن هَ	ليوه <u>َ</u> زي ^ع َ	زيرونه	
		20			
4.	ي		unchanged	ان adds	adds s
		اشناي	أشناي	اشنایان	اشنايه
		سوي '	س <i>وي</i>	سويان	سوية
		لوي	ل <i>وي</i>	unchanged	لويه
5.	, c		unchanged	ای adds	
	ي	بندِي	بندي	بنديان	

6.	١, ۉ, ﯗ		unchanged	کان , ان add
		المحدا	125	<i>ا</i> گدایان
		ميلو	ميكو	ميلوكان
		بيشو	پیشو	پيشوګان

EXAMPLES.

1. Nouns terminating in a Consonant.

		adds s with v	7 7	
(c)				
		length		shortened
Life	ژوندو <u>ن</u>	<i>ژوندانه</i>	ڗُوَندانه	
Pathan	پُښتون	پُښتا نه	پُښتانه	پُښتنه
Prayer	نمونڅ	نمانچه	نمانځه	
		Adjectives.		
TERMINATION.	NOM. SING.	INFLECT. SING.	NOM. PLUR.	FEM. NOM. BING.
Fallen	پرؤت	پراته	پراته	پرته
Ripe	پۇخ	پاخه	پاخه	مخت
Soft	پۇست	پاسته	پاسته	پسته
Fat	<i>څۇرب</i>	څاربه	څاربه	څربه
Scattered	خۇر	خواره	خواره	خؤرة
Heavy	دروند	درانه	درانه	درنه
Rotten	روست	وأسته	راسته	رسته
Bright	رونير	وإنره	رآنيه	ونړه
Blind	ړوند	را نده	رانده	ړنده
Old	زۋړ	زاره	زآړه	زده
Mounted	سۇر	سواره	سواره	شُورة
Cold	سۋړ	ساړه	سارة	سرة
Crooked	كؤربه	کاردِه	كارتج	كرنة
Deaf	كونهر	كانره	كانبره	کره کنړه
Damp	كُوند	لانده	لانده	لنده
Sated	• ۋړ	ماره	ماره	. 870
Small	وۋړ	وابرة	واريخ	ورغ
Sweet	خۇر	خواره	خواره	خُورِه
	Adjective	s Irregular in Fe	ormation.	,,,
Red	شور	پسرلا	ندر کا	ىبەر لا
Green	شير	شنة	شنة	ر شنه
Dead	x*	8	8	مهوة

	Tall Bitter Sour Joined Conquered Hot	اَوَد تریخ تریو مل لاد تود تود	كَوَرَكُ ترون مركم ملك بردة تودة تودة	لَوَرِهُ ترخهٔ تروهٔ ملهٔ درهٔ تودهٔ	لکو پره ترخه مله مله بره توده
2.	Nouns termin TERMINATION Star Cat Summer Winter Dish Slave Wood Youth Stone	ي ating in	INFLECT. SING. ستۇرىي اۋدىي رشىي دوسىي مريىي دامىي كانىرىي	ستۇرىي پىشىي اقىدىي ژومىي لوښىي مررىي نادمىي كانىرىي	FEM. NOM. SING.
	Alive Strange First Fast Former Recent Last Truthful	ژَوَندي پردي وړنبي ګړندي پخواني اؤسني ورستي رښتيني	ژُوندي پردي وړنبږي کورندي پخوانږي اؤسني ورستي رښتيني	رُوندي پردي وړنبي ګړندي پخواني اؤسني ورستي رښتيني	رُوندئي پردئي کهرندئي پخوانئي اوسنئي ورستي رښتينئي
	Alone On foot Thirsty Hungry New Crazy	يواڅي پلکي تېږي وږي نوي خوشي	djectives forming يواڅي پلي تربي وري نوي نوي خوشي خوشي	يواَڅي پلمي تري وډي نوي خوشي	يواڅ _ب ي پلري تربي وربري نومي خوشري

				Adje	ctives.				
	Handson	ne	ښايسته	بدته	ښاښ	لمتا	ښايس	ښايسته	
So	also—								
				Not					
Grass	واښته		Marriage	-	Flou		اوریخ	Food	خواره
Villainy	درولا		Bird	مرغة	Breat	h	سالا		
				Adjec					
Apparent	-		Preferable	غَوَړهَ خپه	Extraor	dinary	شنده	Asleep	اؤريه َ
Loose	ايله		Angry		So muc	h	دؤمراة	As much	هومرة
Both	دوارته		All	والإكا					
			Mas	culine Abs	tract Suz	fixes.			
TERMINATION		ROOT.		BSTRACT NOUN.			ROOT.		RACT NOUN.
•	reat	لوي	greatness	_	تۇ <i>ب</i> ال		** ,0		سريتۇت
se تۇن	eparate	بيل	separation	بيلتون	والتي	rea	شور	redness	شوروالني
			II.—I	FEMININE .	TERMINA	TIONS.			
	TERMINATION.		MEANING.	SING.	NOM.	INFLEC'	r. SING.	PLUR. NOM.	
1.	Consonan	ıt	D 1		V		ي adds		
			Road		ע <i>פ</i>		لاري ه	لار <i>ي</i> ش	,
2.			Day	ڙ .	פנ	ي	ورڅ د chances	ورڅي ئي into ي سهيلئري	
٨.	ي		Maid-servant	1.	2	لئبي	changes	مي ۱۱۱۰۰ ي دهما ک	
3.	ئي		maid-sol vano	٠٠ ري	unchange	مري d throu	ichont	سهيدري	
0,	ي		Girl	مذع	>		جي	حمدع	
4.	S			٠ ي	•	ي		، ري ي into لا	~
			Word	<i>٠</i> ٠٠	<u>\$</u>	ي	خبر	خبري	
5.	Ĩ			τ	nchanged	-			
			Weeping	1	ژړ		ژدا	ثردا	
6.	ي					į	unchange	ed adds ol,	گان
			Bride	ري	ناو		ناوي	ناويان	
7.	ۋ , ۇ			g				گاني d adds	
			Bear	بگو	•••	2	ميلو	ميلوگاني	
				EXAM	PLES.				
.1.	Consonan	t	Coverlet	ش	۽ برس	Month		مياشت	
			Doorway		گر <u>ن</u> ا	Work		چار	
			Skin	~ن	څره	Regim	ent	پلټن	

2.	ي	House	مانړي	Purse	ھمياني
		Poverty	خواري	Cold	يخنى "
		Stumble	بُدري	Treachery	درغلي
		Defeat	ماتي	Feud	بدي ً
3.	ئي	Bread	دودثي	Boat	بببري
		Milk	پي <u>ئي</u>	Tail	لكرِي ً
		Storm	سيلجي	Mound	ډير <u>ئ</u> ي
		Fireplace	ئوھنئى	House	کوتنر <i>ڙي</i>
4.	8	Valley	دڙه	Branch	څانګه ً
		Water	اوبه	Spring	چينه
		Fear	ويره	Dust	دۇرە
		Slave-girl	وينشه	Bank	غاره
		Canal	واله	Earth	خاوره
5.	T	Fort	قلا	Religious war	غزا
		Loins	٧	Side	خوا.
		Light	رنوا	Staff	همسا
		Back	شا	Speech	وتينا

Feminine Abstract Suffixes.

•	TERMINATION,		ROOT.	ABSTRACT	NOUN.
1.	ي	Pleasant	خَوَښ	Pleasure	خَوَښى
2.	ای	Light	رُونړ .	Lightness	رنړائي
3.	8	Knowing	پۇلا	Knowledge	پۇھە
4.	تيا	Avaricious	شُوم	Avarice	شُومتيا
5.	ولى	Tribe	قام ٰ	Tribeship	قامولي
6.	<u> </u>	Own	خپٰل	Ownership	خپلوي
7.	گړه	Good	ځښ	Goodness	ښيګړه
8.	گلی	Knowing	پيژند	Acquaintance	پيژندګلي

Declination of Masculine Nouns.

	TERMINATION.		SIN	NGULAR.	PLURAL	
1.	Consonant	N.	آس	a horse	آسونه	horses
	(a)	G.	دَ آس	of a horse	<i>د</i> آسونو	of horses
		D.	و آس ته آس ته آس له,	to a horse	و آسونو ته آسونو ته آسونوله، لره	to horses
		Acc.	آس	a horse	آسونو	horses

		اي آس .Voc	O! horse	آي آسونو	O! horses
		له آس نه .Abl		له آسونو نه	from horses
	(b)	N. غُل	a thief	مَّلُهُ	thieves
		غلة Infl.		غلو	
	(c)	شپون N.	a shepherd	شپانه	shepherds
		شپانه Infl.		شپانو	
2.	ي	سړي N.	a man	سري	men
		سړيِ Infl.		سړو= سړيو	
3.	8	وينبيُّتُهُ N.	a hair	ويښته	hair
	(a)	ويښته Infl.		ويستو	
	(b)	N. زړ ^ه	a heart	زيرونه	hearts
		زړه Infl.		زرونو	
4.	ي	سوي N.	a hare	سويان	hares
		سوي Infl.		سويا نو	
5.	ي	N. بندي	a prisoner	بنديان	prisoners
	2	بندي Infl.		بنديانو	

Declination of Feminine Nouns.

	TERMINATION.		SINGULA	R.	PLURAI	ſ. .
1.	Consonant	N.	لار	a road	لا <i>ري</i>	roads
		G.	<i>ن</i> لاري	of a road	ک لارو	of roads
		D.	(ولاري ته (لاري ته (لاري له =	to a road	و لارو ته لارو ته (لارو له = لره	to roads
		Acc.	لاري	a road	لارو	roads
		Voc.	اي لاري	O! road	اي لارو	O!roads
		Abl. a	له لاري ن	from a road	له لارو نه	from roads
2.	ي	N.	مانړي	a house	مانرقي	houses
	T .	Infl.	مانرئي		سانړو or سانړيو	
3.	ئي	N.	جىنثى	a girl	ڄني	girls
		Infl.	 جدي		جنيو	
4.	x	N.	خبره	a word	خبري	words
		Infl.	خبري		خبرو	
5.	ī	N.	غوا	a cow	غوا	cows
		Infl.	غوا		غواو	
6.	ي	N.	نا <i>وي</i>	a bride	ناويان	brides
		Infl.	ناوي		ناويانو	

Declination of Adjectives.

1.	Consonant				
		MASC. SING.	FEM. SING.	MASC. PLUR.	FEM. PLUR.
	(a)	N. سم	طهس	سم	سمي
		Infl. م or or	سمي س	سمو	mare
	(b)	څورب N.	څربه	څاربه	څربي
		خاربه Infl. څاربه	څرېي	څاربو	څربو
2.	يَ	N. پردي	پردئي	پردي	پردئي
		پردي Infl. پردي	پرد ي	بردو	پردو = پرديو
	(b)	ت <u>ر</u> ي .N	ت <u>ري</u> ت _ر ئي	<i>ټ</i> ږ <i>ي</i>	تږئي
		تړيِ Infl.	ترثي	تږو	تړو = دريو
3.	8	غَوَرَّه N.	غَوَره	غَوَره	غَوري بَ
		غَوَرة Infl. غَوَره	غَوَري	غَوَرو	غُوَرو
4.	ي	N. لوي	لويه	لوي	لوئي
		ل <i>وي</i> .Infl	لويي	لويو	لويو
5.	ي)			
6.	Í	indeclinable th	roughout.		
7.	ĵ)			

Declination of Substantives with Adjectives.

	MASCULINE.		FEMIN	INE.	
		SINGULAR.			
Nom.	سم لرګي	a straight stick	سمه لار	a straight road	
Infl.	or سمَ لرګيّ	AAW PLURAL.	سمي لا <i>ري</i>		
Nom.	سم لرګيي	straight sticks	سمي لاري	straight roads	
Infl.	سمو لرګو	SINGULAR.	سمو لارو		
Nom.	څورب آس	a fat horse	څربه غوا	a fat cow	
Infl.	څاربه آس		څربي غوا		
	•	PLURAL.			
	څاربه آسونه	fat horses	څربي غوا	fat cows	
Infl.	څاربو آسونو _.		څرېو غواو		
SINGULAR.					
Nom.	پردي سپي	a strange dog	پردئي ښ غ ه	a strange woman	
Infl.	پردي سپري	• PLURAL,	پردئي ښ خ ي		
Nom.	پردي سپي	strange dogs	پردئي ښ خ ي	strange women	
Infl.	پودو سپو		" پردو ښڅو		

SINGULAR.				
Nom.	غَوَرَهُ لوښي	a nice dish	غَوَرة جنثي غَوَرة جنثي	a charming girl
Infl.	غَوَرَهُ لوښِي	PLURAL.	غۇرە جنئي	
Nom.	غَوَرَهُ لوښي	nice dishes	غَوَره جنع	charming girls
Infl.	غورو لوښيو		غَوَره جنثي غَوَرو جنيو	
	J 1.J. J./J	SINGULAR,		
Nom.	لوي سړي	a great man	لويه چاړه	a big knife
Infl.	لوي سړي		لويــي چاړ <i>ي</i>	
	"	PLURAL.		
Nom.	لوي سړ <i>ي</i> لويو سريو	great men	لويبي چاړ <i>ي</i>	big knives
Infl.	لويو سريو		لويو چاړو	

PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

SINGULAR.		PLURAL.	
Nom. s;	I	مونر	we
Gen. المث	of me	څمونږ	of us
(وما ته		(ومونر ته	
Dat. ar l.	to me	مونږ ته	to us
(ما له ع لره		(مونږله, لره	
Acc.	me	مرون <u>ر</u>	us
Abl. ai la al	from me	له مونږ نه	from us
Agent. L.	by me	مونږ	by us
	•		
Nom. ن	thou	تاسو	ye
Gen. ستا	of thee	ستاسو	of you
Dat. etc. יו נג,	to thee	و تاسو ته .etc	to you
T آ	thee	تاسو	you
له تا نه Abl.	from thee	له تاسو نه	from you
تا Agent.	by thee	تاسو	by you
Nom. deb	he, it	مغة	they
Gen. die 3	of him	ک هغو	of them
و هغه ته .Dat. etc	to him	و هغو ته .etc	to them
Acc. sin	him	هغو .	them
Abl. ai ais al	from him	له هغو نه	from them
Agent. aks	by him	مغو	by them

Feminine Form.

ABBREVIATED FORMS OF THE PERSONAL PRONOUNS.

These forms also indicate the Agent and are equivalent respectively to لمغه, etc. the Agent cases of عنى منه عنه بالمنافقة والمنافقة وا

No. 2. اور من , من are inflected forms of مغنه , تا , اله and are equivalent to اله , تا , اله and are used only with prepositions signifying "to" "from" "upon"

$$y = y$$
 به ما باندي = را باندي = upon me = را ته = to me = را ته = را نه = را نه = را نه

It will be observed that when these latter forms are coupled with Prepositions composed of two words, one preceding and the other succeeding the word governed, the preceding portion is invariably dropped; it would be impossible to say

No. 3. پري تري; these forms are equivalent respectively to

PRONOUNS.

خپل څان is also used for "self" and frequently combined with خپل څان for emphasis, as خپل څان e his or my, etc., own self. From خپل is derived the Adv. چخپله of his, my, etc., own accord, spontaneously.

Nom. څوک) for both genders = who? or someone, there is no Plur. for this form in the sense Inflect. پ) of "who?" but in the sense of someone the following Plural form is used.

Nom. څني for both genders = "some ones" or "certain ones"

This form must not be confounded with the preposition څني = "from" or "from, her, it," as

ask him, her, them

THE AUXILIARY VERB.

1. Infinitive Obsolete.

PRESENT.



The two forms of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. are sometimes combined for the sake of emphasis, as هغه شته دی he (certainly) is.

PAST TENSE.

FUTURE.

زه به يم I shall be ته به يي Thou shalt be هغه به وي $egin{aligned} & \textbf{We will be} \\ & \textbf{We will be} \\ & \textbf{Ye will be} \\ & \textbf{ass} \end{pmatrix} & \textbf{They will be} \end{aligned}$

OPTATIVE.

ي (ي بنه , هغه وي = were I, thou, he, etc.

SUBJUNCTIVE.

زه به وم I would be ته به وي Thou wouldst be نه به وه نه به وه He would be نه نه نه وه She would be We would be مونږ به وو Ye would be تاسو به وځي هغه به وو They would be

2. Infinitive.

to be or become شؤل

PRESENT.

مونږشۇ زە شم ناسو شئي تە ش_{ىي} ھغە } ھغى } شي

FUTURE.

I will be زه به وشم

AORIST.

ن وشم I may be He, they may be هغه دِ شِي

IMPERFECT.

مونږ شۇو زە شۇم تاسو شوقي تە شوي (هغه شەل (هغه شه (هغي شَوَلي (هغه شوه

HABITUAL IMPERFECT.

ا نه شوّم I used to be

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

Were I, thou to be INFLECTED INFINITIVE,

۱۱ کندون شَوَلو

PRESENT PARTICIPLE.

being شونتي

3. Infinitive.

to become کیدل

I will become زد به کیرم

wanting

ن به کیدم I used to become

Were I to become که زه ته کیدي

کیده

becoming or one who becomes کیدونکی کیدونی

PAST PARTICIPLE.

having been شَوَلَى

having become کیدی کیدلی

The following tenses are wanting in کیدل

PERFECT.

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه شوي به یم=I may or shall have been or become

PLUPERFECT.

وم شوي وم
$$=$$
 I had been or become

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.

IMPERATIVE.

The Auxiliary Verb شول when joined with the Past. Part. of another Verb has a twofold meaning.

- 1. It forms the Passive Voice of all tenses if the Verb be Intransitive, and of all but the Past Tenses if the Verb be Transitive.
- 2. It formsthe Potential Mood of all Verbs, as نوه تهرلي شم would mean either (1) I am tied or (2) I can tie.

The Verb کیدل conveys the meaning of a more continuing state of things than شوَل which means simply "to be."

4. Infinitive.

to be or to exist, to remain.

This verb conveys the idea of a continuous state of thing, consequently in its Past Tenses it is restricted to the meaning of "remain, exist."

PERFECT.

SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.

زه اوسیدلی به یم
$$=$$
I may or shall have remained

PLUPERFECT.

وم اؤسيدلي وم
$$I$$
 had remained

SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.

نه اوسيدلي به وم
$$= I$$
 would have remained

CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT

ACTIVE PARTICIPLE.

باشنده = remaining, one who remains an inhabitant = اؤسیدونکي

PAST PARTICIPLE.

THE VERB.

Observations on the construction of the Past Tenses of the Transitive Verb.

There are in reality no Past Tenses in the Active Voice of the Transitive Verb in Pushtoo, the Tenses which are usually denominated as such are in fact the Past Tenses of the Passive Voice.

In Pushtoo in consequence such a mode of expression as:

the meaning is rendered by

in which the Verb agrees with the Subject in Number and Person, while the Agent is put in the Instrumental Case, the above sentences being rendered thus:

According to all analogy those sentences should mean respectively,

He me beat
I thou beat
Thou him beat

The following is a good sentence to commit to memory with a view to mastering this peculiar idiom:

زه ييي و نه ليدلم ولي ما هغه وليده = He did not see me but I saw him to do كړل گؤل PRESENT. مونږ کړو، کوو زه کړم، گوم تاسو کړئي، کوي ته کړي، کوي هغه کړي، کوي هغه کړي، کوي CONDITIONAL PAST. که وگړم FUTURE. AORIST. PLUPERFECT. زه وکړم. کم هغه وکړي. کاندي. کي کړي وم SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT. IMPERFECT. کړي به وم CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT. كه ما, تا, هغه, كړي وي HABITUAL IMPERFECT. CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT. که سام تام هغه کړي IMPERATIVE. do ye= وکړئي, وکانړي= هغه یو وکړي, کي, کاندي PAST PARTICIPLE. کری گونی که do thou let him or them do PRESENT PARTICIPLE. كېري, گۇلىي

Remarks.

or کول is a Transitive Verb, consequently all its Past Tenses are Passive in their construction.

The subject is invariably in the Nom. Case. The Agent is in the Instrumental Case. The Verb agrees with the Subject in Number, Gender, and Person, as

Where in any one of the persons for the Agent يي either one of the Agents صود م

الا كړي به يم الا كړي به يم الا كړي به يې الا كړي به وي الا كړي به وي الا كړي به الا كړي الا كړي الا كړي وم الا كړي وم الا كړي وم الا كړي وې ا

to go تلل			راتلل $\left\{ -\frac{1}{2} \right\} = $ to come		
PRESENT.					
زه څم ته څي هغه څ _ې	مونږ څو تاسو څئي هغه څيي		زه را څم ته را څي هغه را څي	مونږرا څؤ تاسو را څئي هغه را څيي	
FUTURE.	••	•	•••		
زه لاړ به شم ته لاړ به شي هغه لاړ به ش <u>ي</u>	مونږلاړ به شو تاسو لاړ به شئي هغه لاړ به ش _و ي		زه را به شم ته را به شي هغه را به شي	مونږرا به شو تاسو را به شَ _{ئي} هغه را به شي	
AORIST.					
.etc زه لاړ شم			.etc زه را شم		
IMPERFECT.					
رة تللم ته تللي (هغه ته	مونږ تللو تاسو تللئي (هغه تل <i>ل</i>		هِ رَا تَلْلُم	; etc.	
هغه تلله HABITUAL IMPERFI	∫ هغي تللي				

etc. زه به تللم

.etc که زه تللی

CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT.

etc., or زه به را غلم etc., or زه به را تللم

PAST.		
سونږ لاړو زه لاړم تا لاځ	زه راغلم تنه انا	مهونږراغلو نا اذا
تاسو لاړئيي ته لاړي	ته راغلي	تاسو راغدَي
﴿ هَعْهُ لَارِلُ ﴿ هَعْهُ لَارِ	(هغه راغي	هغه راغلل
(هغي لاړلي (هغه لاړه		ً. هغَي راغلي
CONDITIONAL PAST.		پر ي
	1:1	.<
که زه لاړم PERFECT.	زه راغلم	43
زه تللی یم	راغلی یم	×:
	ر دی ۳۰)
SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT.		
زه تللي به يم	غلي به يم	زه را
PLUPERFECT.		
زه تللی وم	راغلی وم	زلا
SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.	, ,,	
زه تللي به وم	غلي به وم	زه را
CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT.		
كه زه ته هغه تللي وي	هغه راغلي وي	که زه ته
IMPERATIVE.		
لاړ شئي، ځکه، لاړ شه	یمی را شه	را ۵
هغه لاړ ي شيي	دِ شِي	را
هغه دِڅي		
PRESENT PARTICIPLE.		
تلوني تلونكي	ي راتلونكي	راتلون
PAST PARTICIPLE.		
تللي	راغلتي	,
÷.	ب ب	

Remarks.

The Verb راغلل is in fact only a compound of the abbreviated form من واغلل of the First Personal Pronoun with غلل an obsolete form of تلل and means literally only "to come to me;" by the substitution of the abbreviated Pronominal forms ور or ور for that of المراقبة والمواقبة والمواقبة

It is difficult to explain the meaning of the compound of غلل with غلل as it is quite idiomatic, this sentence will give an idea: پښتو ژبه در ته درڅي = does the Pushtoo language come to you = can you speak Pushtoo?

The form b has, however, become so intimately associated with parts of the verb that it is in some places apparently inseparable from it, whence come such anomalous constructions as عنه ورته راغي = he came to him.

The forms ور and ور can be substituted for الم only in the following tenses of the Verb را غلل, viz., Present, Future, Aorist, Imperfect, Habitual Imperfect; in the other tenses it is so intimately associated with the verb غلل that it is inseparable.

The forms ور , در, and ال may be added to all tenses of the verb تلل, except the Future and Past, which require درته , راته.

THE PRIMITIVE VERB.

Intransitive. Transitive. INFINITIVE. خوزيدل = to move. رَوْزُول = to move. PRESENT. FUTURE ، etc به وخَوَزَوَم .etc زه به و خَوَزيږم AORIST. etc. زه و خَوَزيږم .etc زه و خُوزُوَم IMPERFECT. مونږ خَوَزيدو زه خَوَزيدم تاسو خَوَزيدئي ته خَوَزيدي (هغه خَوَزيدل (هغه خَوزيده (هغي خَوَزيدلي (هغه خَوَزيده HABITUAL IMPERFECT etc. زه به خَوَزيدم زه به دِ يي خَوزَوَم CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT. كه ما تا هغه خَوَزَوَلَي كه زه ته هغه خَوزيدلي PAST. زه دِ يى وخَوزَوَم CONDITIONAL PAST که زه دِ یبی وَخَوَزُوم که زه و ځوزيدم PERFECT. .etc زه خَوزيدلي يم زه د يى خَوزَوَلى يم SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT. زه دِ يي خَوزَوَلي به يم زه خَوَزَيدلي به يم PLUPERFECT. زة خَوَزَيدلي وم زه دِ يى خَوَزُولِي وم SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT. زه دِ یسی خَوَزَوَلی به وم زه خَوَويدلي به وم

This is the typical form of the Intransitive Primitive Verb, but in many cases a deviation occurs by which the ير of the Imperative and tenses derived from it is dropped, as

OBSERVATIONS ON THE VERB.

The Verb in Pushtoo is very irregular in its construction, so much so that it is almost impossible to lay down any general rules for its conjugation beyond those regulating the actual terminations of the different tenses and persons; a knowledge of the various forms which the Root of the Verb may assume throughout its conjugation can only be acquired by practice or by an effort of memory; a few general observations are all that can be offered here.

(a) The Root.

The Infinitive always ends in \mathcal{J} ; by dropping this the Root of the Verb is found; any variation from this which may occur in the course of its conjugation will be found only in the Present and its derivative tenses, viz. Imperative, Future and Aorist; the Past Tenses almost invariably adhere throughout to the original form of the Verb, as shown in the Infinitive, with the exception of the 3rd Pers. Sing. Masc. of the Past Tense itself, which is very irregular in the form which it takes.

N.B. The 3rd Pers. Plur. Masc. of the Imperfect is identical in form with the Infinitive.

(b) The Terminations.

These vary only in three Tenses.

The I	Present.	-	The Im	perative.	T	he Im	perfect.
^	9					^	9
ي	ؿ		8	ؿ		ي	ؿ
ي	ي		ي	ي		8)	J)
				r	~	(له	(لي

- (c) The Distinctions of the Tenses.
- (1) The Present and its Derivative Tenses.

The Aorist is formed from the Pres. by adding the prefix, to all persons of the Sing. and Plur. preceded by the particle φ in the case of the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur.

The Future is formed from the Present by adding the prefix, preceded throughout by the particle ω .

The Imperative varies from the Present by substituting & for in the 2nd Pers. Sing. and adding the prefix, to the 2nd Pers. both Sing. and Plur.; in the 3rd Pers. Sing. and Plur. it adds the prefix of those forms of the Present.

(2). The Imperfect and its Derivative Tenses.

The Past is formed from the Imperfect by adding the prefix, throughout.

The Habitual Imperfect is formed by adding the particle ω before the different persons of the Imperfect, as

1. Present	زلا ويربرم	I am afraid
Aorist	زه و ويريږم	I may be afraid
3rd. Sing.	هغه دِ و ويويږي	
Imperat.	و ويريري	Be afraid
	هغه دِ ويربرِي	Let him be afraid
2. Imperfect		I was afearing
Past	زه و ویریدم	I feared
Habitual Imperf.	زه به ویریدم	I used to fear, or I kept on fearing

N.B. The Prefix, almost invariably immediately precedes the Verb, but the particle in though preceding, may be separated from the Verb to which it is attached by several words or even a whole sentence.

The Regular or Typical Verb, whether Primitive or Derivative, may in its Transitive and Intransitive forms respectively be considered to be a Compound of a Pronoun, Noun or Particle with the Verb کوک or the Auxiliary Verb کیدل; in the case of the Primitive this Pronoun or Noun, etc., has become obsolete and so inseparable throughout from the Verbal termination with which it is combined as in the case of رسیدل, وریدل, اوریدل, ویریدل, اوریدل, اوریدل,

In the case of the Compound or Derivative Verb the Verb is in certain tenses, viz. the Aorist, the Future, the Imperative and the Past, frequently dissolved into its Root combined respectively in the case of Transitive Verbs with گول, in that of Intransitive Verbs with شول, which supplies the corresponding tenses which have become obsolete in the Verb کیدل, as

Intransitive.

Infinitive	تيركيدل = تيريدل	To pass
Present	زه تيرکيرم = زه تيريرم	I pass
Imperf.	زَّه تيركيدم = زه تيريدم	I was passing
Aorist	زلا تبير شم	I may pass
Future	زه تیر به شم	I will pass
Imperative	تبرشه '	Pass thou
Past	تير شَوَم	I passed
	Transitive.	
Infinitive	تيرگول = تيرول	To cause to pass
$\operatorname{Present}$	زه تيرگوَم = زه تيرَوَم	I cause to pass
т с	10 11 1/2 11	T 1 1 1 1

Imperf. تیرگولم = تیرتم I was being caused to pass

Aorist زه تیر وکړم I may cause to pass

Future زه تیر به وکړم I will cause to pass

Imperat. تیر کړه Cause thou to pass

Past تیر کړه I was caused to pass

It will be noted that in the case of the Intransitive Form the prefix, which in Regular forms is the characteristic of the Future, Aorist, Imperative, and Past Tenses, is in these dissolved forms invariably dropped, and that in the case of the Transitive Verb in the dissolved form the prefix, and the particle at are attached immediately to the Verb; the latter particle, however, still retains its liberty to precede the Verb to which it is attached by several words, as one could say زه به و تير کړم و تير کړم په وکړم په وکړم د تير وکړې د تير وکړم د تير وکړې د تير وکړ

The Adjective in the dissolved form agrees in Number, Gender and Person with the Subject, as

PARADIGM OF THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

Intransitive.	Transitive.		
INFINITIVE.			
to pass = تيريدل PRESENT.	to cause to pass تيرَوَل		
زه تيريږم	ز ^و تيرَوَم		
FUTURE.			
زه تیر به شم AORIST.	زه تير به کړ م		
زه تیر شم	زہ تیرکړم		

Intransitive.	Tra	nsitive.
زة تيريدم HABITUAL IMPERFECT.	تبركوم	زه دِ ,يي،
زه به تیریدم PAST.	به تیروم	زه دِ ,يي،
زة تير شوكم PERFECT.		زه دِ ,يي, تي
زه تیریدلي یم PLUPERFECT.		زه دِ ,يي { ت
زه تيريدلي وم IMPERATIVE.	يرَوَلي وم يىرك _{ىدى} وم	زه دِ ,يي { ت
تير شئي تير شه	تيرَوَه	تيروئي تير دِ کړِي
تير دِ شِي CONDITIONAL IMPERFECT. که زه ته تير شوي	•••	نیر و نړي که ما , تیر کړ
conditional past. که زه رته تیر شَوَم	11.2	که زه دِ ,یي
SUBJUNCTIVE PERFECT. زه تیر شوي به یم	تيرکړي به وم تيرکړ <i>ي</i> به وم	ر د بي زه دِ ,يي
SUBJUNCTIVE PLUPERFECT.	تیر کړ <i>ي</i> به وم	زه دِ ,یی
CONDITIONAL PLUPERFECT. که زه , ته تیر شوي وي	تير کړي وي٠	كه ما , تا
PRESENT PARTICIPLE. تیریدونکی	تير كوونكي تير كوونكي	تير وونكي
• • PAST PARTICIPLE. تير شوي	تير کړي	تيرَولي

ON THE COMPOUND OR DERIVATIVE VERB.

One of the chief peculiarities of the Pushtoo language is the facility with which it forms Verbs from various Roots such as Nouns, whether Substantive or Adjective, Pronouns and Particles.

There is some analogy to this in English, for from the Noun Substantive "water" is derived a Verb "to water," and from the Noun Adjective "dry" is derived a Verb "to dry"; but the Verbs thus formed in English have mostly a Transitive or Causal meaning, whereas in Pushtoo the Verbs formed in a corresponding manner have alike a Transitive or Intransitive meaning as the case may be. In English, however, we may, though it is not strictly grammatical, use either of the words "to water," "to dry," above mentioned as examples in an

Intransitive as well as a Transitive sense; as, for instance, we may say of an Engine that "it is watering,"—as we may also in the same way say of a Steamer that "it is coaling,"—and of clothes that "they are drying"; and this is a form precisely similar to that so prevalent in Pushtoo, the following are instances:

Substantive 4,1 = water

Intransitive Verb اوبيدل to water, i.e. to drink

Transitive Verb to water, i.e. to cause to drink = to irrigate.

Adjective π , = dry

Intransitive Verb جيدل = to dry, i.e. to become dry

Adjective کې = full

Intransitive Verb ډکيدل = to fill, i.e. to become full

Preposition گوز = down

to descend گوزیدل Intransitive Verb

Transitive Verb کُوزَوَل to cause to descend.

ON THE USE OF THE PREFIX ,.

- (1) The following Verbs do not take this Prefix in the Future, Aorist, Imperative, or Past Tenses.
 - (a) Verbs already compounded with a Prefix such as ننى , پېري .
 - (b) All Compound or Derivative Verbs.
 - (c) The following Verbs:

ايلل بيول بؤتلل ردل يؤسل

This rule applies equally to the Auxiliary Verb شوَل when used with any Noun, etc., which might form the basis of a Verb, as

هغه به خپه شي he will be angry :

though such a Verb as خپیدل to be angry does not actually exist,—still $_{\circ}$ is here omitted, as though خپه شو were the dissolved form of such a Verb.

(2) When the prohibitory من is used with the Imperative, the Prefix , is dropped, except the Verb be in the Passive Voice, when it may sometimes precede the Participle, من immediately preceding the Auxiliary Verb; in the dissolved form of the Compound Verb من is frequently inserted between the Root or Basis of the Verb and the Imperative of the Auxiliary Verb منول according as the former is Intransitive or Transitive, as

داسي مه کړه
$$=$$
 do not do so $=$ do not be seen $=$ do not pass.

On the Position of & Relative to the Verb.

(1) In Verbs compounded with a Prefix such as نبی پري جار, it is always inserted between the Prefix and the Verb itself, as

(2) In the Passive Voice and in Compound Verbs it is always placed before the Auxiliary Verb, as

هغه به وهلي نه شيي he will not be beaten
$$=$$
 he did not pass.

(3) In the Aorist and Future it always precedes the Verb immediately, and follows the Prefix, in the case of the former, and the Particle &, and the Prefix in the case of the latter, as

IRREGULAR AND INCOMPLETE VERBS.

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT	. AORIST.	IMPERATIVE.		T. PAST.	PAST PART.
To come	راغلل	راخم	رأشم	راشه	راتلم	راغلم	راغلي
To go	تلل	څم	لارشم	څه ; لاړشه	تللم	لاميم	تللي
	ایښل)						ايښي
•	كيښَوَل				كينبكوم	كيىپىرۇم	
To place	كښيښوَل	——			كښيښَوُم	كښيښَوَم	
	كيښودل				كيښودم	كيښودم	
	کیږدل ا	كيږدم	وكيردم	كيرده			
(پريښل						پريښي
To leave	پريښۇدل				پرېښودم	پريښو <i>د</i> م	
(پريږدل ،	پريږدم	وپرېږې	پرير <i>د</i> ه			
To take away	ورل }				(ورام	(ووړلم	4
(of inanimate objects	1	يۇسم	ويؤسم	يۇسە	3rd Sing.	﴿ يُووْرِ	وړي
To take away	بيول }	بيايم		بيايه	(بيولم		بيولي
(of animals)	بۇتلل (بۇزم	وبؤزم	بؤزه	3rd S. عبيوة)	ت. 3rd Sing بۇتلم	" بۇر
	كتل /				(كتلم	(وكتلم	كتلى
To see	ګورل (ګورم	وكورم	وكوراه	3rd S. متلا)	∫ وكاته`	
	ليدل ((ليدلم	(وليدام	ليدلئ
	وينل ا	وينم	. ووينم	ووينه	(ليده S. 3rd S.	﴿ وليده ٰ	
To eject	بيستل ﴿				(بيستم	(ويستم	يّستليّ
	باسل (باسم	وباسم	3 وباسه	∫ يۇست .Srd S	∫ ويۇست	
	•	1	,	•		4	

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	AORIST.	IMPERATIVE	. IMPERFECT.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To show	ىنبەول				(نَبَهُوَلم	وببَوَلم	ښَوَايي {
	ىنىيىل	ښيم	وىنىتېم	وښيه	ى ښۇۋ . 3rd Sing	ِ وښۇ ۋ	سر ي
To lie down	څملاستل ک				(شملاستم	وثملاستم	څملاستي
	شملل)	شملم	وشملم	وشمله	3rd Sing. (شملاست)		
To roll up	نغښتل				﴿ نغشتلم	ونغشتلم	نغستلي
	نغارل	نغارم	ونغارم	ونغارك	3rd Sing. نغښت)		"
To run	زغليدل	زغلم	وزغلم	وزغله	زغليدم	وزغليدم	زغليدلي
	زغاښتل				زغابيتأم	وزغاستلم	زغأښتلتي
To draw or	کښ <i>ل</i>				ا كىتىدلم	وكىنىلم .	كښلى "
to write	کا _{بر} ل	كابرم	وكارم	وكابره	کیښن (3rd Sing		
To rub	مسيدل				مشم	ومسبهم	مسلي
	مږل	مرزم	ومهرم	ومربع			
To burn (Intrans.)	سَوَل	سوڅم	وسَوَحْم	وسَوَحُه	تسَوَم	وسَوَم	سوي
To burn (Trans.)	سيزل	سيزم	وسيزم	وسيزلا		وسيزم	
To bring	راوړل	راوين	راودم	راوره	راورام	راودلم	راوړي
(of inanimate things)		,			, ,	, -	
To bring (of animals)	راوستل	راولم	راولم	راوله	راوستم	راوستم	راوستني
To put on clothes	اغوستل					وأغستلم	أغوستثي
	اغوندل	م اغوند.	، واغوند	واغونده	واغوندم		
)	- 1	- ,	-	1 7 7		

Compounds of يستل.

	INFINITIVE.	FUTURE.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To overthrow	پرتبستل		<i>پ</i> ريبستم	پرٽيستليَ
	پريباسل	پريباسم		-
To thrust in	ننيّستل		ننيّستم	ننيستلي
	ننباسل	ننباسم		
To throw back	ڄارٽِستل		جاريبستم	جاريبستلكي
	جارباسل	جارباسم		

Compounds of .

To fall	<u>پري</u> وَتل	پريوزم	(پريؤتلم	پريؤتلي
		3rd S	ا پريووت .Sing	
To enter	ننوتل	ننوَزم	ننؤتلم	ننؤتلي

PAST.

	INFINITIVE.	FUTURE.	PAST.	PAST PART.
To turn back	جارؤتل	جارؤزم	جارؤتلم	جارؤتلي
To fall into	كسيؤتل	كښيوزم	كسيوتلم	كښيوتلي
To fly	الوتل	الوَزم	الوَتلم '	الوَتلَىَ

N.B.—There is another and irregular form of the 3rd Pers. Plur. of the Compounds of وَتَلَ, which is formed from the 3rd Sing. as though the latter were an Adj. as

· There is also a Verbal Noun of the same form, derived in a similar manner, as

INFINITIVE.

PARADIGM OF SOME OF THE PUSHTOO VERBS OF MOST FREQUENT OCCURRENCE.

I. Intransitive.

		**** **** * ***	2 1123-0231-24	111011
(1)	To be or exist	اؤسيدل	اوسم	و اوسيدم
	To rise	پاڅيدل	ياشم	پاڅيدم
	To flee	تستيدل	تشتم	و تښتيدم
	To run	زغليدل	زغلم	و زغلیدم
	To leap	غۇزىدل	غرُّ زم غرُّ زم	و غُرزيدم
	To turn	ګرزیدل	محرزم	وكرزيدم
	To ask	پُښتيدل	پُښتم	و پُښتيدم
	To graze	څريدل	څرم	وڅريدم
	To tremble	ريږديدل	ريږدم	و ريږديدم
(2)	To ascend	ختل	خيژم	ر ختم) عرض عنوت (خوت)
	To divide	لوَبَهَتل	لوَيَرَم	(ولوَنَهِتم (ولوَنَهِت 3rd Sing.
	To split	چاودل	جَوَم	ر ر چاودم (و چاودم (و چاؤد
	To sit	كښيناستل	كشيئم	کښيناستم کښيناست عrdSing.
	To be entangled	نى <i>بىدل</i>	نشلم	رو نښتم (و نښت 3rd Sing.
	To dig	كنؤدل	كنم	(و کنثودم (و کنثود
				1 - 1

(3) Almost all other Intransitive Verbs are Regular and follow غَوْزِيدل in their Conjugation.

- II. Transitive.
- (1) Regular Form.

		INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.	PAST.
(a)	To throw	اچُوَل	اچَوَم	واچَوَم
	To send	استَول	استوم	وا ستَوَم
	To light	بكوَل	بدَوَم '	و بدَوَم ٰ
	To raise	خيژُوَل	خيژُوَم	و خيثرُوَم
	To dress	اغۇستۇل	اغوستوم	وا غۇستۇم
	To throw	غُرزَوَل	غُرزَوَم	و غُرزَوَم ُ
	To put to flight	تنبيتول	تښتوَم	و تښتَوَم

N.B.—This form corresponds to the example خوزول, and may be formed from any Intransitive Verb in the same way, it is generally derived from the form taken by the Present and Derivative Tenses if any deviation from the form of its Root occurs in the course of the Conjugation of the Verb, as

Intrans. خيرُم to rise. Pres. خيرُم whence. Trans. خيرُول = to cause to rise = to raise. Intrans. نشلم = to be entangled. Pres. نشلم = to entangle.

(2) The 3rd Pers. Sing. of the Past Tense of this form always ends in s,1, as

Inf.	3rd Sin اچُول	g. Past $= s$.واچاو	
,,	,, استَوَل	, 8	. واستاو	
"	,, خيژَوَل	ولا	.وخيثرا	
	INFIN	ITIVE. P	RESENT.	PAST.
(b) To drink	ل	څښ	شنبم	و څښم
To bite .	چل	م چا	څآڅ	وچايچم
To reap	۷	ريبل	ويبم	وريبم
To wash	عل) وين _ځ	وينش	و وينځم
() m	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.		PAST.
(c) To cultivate	كرل	کرم		(و کرم
			3rd Sing.	(و کاره
To gain	كتهل	كنهم		(وګټم
			3rd Sing.	(وګاته
To possess	لول	لرم		(ولرم
		,	3rd Sing.	﴿ و لارة
To lick	څټل	څټم		(و څڼه
		,	3rd Sing.	﴿ و څاټه

	INFINITIVE.	PRESENT.		PAST.
To drive	شړل	شرم		(و شړم
		,	3rd Sing.	{ و شا _{لا} د
To stuff	منډل	منډم		(و مندهم
		,	3rd Sing.	' /
To sew	كندل	ګنډم		(وګنډم
			3rd Sing.	﴿ وَكَانَدُهُ
To bear	زغمل	زغمم		(و زغمم
		,	3rd Sing.	
(2) Irregular Forms.				
· (a) To take	اخستل	اخلم		(وا خستلم
		,	3rd Sing.	(واخست
To read	<u>ل</u> َوَستل	لَوَلم		﴿ وَ لَـوَسَتِم
	-	1-	3rd Sing.	(و لوَسَت
To scatter	<u>لَ</u> وَست <i>ل</i>	لكونم		(و لـوَسَتم
		1 -	3rd Sing.	﴿ و لوَسَتُ
To find	موندل	مومم		(و موندلم
		,	3rd Sing.	∫ و موند ٔ
To call	بلل	بولم .		(و بللم
•			3rd Sing.	(وباله
To open	پرانت <i>ل</i>	پراندزم		(و پرانتم
	•		3rd Sing.	
	A 7. **	nn nc		

ADVERBS.

1.	Of	Place.
7.	U.)	I tuto.

Here	دلته، دلی	There	هلته
Up	پۇرتە	Down	ىنىكىتە
Before	وراندي	Behind	ورستو
Upon	باند <i>ي</i>	Beneath	لاند <i>ي</i>
This side	دي خوا ک	That side	هغه خوا
	دي پلۋ (ھغە پلۇ 🔰
On this side	راهيسته	On that side	ورهيسته
Outside	دباندي (Inside	د ننه
	باهر)		
Near	نژ <i>د ي</i>	. Far	لري
Where	چري (Nowhere	هيڅ چرته
Somewhere	چرته (

	Everywhere	هر چرته	Elsewhere	بل چرته
	Wherever So far	ا تر هغه پور <i>ي</i>	All round	چا پیره
	Shut	ر پررپ پور <i>ي</i>	Open	لري
	Back again	بٽرته، بيا		
2.	Of Time.		•	
	Now	اۋ <i>س</i>	Then	هاله
	When	ملا	Sometimes	كله كله
	Always	هركله (Repeatedly	وار په وار
	Whenever)	Continually	تل
	Instantly	سم ك لاسة	Successively	پلا پسي
	Before	په خوا	After	پس
	Slowly	ورۋ ورۋ	Quickly	زرزر
	How often	څو څله	Once	يو څله
	For ever	تل تر تله	Every time	هرڅله
	So long as	څو چه	Till now	تراۋىسە پوري
	Ever	چري	Never	ھيچرته ھيچ کله
				هينج كله
3.	Conjunctions.			
	Perhaps	گُند <i>ي</i>	In short	جۋړ
	God knows	خداي زده	Indeed	خۇ
	By God	خداي رو	For sooth	خۇ نُو
	However, but	ولمي	So, therefore	څکه
	Notwithstandin	,	Therefore	ترو
	If	که .	When, that	ځ
	Thus, i.e. this v	vay داسي	Thus, i.e. that wa	هسي پ
Pr	repositions.			
	In, inside	په، په کښي	With	ىسرة
	Below	ن لاند <i>ي</i>	Above	ک پاسه
	In front	<i>د</i> وراندي	Behind	ک ورستو
	Together with	څخه	For the sake of	ک پاره
	Close by	(In the midst	ربه ستنخ

Until	تر ;	Like	غۇند <i>ي</i>
So far as	تر پور <i>ي</i> (-
Of	3	\mathbf{From}	۵i ما ; ما
	ته ; و ته)		
To	له ; و له (
	ته ; و ته له ; و له لره ; و لره و ; و وته		
	و ; و وته ا		

THE NUMERALS.

		CARDINAL.		ORDIN	IAL.
1	يوه ; يو	16	شپارس	First	وړنېي
2	دوَه	17	اۋوى لس	Second	وړ ^{رې} بي دوېېم
3	دري .	18	اتەلس	Third	دريم
4	څلور	19	نەلس	Fourth	څلورم
5	بنهم	20	شل	Fifth	پن _{ڪم}
6	شپږ	21	يوويشت	Sixth	شپرم
7	اؤوه	30	<i>د</i> يرش	Seventh	اورم
8	أته	40	څلويښت	Eighth	اتم'
9	نه	50	پن _{څو} س	Ninth	نهم
10	لس	60	شپيته	Tenth	لسم
11	يولس	70	اويا	Eleventh	يولسم
12	دوكالس	80	اتها	\mathbf{T} welfth	دودلسم
13	ديارلس	90	نوي	etc.	etc.
14	څوارلس	100	سَوَة ; سل		
15	پنھەلس				

VOCABULARY OF A FEW WORDS OF COMMON OCCURRENCE.

PUSHTOO.		ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO,
نارينه ;سړي	A	woman	ارتينه
څښتن	A	wife	d É ÷
se s	A	mistress of a house	ميرمن
مريي	A	female slave	وينهه
 سپين _ر يري	A	n old woman	سپينسره
ضلک	A	ئ ـ جل ـ جلكئي girl	جونه _ جنئي _ جنك
زامى		**	بيغله
وړوکني	A	n infant	معصوم
عزيز .	A	stranger	پردي
	نارينه ;سړي څښتن مبرړه هه مريي سپينږيري هلک زلمي وړوکي	A نارينه ; سړي A څښتن A مبېره Se A مريني A سپينږيري A هلک A زامي A وړوکي A وړوکي	A woman A wife A mistress of a house A female slave An old woman A girl مريي A maid A mistress of a house A female slave An old woman A girl ملك

Terms of Relationship.

			PUSHTOO.
ENGLISH.	PUSHTOO.	ENGLISH.	
Father	يلا رونه Plur. يلار	${f Mother}$	مِيندي Plur. مؤر
Son	زامن Plur. زوي	Daughter	لونړ <i>ي</i> Plur. لوُر
Brother	ورونړه .Plur ورور	Sister	خويند <i>ي</i> .Plur خۇر
Uncle	ترونه Plur. تره	${\bf Aunt}$	تريند <i>ي</i> .Plur ترۇر
Brother's son	و رارونه .Plur وراره	Brother's daughter	وريره
Sister's son	د ر رد مح ۇ رىيى	Sister's daughter	خورزه
Grandfather	نيكه	$\operatorname{Grandmother}$	نیاکانی Plur. نیا
Father-in-law	- خسر	Mother-in-law	خواښه
Son-in-law	زُوم	Daughter-in-law	نګيندي ً .Plur نګور
Brother-in-law	ا اوښی	Sister-in-law	ندرندي .Plur ندرور
Grandchild	نمسي		
Cousin	تربور		

NAMES OF ANIMALS.

1.	Domestic.			
	Bull	غوايه	Cow	غوا
	Horse	آس	\mathbf{Mare}	اسپه
	Colt	بهانير	Filly	بهانره
	Camel	اوښ	She-camel	أوىبىه
	Ram	₽ S ²	Ewe	<i>کډ</i> ه
	Goat	وز	She-goat	وزه
	Buffalo-bull	مينيس وسدل	Buffalo-cow	ميسه
	Dog	سیے	Bitch	سپئي
	Cock	چرک	Hen	چرګه
	Cat	پیشو		
	Calf	ر خسخ و رخض	Camel-calf	چوګکي
	Buffalo-calf	کټن	Kid	چيلي
	Chicken	چ چرګوړي	Lamb	^گ دهوري
	Drove	e of cattle		كوهار
	Herd	of horses		als
		of sheep or goats	<i>. رهمه</i>	کنډک
	Any	entire animal	84	ميند
	_	gelded animal	٥	,w÷
	•	animal used as a beast	ي of burden	څارو

 $\tilde{5}$

	Ah	erd of cattle		ډ نګر	
	Ger	neral name for sheep		پسه	
	Fat	-tailed sheep		لمؤر	
	Thi	n-tailed sheep		ايرړي	
	An	y animal in foal		بلاربه	
	Ang	y animal that has just g	iven birth	لذكك	
2.	Wild.				
,	Tiger	ز مىري	Stag	ګاوز هۋستي کبلتي راموستي : غرڅښتي p	
	Bear	زمىري مىلۇ	Deer	هۇسى	
	\cdot Wolf	شرمىتىن ; ليوه پرانګ	Fawn	كىلىي	
	Leopard	برانك	Musk-deer	راموسي :	
	شوي Boar	سرکوزي . خربي	Wild Shee	غرڅنئي p	
	Jackal	گيدر		**	
	Fox	لومبرة			
	Monkey	شادو			
	TT	19	Vulture		
	Hawk Owl	ټپوس ګونـګـي ښارونني زرکـه lge	Crow	ګرګس قارغه	
		دولىدىي دا نە	Sparrow	چړچنړه	
,	Starling Enough Dontain	ښارولئي . کام	Grey Part		
	French Partric	زرده ige	Snipe	ککو <i>ي ـ</i> نرغزي	
	Quail	معينتي ٢	empo.	- برت – برحري	
•	Augu	مرز ; نؤړز			
	Fly	6	Rat	مرلا	
	Bee	. 55.0	Mouse	م رگوري	
	Mosquito	پي ماشي			
	1	پ			
	Scorpion	ارم	Rock-snak	ىبامار e	
	Lizard	څرمښې	Worm	ښامار e چينجي	
		PARTS OF THE	Human Body.		
Hair	ويشته	Nose	پوزه	Tooth	غاښ
Eye	ویبسده سترګه	Nostril	سپیرومهٔ	Lip	شونده
Eyebrov	_	Ear	غُور	Tongue	ژبه
Eyelash		Cheek	اننگی	Palate	گُومىي
Forehea		\mathbf{M} outh	خوله	Throat	ژبه گُو م کي ستونـکي
	**	•	_		

Moustache	بريت	ڪنگل Elbow	Leg	لينكئي
Beard	ر يره	Wrist مړوند	Thigh	 ورون
Brows	وچولتي	لاس Hand	Knee	زنكون
Tear	أوىنبىئم	Finger گوته	Foot	پښه
Neck	غأړه	Waist L.	Heel	پېړکنې
Nape	څټ	Back lå	. پوستکنی Skin	••
Shoulder	أوراه	Belly کیډه	Blood	وينه
Chest	تقتر	Heart ڏري ^ٽ	Bone	هدوكسي
Bosom	غير	لرکي گلمه Intestines	Pulse	نبض
Armpit	ب المحفرات	Liver لرصون	Shin	پنډي
Arın	ليچي	پښتئي Rib	Chin	زنه
Nipple	تي	₩ ¹		
	••	D		
		PARTS OF ANIMALS.	C1	1.4
Horn	ښکر	ەىببوكە Beak	Claw	مىنگلىي لىكىئى
Feather	بنره	Crop ججوره	Tail	لكئي
		NATURAL FEATURES.		
Sky	اسمان	Ferry پشنړ	Plain	ميره
Sun	نمر	Marsh	Abyss	گړنګ
Moon	سپۇرمى	Hollow - تهنه	Precipice	گىپ
Star	ستۇري	Mud 435	Valley	گېټ دره
Cloud	ور يَّجْ	ڪاڪکي Drop	Ravine	كنده
Rain	باران	Low-ground څُوُره	Pass	تفآنبدي
Hail	<i>ڊ</i> لئي	Briar کرکنړه	Cliff	کمر
Snow	وأوره	اغزي Thorn	Dry bed of torre	خَوَر nt
Ice	Ė.,	Earth 8,000	Mountain-peak	څۇكە
Dew	پرخه	Ground زمکه	Stony-ground	كانړيز <i>ي</i>
Water	أوبه	گور پر ع	Forest	بئر
Spring	چينه	کانړي Stone	Cavern	سمج
River	سيند	لرمحني Wood	; ډيرئي Hillock	_
Canal	واله	وانيه Grass	High-ground	لوَدَه
Ford	می کار	غر Mountain	Bramble	غنه
Rivulet	لښتي	Skirts of ditto لمن	Pit	ډوغل

SEASONS.

SEASONS.						
Summ Winter	حرب	Spring Autumn	پسرل <i>ي</i> مني	Rainy Season June-July	پشکال اهاړ	
		Divisions	OF TIME			
3	Morning Evening About 4 a.m. Sunrise Noon About 5 p.m. After sunset	صباح ; ک وخته نماښام چرک بانکک نمر خاته غرمه نماز دیکر نماښام	Day Night Dawn About 8 a.m. About 2 p.m. Sunset	ورڅ شپه سپيدي چاوَد څاښت نماز پښين نمر پريواته		
	Three days ago Yesterday To-morrow	لاوړ ^{مه} ه ورڅ پرون صبا	Day before yes To-day	وړمه ورڅ terday نن - نن ورڅ		
	Three years ago Last year Next year	لاوړمه کال و پروس کال مخنی کال	Year before las This year	وړومنه کال st سږکال		
		Points of the	HE COMPASS.			
~ •	North South	قطب سهیل	East West	نمرخاته نمر پریواته		
METALS, ETC.						
Iron Steel Lead Silver	. اۋسپنه پولاد سیکه سپین زر	Gold Brass Quicksilvers Saltpetre	سره زر زیر سیماب;پاره ښوره	Sulphur Charcoal مكور Glass	ګوګړ سکاره س ښیښه	
Branch Stein Roots	څانګه سونډ ولي	Leaf . Stump Gravel	پانړه خد د شِګه	Pebble Round stone Clod of earth	گۆن تىرى لـۇټە	

HOUSEHOLD TERMS, ETC.

	Oil proge	ر توک Trousers
House \hat{g}	انړئي Oil-press	1 11
سانړي Mansion	آمنگئي منگئي	
کوټنړي Cottage	Dishes لوښي	Purse and surface
جونگرد Hut	Light 8923	Staff luna
Tent (of Nomads) كيرِدئي	بشري Spark	رسي ـ پـړي Rope
خونه Room	سکروَټه	هرزي String
Door	پوزي Matting	تار ي Thread
ەسندۇ Verandah	بچاونړه Bedding	Needle ستی
ستن Pillar	برستن Quilt	سپنړسي Yarn
انګنړ;غولئي Court	شرئ Blanket	Shoe پنړه
Handmill ميچن	كالتي Articles of dress	موږ <i>ي</i> Peg
شناز Waterskin	جامي ـ زړوکي Clothes	ڪرمن Leather
Pitcher		
	AGRICULTURAL TERMS, ETC.	
77 - 1		TT
Road V	غۇښت غۇښت	Harvest come
Field پټي	اوري Mustard	دفتر Landed property
Ploughing يوي	Cotton مالوچ	دفتري Landholder
Plough see	شۇلى ـ ورژ <i>ي</i> Rice	چریکار Cultivator
سسپار Ploughshare	وړئي Wool	زرغونه Verdure
چُوکههٔ Goad	پشم م	سوکره Drought
پوله Irrigation ridges	خامتا Coarse cloth	ژُوَرَ والي Depth of soil
وَرِيَ Ear of corn	Muslin Lolis	دِکتي
کِیل Furrow	المشي Felt	A cold دَوْمَى
وامحي Bridle	تر سري Headstall	دَومَهُ يَ A cold تبهه Fever
Reins ملونة	سرباند <i>ي</i> Traces	ننگئي Small-pox
Wheat غنم	قیضه قیضه	وبا " Cholera
اور بوشه Barley	غوبل Threshing-floor	
	TERMS RELATING TO FOOD, ETC.	
Bread چۇچىئ	Rice and Milk کیر	Vermicelli مینچی
غَوَىنِيهُ Meat	قُرْمهٔ Stew	پیتی Cooked peas
Bread پوۋډئي Meat غَوَښه Milk پـئي ـ شوده Butter کپ Ghee	Soup ښوروا	Vermicelli بينچي پيتي Dry bread پيتي هاګئي Egg
Butter	Curds dul.	Egg esta
Gliee	ے شلونبی Buttermilk	شات Honey
الدي	ر این	

Well cooked	خُرِينه	Satisfied	• ۋړ	Tasteless	پيكه
Food	خواړه	Hungry	وږي	Grain	alė
Drink	څښاک	Thirsty	تري	Salt &	مالك
Flavour	ىندۇند	Thirst	تنده	ی Mouthful of food	نؤړئ
Chewing	شنحوند	Hunger	لوَرَة	,, of water	گوپ
Fasting	نهار	Sour	ترپو	Stinking	سنحا
		-			
		Colours	3.		
White	سپين	Yellow	زيـر	ے Spotted	برك
Black	تۋر	Reid	ىئور	برکت Pie-bald	
Green	شِین	Grey	سپيره	برمت Skew-bald	سۇر
		QUALITIE	ES.		
Hard	کلک	Wet		Lame	ڰؙۮ
Soft		Damp	لـۇند		
	پۇست	Damp Luke-warm	نوج <u>ن</u> "	•	كندا
Rough Smooth	زی <u>۔ ږ</u> د ۱	Blind	ترم	Bloom and	کانے ا ہے
	هوار :::	Dumb	ړوند ګنګ		ليچ نا ا
Hot Cold	تۇد	Deaf	,	لمت Lazy Unclean	_
	^س ۇړ	Dear	ڭونېر	Onclean	ناولي
Dry ¬	ۇچ				
		Extremes or Opposi	TE QUALITIES.		
1	Elder	مشر	Younger	کشر	
	Awake	ويبس	Asleep	اؤدة	
G =	Fine	نري	Coarse	غمت	
	Tall	لوًد	Short	وڤد	
	Long	اوردِی	Short	لند	
	Broad	پلن	Narrow	تنګ	
	Heavy	دروند	Light	سیُک	
	Fat	غت	\mathbf{T} hin	خوار	
	Straight	سم	Crooked	سپُک خوار ^ک ـۇبر	
	Standing	ولاير	Fallen	ربر پر ۇت	
	Full	د ک	Empty	پررد تش	
	Ripe	. پۇخ	Raw	اۋم	
	Much	۔ پیر	Little	1-1	
	Q1	J	703	ب.	

Blunt

Sharp

تيره

Fresh	تازه	Stale	ورۋست
Sweet	خۇږ	Sour	تربخ
Right	ظمينه	Left	كينر
Dried up	سۇكىرە	Watered	خړۇب
Inhabited	ودان	Deserted	وران
Liberal	سخي	\mathbf{M} iserly	شۇم
Successful	ۇد	Unsuccessful	پړ
Dense	. گنیر	Scanty	رنګي
Compact(tight	ہینک (ht	Loose	 خوشی
Enclosed)	alid	Open)	
Protected)	خوندي	${\rm Unprotected} \big\}$	خوشي
Upper	پاسنى	Lower	لاندنى
Tame	 ايل	Wild	 ياغى
Coagulated	خيم	Melted	ويلي
Light	رونړ	Dark	تۇر
Clean	پاک	Dirty	خيرن

MILITARY TERMS.

Sword	تۇرى	Battery	مورچه	Flank	ډډډ
Scabbard	تیکئی	Trench	خندق	Engagement	, مقدّمه
Gun	ټو پک	Palisade	سنگړ	Night-attack	چپاۋ
Pistol	تمانيه	Supplies	خرڅ	Raid	داره
Bow	لنده	Spoils	اولجه	Ambuscade	پسونى
Arrow	غشي	Explosion	ډز	Feud	بدي
Spear	نيزه	Arrow's flight	پرتاب	Reprisals	 برمه ـ بر
Javelin	شلكى	Horse-trappings	بركستوان	Fugitive	ماتي
Dagger	جمدر	Warrior	•ر _{نی}	Suppliant	ننواتي
Quiver	شنحولتي	Heavy-armed)		Wounded	ژوبل ژوبل
$Barbed\ arrow$	شتئ	ی (soldier	پټ سپاهِج	Cut	غۇڅ
Bullet	" ګولئي	ی Soldier	تۇرزن سرۇ	Bruised	خۇر
Rocket	 بان	Vanguard	هراول ۔	A wound	پرهار
Cannon	توپ	Rear-guard	چنداول	شتونكى Archer	
Battle-axe	: 25	Main body 6	مينت.	<u> </u>	

TERMS USED IN CIVIL ADMINISTRATION.

Tribe	اۇلس	Headman la	ملِک_کدخ	Fine	ناغه
Family	خيل	Wandering tribe	كۇچى پَــوَندە	Bribe	بډه
District	تپه	Disturbance	پسات	Tax	قلنك
Household	عيال - تبر	Insurrection	بلوا	" (on cattle)	كؤشى
Belongings	کډه	Prisoner	بندي	,, (on proper	مالياً (y
Neighbour	ګوانډي	Fetter	څولانه	Swindling	درغلي

IDIOMATIC EXPRESSIONS.

•	IDIOMATIC E	XPRESSIONS.	
To conquer a country.	مُلك لاندي كُوَل	To say in jest.	په ټوقو ويّل
To pacify a country.	ملک پخولا گول	To swim.	لانبو وهل
To muster an army.	كَ لَشِكْرِ سَانِ احْسَتْل	To be delayed.	ايساريدل
To join battle.	جنګ نښکول	To launch a boat.	بيريِّ په اوبوګډه گـوَل
To form into line.	پره تړل	To track a deer.	رَ هُوسِي پل اخستل
To retreat.	په ستنه کیدل	I go at once.	زه دغه يم لاړم
To wheel round.	په بيرته پير کړل	That man will not re-	هغه سړي ک جوړيدو نه
To start out of an am-		cover.	دي
buscade.	کیدُل	We do not think that	
To draw sword.	تۇرە لە تىكىي نە يىستل	possible.	ګنړو
To fire a shot.	در گ <i>ـوَل</i>	It seems best to me to	په نه ويل راته خير
To be seized with panic.	توريدل	say nothing.	ښكاريږي
To fire a volley.	⁷ باړ چکوَل	He is waiting outside the	<i>y</i> •
To cross a river.	له سيند نه پوري وَتل	house.	هغه كؤرنه باهر ايساريري
To shy (of a horse).	تيندك خوړل	He could not stir from	له څاي خَوزيدلي نه
To stumble (of a horse).	بُدري خوړل	the place.	 &
To trot (of a horse).	په ډچکو تلل	I am convinced that	ره په دا باندي قايل يم
To buy on credit.	په نسیه اخستل	what he says is not	چه هغه څه وايبي
To borrow money.	پۇر اخستل	true.	رښتيا نه دِي
To lend money.	پۇر ورگئۇل	Your trouble is in vain.	ستاسو رېړ عبث شه
To give gratis.	ويهريا وركحول	This man is taller than	دغه سړي له هغه نه
To select.	په غَوَره اخستل	that.	لَوَړ د يَ
To pawn.	ګانړه گوَل	A deer is swifter than a	هوسي له سپي نه
To take in pledge.	په کانړه اخستل	dog.	ګړندي دي
To stretch out one's hand		He is the skilfullest of all.	هغه له ټولونه مړني دي
To imitate a person.	ن چا پيښي گوَل	He is sunk in the mud	هغه په ځټو کښي ترملا
To laugh at a person.	چا پوري خىندا گول	up to his waist.	پوري بۇخت شوي دې

المعنه سيند کښي اوبه غه هغه سيند کښي اوبه څوهره څروري دي څوهره څروري دي په دووړاندي روان شه او Run on in front and see په دووړاندي روان شه او کوره چه هغه کوم سړي دي دي المعنو المعنو المعنو به دي الاري باندي المعنو المع

صبات وخته شمون کره to-morrow morning, وخته شمون به سره we will go out shooting together.

The how used to both

The boy used to bathe ملک به په سیند in the river.

Why do you talk such مولي داسي خوشي الله nonsense?

That horse wanders about دا اًس چرته خوشي

Common Sentences.—Greetings.

هر كله راشه Come always. هركله اؤسه Long life be yours. درشه نیکی May good befall you. په خير راغلي Welcome. ستری مه شه May you not be tired. مه خواريري ; خوار May you not be dis-مە شى tressed. خدای دِ مل شه God be with you. يه مخه د ښه May good be before you. ته څوک ئی Who are you? په اصل کښي کوم What sort of Pathan پښتون يي are you? له كوم څاي نه راغلي Whence are you come? Whither are you going? چر ته څي دلته يه څه طمع سره What brought you here? راغلي يى په غرونو کښي ن*وي څ*ه Is there any news from حال كيري the mountains? ما اوريدلي دِي چه په I hear that in the border یاغستان کښی ډیر country there are

great disturbances.

How far is your home

from here?

پساتونه کیري

ستاسو كور له دي څاي

نه څومره لري دي

الري لار ده ته به هلته It is a long way off and نه شي تللي you could not go there. Is your village on this سیند کلی ک سیند راهسته دي يا ور side of the river or on the further side? هيسته له سيند نه څوک په Can one cross the river كدريا په پتنړ پوري by a ford or by a ferry? وتىكى شىي لله څو ورڅو نه باران It has been raining for اۋرىدى كىمان مردي some days, I expect that the river will be چه په سيند کښې به ډيري اوبه راغلي وي very full and there او بيري هلته نشته is no boat.

What time is it? څو بحجي شوي د ي اوس شپرغرید لی دی It has just struck six. واده يد كړى دى كه نه Are you married or no? واده م کړي وه ولي I was married but my wife is dead. تبرم مرشه پلارم ژَوَندي دي ولي My father is alive but اۋس زۇر سپينريري he is now an old شوی دي man

يه لاري کښې ک خيمې Are there any places in ودرَ وَلُو يَانَ لَسِكُمُ ارَوَلُو يَانَ لَسِكُمُ ارَوَلُو يَانَ لَسِكُمُ ارَوَلُو ديارد څو څايونه tents or encamping an army? I wish my tent to be زه غواړم چه خيمه م ک هغو ونوک لاندي pitched under those په سو*ري* کښي trees in the shade. ودرَوَلِي شِيَ ارت څاي غَوره کړه او Choose an open space زمکه هواره کره and level the ground. هر څه چه ک لاس کيږي I will do all I can to زلا به وکړم چه please you, Sir. صاحب خَوَسِ شي اوبه يشود او غَوَسَه Boil some water and cook some meat. کنه کرد Unroll my bedding and بچونره م وسيره أو يه spread it on the زمکی باند*ي* و يي ground. پرتوک م قت کړه او Fold up my trousers جامي م په موږي and hang my clothes on a peg. سرلا څوړندي کړه I. shall stop here all زه به ټوله شپه دلي night, and if the rain تيرة كړم صبا له كه باران کم شِی روان lessens go on tomorrow. The clouds are very ورتی دی کنړې دي او باد ډير الوَزي thick and there is a strong wind, I think کمان م دي چه سیلئی به راشی there will be a hurricane. رنگئي باران هيچ فايده There is no use in light نه آري زمکه پري نه rain, the ground is not wetted by it. لونديري لوګی را معلومیري چه I see smoke rising from · له درى نه راخيزي the valley; there must يو کلي به نږدي be a village near. موندلتي شيي .

لره کنړه ده او کند ډير The fog is dense and there is a thick haze. I am tired and cold and زلا ستړي ستومان و سؤړ hungry and thirsty, و وړي و تړي شوي يم هلته مونر لار شو let us go there. لرګي ټول کړه او اور بل Collect wood and light a کړه چه مونړ څانونه fire that we may warm تاۋدە كرو ourselves. Now snow is falling and اوس واوره پيريوزي و اوبه خيمي شوي the water is frozen, دى څنګه به يکي how shall I melt it? كه ته شمونر يه هيه نه If you had not come to سy assistance I should وي راغلتي له لوَرَي ب have died of hunger او له تندي به مر and thirst. ولى داسي نا وخت Why have you come so راغلی یی صباح له late, come in the راشهٔ درسره خبري morning and I will يه كوَمَه talk with you. هغه اس اصیل دی Is that horse quiet or یا کم اصل vicious? دا أس لتي وهي پري That horse kicks, I will نه سَوَريرِم not ride him. Tie him up to that tree هغی ونی سره یسی وتړه او لوخه ورته وغوړوه and spread some bedding. په دي شولګرو کښي Have you seen any snipe in those rice-fields ? څه ککوي دِ ليدلېي دې ملا و تره شما ټويک آ Gird up your loins and واخله او راسره روان take my gun and fol-شه گندی به دلته low me, perhaps we ښکار مىليا شى shall find some game here. شما أس و نيسه چه و Hold my horse, lest he نه تِښتِي should run away.

TRANSLATION OF SELECTIONS

FROM THE POEMS OF

KHUSH HAL KHAN KHATAK.

TRANSLATION OF POEMS.

My eyes I could not close, restless I lay upon my bed; Then I rose from my couch, my head was aching sore, So distraught was I that I could see neither the door nor my way. I went to bathe and came back ill at ease, My ablutions I performed as directed by the Prophet. All my people were asleep and snoring in their slumber, No one knew of my trouble, but I told Ashraf Khan; All the advice which should come from a father, In a book, I wrote down briefly for him. I prepared to go to Peshawar, and took up my sword, It was the day of Friday, when the spirits walk the earth; My way lay towards the West, but of that what care had I? How can one turn aside the irresistible order of Fate, However great may be one's understanding, wealth, and armies? I went then to the Mosque and said my morning-prayers. I mounted, and like a whirlwind dashed forth upon my road; I went on the wind as the Tempest howls along, Alone and solitary I went. In Naushahra rose the sun. It was not yet midday when I reached Peshawar, Forthwith to the Moghal sent I my messenger; I said, "Here have I arrived as you wrote, as you desired. "When shall I be present, what duty have you for me?" This answer I received, that "Well have you done in coming, "To-morrow in the Durbar do you present yourself." Three days passed; that foolish ass held no Durbar; In ambush against me was he, and I quite unaware of it. His deputy was a certain Sheikh of Gujerat.

Evil were my dreams until I saw the dawn,

From head to foot a traitor, evil was his face.

Said he to me, "Come hither, let us take counsel together;

Then I will repeat to the Nawab your words in full."

I went to him clear in my own estimation,

My traitorous uncles took part with the Moghals in their villainy;

All around me came the Moghals in their cunning;

It was God's decree that I should fall helpless into their hands.

A tumult arose in the city, spread was this report,

Not a man but was enraged, yet it was the will of God.

Down they brought me from my fort, when I fell into their hands;

Quickly the Kotwal placed shackles on my feet, ten pounds was their weight.

Spread the news through the country, alike through town and village,

There were none but were distressed, most of all Pathans, alike friends and foes;

All those, too, who were mighty in office or in title;

All the world was in suspense when they saw this deed.

They went in the morning and assembled in Durbar,

Said they, "How loyal was this man to the Emperor!"

"That he should be seized in this fashion, will the Nawab approve of this?"

Tied was his tongue, no answer would he make.

They rose then from their seats, dispersed were all the Nobles.

Three days had passed when came my uncles base;

They came, and to the Moghal they offered congratulations,

Horses and robes of honour gave the Moghal to them in turn;

My country he gave to them, a villain he made its chief.

My house and family and tribe, when they heard of this,

All the Khataks, too, forthwith prepared to slay them,

Their courage fled from them, and with terror were they seized.

I said to my tribe and family, "Be careful,

Then my whole tribe collected at the shrine of Sheikh Rahimkar:

On such deeds, by my persuasion, they turned their backs;

Foolish were my sons, great the error that they made;

Had there been no bloodshed, I should have been released with honour.

Said my uncles in their hearts, "However much we strive,

[&]quot;Let there no blood be shed or other opposition shown,

[&]quot;For glad would be the foe that I should be ruined by my own people;

[&]quot;And, again, if a tumult arise, lost will be the Emperor's trust."

Should he become released, the gallows will be our Fate."

No other thought had they, for their lives they were afeard;
Bent they were upon my death, whether by night or day.

Past had now been by me almost two months in prison,
Deserted was my country, its people had fled to the mountains.

The Governor then demanded of me fifty thousand rupees;
I answered, "I will not give thee not one Pice, not one Dinar."

Both parties made agreement together on this,
On one side the treacherous Moghal, on the other my uncles shameless,
"Now there is no resource but that in Hindustan he should be placed,
"Quickly must we arrange this with all speed and haste."

I, too, was quite satisfied to go to the Emperor,
All my life I had been loyal, my hope was for honourable treatment.

To Hindustan then they despatched me, Mustajab my escort,
A Noble and Chief was he, the head of the Gori Khel.

They despatched me from the city with all speed and haste, Slowly marching on I came to the Inn of Shahbaz Khan. All the night was the guard of the Muhib Khel over me, Besides another band of the followers of Misri Khan Daozai. I came to Naushahr in the morning in the same fashion; Weeping were the people, all struck with horror at the sight. How shall I tell the tale of the night I spent there? The night was spent in uproar, alike of Hindoos and Mussalmans; In the morning they set out in fear, alike Moghals and Pathans. All around were armed forces, in the midst my escort. A message I had sent to my tribe, to Ashraf Khan, "Make no preparations for disturbance or resort to arms, "Of the Emperor the old and faithful servants are we; "One reason, too, that I am bound by honour; another that by this slain will be Pathans." I came on to Surai, in a moment was Surai deserted, Thou wouldst have said that never had been dwelling there mankind. What, indeed, shall I say? How many changes has life? How can any one be able to oppose fate by force? Many troubles come on us men while in this world, God alone grant us the power to bear each grief. Hard indeed was the time when I saw my son Osman,

Again came to me Zainoo and other youths of my tribe. They came to me lamenting, and with sorrow did we part, Weeping were they and I and the very trees and rocks of Surai. We came then to Narraie; spectators, both men and women, Were standing helpless in grief, like idols without life. Winding along the road then came we to Garrai, On either side of the river all the people were looking on, All those that were with us were overcome with fear; Thought they, "Who was he that said that the Khatak will not come out to fight? I, indeed, had sent a message, for doubtful of this was I; Were but a flag displayed from one quarter or other, Such a fight would ensue as though the end of the world had come. See what count would there have been on either side of the slain? Neither fight nor strife was there by order of the Almighty, I crossed over the river, and in Attock I arrived. All my tribe in tumult was scattered and confounded; Wailing was there in my houses, and weeping amongst my sons, Such was then the time as came upon the Khataks, Thou wouldst have said on the world had the day of judgment come.

From the Attock onwards they bore me, such was my state; They bore me to the camping ground of Baba Hassan Abdal, Again from thence to Pindi with haste and expedition, Then from thence was our march to Rabat. In Rabat came there a letter to us from the Nawab, Again to Pindi they brought me back forthwith. Again in Pindi came there a letter to this purport, "Take him on to the Monarch without further delay." In the middle of the night I went on from Pindi to Kukartal; I went on to Lahore, march by march on my road. The son of Meer Jamal, who was paymaster of the troops, Kind was he to me, great the encouragement he gave, Said he, "Go thou on to the Sovereign, O Khush-hâl! Then thou wilt be honoured, not annoyed is he the least." I, in the midst of the month Ramzan, marching, marching along, Came to the Monarch's Court, a thousand and seventy-four the year. Great was the disputation and arguments that followed then;

In brief there came the order for my relief on giving a pledge. The Kotwal gave me a place in his own house by his own side, Preparing for my bail was Syad Shains, son of Jalal. We were full of this thought when, in the month of Shawal, A request came from Sayad Meer with these contents: "Loose ye not Khush-hal; his release will occasion disturbance." Again there rose between us great quarrels for my freedom. My country, my titles, my lands, all these changed their masters, Twelve of my officers were there who all were ruined. Against all justice, on the writing of villains and traitors, The tyrant Monarch chose to treat me with violence. Here was I in prison, there my family and children Scattered amongst the mountains in trouble and in distress. Such deeds ensued as would occur to no one in mind, No trust will there be ever in the justice of Aurangzeb. Spread upon all sides were the armies of Anti-Christ, But no Mahdi is there to oppose him by his perfection. It is the time of the end of the world, on all sides are troubles,

All the world is at war with another, every house with house.

God it is who brought upon me all these griefs and woes, Of the causes that gave them rise now I tell the story. One that I was proud in my honesty and devotion, Another the Mogul's greed and my habit of giving no bribes; Again my unthankfulness, again the folly of my brethren, Again that mistaken in their counsels were my sons, And that not only once but repeated were the blunders Of all the leaders of my tribe, Ashraf Khan, Bahram Saadat. To Ashraf Khan I gave the signal that the sword he should unsheathe, But no action did he take on the counsel that I gave. What of Khudayar, of Khalil, what shame or respect is theirs? What of Jagram, the Hindoo? What conscience have the Hindoos? Every warrior knows what is the procedure of our foes, Well he knows to mingle poison amidst sweets and sherbet. Worthy is the son who is capable and wise, He will be awake to his enemy's tricks and wiles, He will take for his guide generosity and courage.

Those of lofty minds spare neither themselves nor their fortune; Alas! O Ashraf Khan, no such resolution was thine; All the tribe was at thy call, but thou hast neither skill nor boldness. To the Moghal they betook them, great the dishonour of Ashraf, Great was my misfortune, great was that of each one else's. While the country was deserted, great the fear of the Moghals; Again when it was peopled, great their need of that same land. They wrote then to the Emperor of the course Jagram had taken. Quickly to Cabul did he bear away Ashraf Khan. Then at this was roused to Bahram his sense of injured honour; All my tribe did he collect to Narai and there he stood, 'Tis not the nature of the Falcon that fruitless swoops he should engage in; No real Falcon he, though like one he appeared. A captive I in Delhi was in the bonds of so much trouble, Five months, a little more, passed, and I yet remained in prison. Then the son of Meer Jamal to the Emperor in private Presented my petition on the strength of Meer Khan's favour, Thus said the Emperor, that "that man will I release, His wife and children if with speed he summon hither."

This order he gave, then Amir Khan wrote a letter.

I remained a prisoner, but my household they brought to me.

Heard was that order by Saadat and Meer Baz,

One by one they came and told me of the fact.

It was the month of Safar that all three like hawks

Took their flight to their own land at my dismissal.

They went to their own land in twenty days straight on end,

But one of them never reached it, my confidant was he;

Though to the West was turned their faces, to the East they said their prayers.

Their way was to Kerbela for closed to them the path to Mecca.

How shall I relate these long and tedious stories?

Sad indeed the facts, short the summary should be.

All, both men and boys, whom I had well protected,

All whom the Kings of Persia had carefully looked after,

Scattered were they on all sides, afflicted with sore troubles;

It was the will of Heaven that companions they should be of woe.

Day by day fresh the treatment which is devised by Fate,

No confidence is there in its fondling or favour; At one moment it to the ground dashes down the mighty, Again, him lying in black dust it promotes to lofty place. In the stream it founders him whose boat is stout and strong, Yet from the midst it bears him who knows not yet to swim. What can I do? To whom complain? No confidant is there of mine; To whom shall I now call? There is none to hear my cries; Do I change my path, my way is still stopped by Fate. Would no fate were there, or that I were not thus noted. The manly are in misery, the base are now in favour; The mistress is in tatters, the maiden in full dress; He who is a fool now eats the baker's cakes, While the wise and true have not an onion even for a relish. In the house of the loyal there is hardly an old carpet, Scarlet are the cushions in the homes of the liar and the spy. While other birds wander in the gardens midst their sports, A prisoner is the one endowed with plumage or with song. The horse's back is galled with the saddle and hard riding, The ass braying prances at ease within its stall. How shall I tell you if it is truth or imagination? Stop these speeches, Khush-hal; and shorten thy narration.

I know not what to do since Heaven protects the base,
Would that my hand could reach him, then soon would my wrath be cooled.

Twice was my home at Surai broken up; once when I was imprisoned. Again when Saadat, and when Mir Baz arrived.
Once defeated and pursued they fled to Hangal,
And again they took refuge in Sekra of the Akozais.
Yet their swords were not red with blood, nor were sword cuts on their heads.
Abandoned by my sons were my country and my tribe,
I in Hind, a prisoner, and Ashraf Khan in Cabul.
All my wives and children were put to shame in Sekra.
Came then to the Emperor from Cabul a written message,
"Devastated is the land of Surai, great the ruin that has been wrought it;
"Everywhere are your forces encamped as guards throughout the country,
"The road to Surai is seized, on the passers-by we fire."
Joined were Usufzaies against the Khataks to raid in Surai,

Some ponies they collected and mounted in the morning; Good God! What a ride was that, its like was never seen; Good God! What a fight was that; where were the wounded then? Gone was my fame and honour from the confidence of the Moghal; "Disloyal" was the name they gave me who had ever been loyal to them. The lands that had been given me on the frontier of the Punjaub The Emperor's edict went forth that resigned they should be from thence. Is it the weary march, or the battle, or the victory? Everything befalls man as is ordered by the Fates. Whilst these were the deeds of the present, another concern was mine; Let no one injure another, but leave him alone to his fate. I, in the food of the Usafzaies, had been as the bitterest poison; No other object was mine in the service of the Moghals. Many their chiefs and warriors whom I had slain by the sword; Alas! for the time that is past, no profit is there in regrets, How could these things or misfortunes occur to the mind of a man? Yet it was God's will that things should be as they were. Shabash Khan attempted to retrieve his tarnished honour; Then came the Usufzais, and sore were the straits he was in, With them were the Baezaies and the Raurazies, they marched together. My tribe, both great and small, fled to the other side of the river; They betook them thence to Sekra, in number a hundred houses, But the other Khataks of mine remained undismayed in their homes. What calamity God has wrought me to separate me from my house, And that my brothers and friends were divided amongst themselves.

All were in lamentation, in tears were the young and the old, Astounded was all the world at the evils that befell the Khataks.

God is of that aware which to no one else can be known;
A prisoner am I, may I never be freed if that which I say is false.
Whether my own people or strangers, whether my friends or foes,
On none had I evil design, nor thought I of injuring them.
Whatever I was to their face, behind their backs such was I.
No such a thought was ever mine as of flattery or deceit;
Never had it been my policy to oppress or injure another;
Nay! sharp had been my warnings to those that were tyrants known.
Whoever was my subject, whether poor or a stranger,

My conduct towards him was such that no trouble should be from me. Whether gold or ornaments mine, or land, or other wealth, All have I bestowed amongst my family and my friends. The enemy I of those who were heretics or untrue; Filled was my heart with good will towards the learned and the devout, Ill the designs I had upon the faithless and the rebellious; Filled was my heart with anger at the enemies of the Emperor; Passed as had been my life in loyalty and honour: In no one action of mine was any treachery to the Moghals; My father and grandfather had sacrificed themselves for the sake of their honour to them. No other Pathan was there whose honour was equal to mine, And yet my son was in prison, and I from my country an exile; And how many ills fell upon me without fault or error of mine. Scattered and dispersed, where has my family gone? All plunged in distress, parted and scattered are they, My country is in confusion, my cities are inhabited but by name; Wandering through the whole country my people are filled with laments. In Delhi was I imprisoned for months in sore distress, Now in Rantipur a lonely captive I lie. No concern has the Emperor Aurangzeb upon my state; What though his people are ever in groans at his tyrannous ways? Not mine alone these tears, there are many that are bitterer than mine. Twenty the Provinces of Hind, in them on every side is trouble and grief. All who are Nobles or Chieftains in each province, Some are captives and in bonds, and others are full of distrust. In Rantipur alone two hundred are there in restraint, Many the other fortresses in which the prisoners are without number. The first of all upon whom his vengeance he wreaked was his father, Now after him he pursues others, what matter whether great or small? Pale be the faces of those who say that the truth is a lie, There is not a soul in the country who wishes the tyrant well.

When coming here from the Deccan his standard he raised aloft, By his violence and treachery many had he brought to ruin. First with Murad Bakhsh an oath and engagement he made, Then to Oojein he came, and Jeswant Singh he defeated; Then he came to Agra, and dark was the day for Dara.

Shahjehan he imprisoned, and deprived him of all his retinue; Again Murad Bakhsh he reconciled to Shahjehan, And then to Mooltan he bore his standard in pursuit of Dara. Then came he back again, and trouble he brought on Shuja. It was in the battle of Kajwa that put to flight was he. Then again Dara fought with him in Ajmere, more or less; With his face then to the West Dara Shah fled in fear and confusion. He was taken by the Chief of Jun to his house for design of his own. Thence was he sent to Delhi where his head from his body was severed. Again Suleman Shekh, the honoured son of Dara, The Rajputs gave up to him, and trouble thus fell upon him. His eldest son fled to Shah Shujah, and then in terror was he, But he separated them from one another by many a wile and deceit. Next in intrepidity to Shah Shujah was his brother Muazzim, But him he expelled from his home, now who knows where he draws breath? Such is the grief that he brought on the house of his own father, Arabia and Persia alike were confounded at his deeds. All these disturbances occurred within only about two years, Then upon him was confirmed the Sovereignty of Hindustan. The year that this took place was two years less than 1070, When he on the throne of Delhi placed his steps. It is either the retribution of his father, or else the decree of fate,

There is nothing but cries and lamentation on his tyranny and oppression.

Were there many more years like this, the whole world would be stript of life.

Thus, to all appearance, determined is he on deceit,

Or from pride in his rank, his nature has been perverted.

Yet by all professions a very patriarch is he.

If you consider but his actions, his designs, it is to destroy yet more, the tyrant!

Who has heard of such deeds amongst the descendants of Adam?

His own father he imprisoned and then slew, such mercies his,

And ever all his thoughts are bent upon his own advancement.

No question does he make of the state of the poor and oppressed,

It is alike to him in judgment, whether one is guilty or blameless, Such is our Emperor, such his justice, such his conduct;

Yet, please God, no favour may be shown the tyrant on this earth.

All the story that I tell you is carefully considered by me; There is nothing befalls us but by God's will and our own fate. Where is Dara Shah? Where his splendour and his treasure? Where his thundering at Delhi, his armour and his shields? What of Aurangzeb? What his security? What of his equipment and his armies all disordered? He came into Agra with a shroud upon his head, Scattered were his armies, and Delhi in confusion. When fortune favours one, then verdant are his fields, Bloom alike the roses in the meadow and the desert. When fortune favours one, though he were enclosed in steel, Wealth will enter to him through the doors and through the windows. When fortune turns his back, though the wisest of the age, All his wisdom profits is to burn the proceeds of his harvest. If fortune turns his back, not even the pearls of Aden Are worth in the market the seeds of the Bramble-bush. The action of the stars is not proved to any one. Through the twelve worlds he wanders, but nowhere finds he rest. Either part he plays alike whether that of thief or watchman, Some he frights to death, and some he slays with the sword, How can I relate to you all his treacheries and wiles? None are free from molestation, whether young or old. When I overlooked him, as I did, from head to foot, He is all nothing but empty vanity, in this I tell no lie; He is all one thought of self, "I" and "we" are all his words, Every word is full of treachery that comes forth from out his mouth. May evil be his end, and the fate of Yezid upon him! May the curse remain upon him as of Hussein and Hassan's death! Fixed indeed will be a period to his waywardness and wiles, But boundless through all time will be the hatred he has gained. What though wealth and fortune wait upon his skirts; When has ever the base been the master of high place? He who by disposition has been born of filthy nature, Never will he be clean, though all day he wash his body. What though the raven flies from forth the Eagle's eyrie, A Raven he remains, however sharp his claws.

He who counts his nature pure and noble in its essence, God forbid that such an one should rejoice in his father's ruin.

May God promote those objects on which my heart is set. In some deeds was I mistaken that my treacherous uncle I exalted. Again that I his daughter to a mighty Noble betrothed, Again that for myself I kept neither silver nor gold, And again that for myself I built not a strong fort upon a mountain, And again that I was proud of my valour and my service, And again that by bribes I did not dupe the Moghal, And again that when I could I did not seize more land, And again that to the Usufzais I fresh strength bestowed, And again that I imagined that the Ghorikheyls were true Pathans. Yet to bestow one's all upon one's people is wise nature. God will guide the current through the natural streams of water. These words which I have now uttered from my mouth Let all of them be written in men's hearts. Be it Draughts, or Chess, or Backgammon, say I, If all these and such be learnt, there is good in it. Whoever in such matters is raw and inexperienced, He yet in course of time may change his ignorance for knowledge. Be thou not self-confident in thy own skill and wisdom. But learn from every one who is abler than thyself. They tell how Buali was full of confidence in his wisdom, And yet in many matters a fool was he called by men. No man indeed is he who is guided by every one's words, One must work with trust in God and not watching each man's eyes. However dear the Mistress whose eyes reflect your own, Be thou not misled to trust her in her friendship. How sweet the sight of loving eyes with their fringes of dark lashes, But fail thou not to blind them if they look askance from thee. A comrade may he be called who goes not beyond his friend, No companion he who goes now in front, now behind. When once a man's mouth is accustomed to bitters, The bushes of the cactus and the radish seem to him sweet. There are some who by continual reading gain their information, Some in their mother's wombs are taught, and then are born.

Two hundred and twenty are my verses, eleven are their stanzas, With these in Rantipur I solaced my heart's anguish.

Great was the splendour and beauty of Delhi;

On all sides magnificent its buildings;

Splendid the Bazaars within the City;

Every luxury was there procurable:

From great canals were streams to every house;

Its market covered not less than near an acre.

Of the Monarch's Audience Hall what shall I say?

For his sleeping-room was such that my mind was quite astounded.

When Shahjehan held open audience of his subjects,

In his Durbar were the Seventy-two peoples represented.

Had it but the breezes of Irak and Khorassan,

Jealous, indeed, would Paradise have been of Delhi's rivalry.

That glory which Shahjehan gave to Delhi,

When had any other Sovereign bestowed on it such glory?

The foundations of Delhi, from whose hands they were,

Time after time, too, who exercised Sovereignty in it,

Each one will I now by name relate to you,

According to what his nature and his character was.

The Chohans first laid Delhi's foundations:

Three hundred years did they reign over it;

The first Mahommedan King of Delhi was Mauzuddeen,

Whose stay in Delhi was but for one year,

When Delhi he took from Pathora,

Great the trouble that this labour cost him;

When Pathora's head he severed from his body,

Five hundred and eighty were the years of the Hijra.

Then after him came Kootubuddeen, his slave,

Whom in Hind he had left as his Viceroy.

After him came Shamsuddeen, who was his son,

Famed was he for justice amongst his people.

After him came Feroze Shah, son of Shamsuddeen,

Whose equal in liberality was not found in Hindustan.

After him came Razi, daughter of Shamsuddeen,

And happy with her were soldiers and subjects all alike.

After her came Mauzuddeen, son of Shamsuddeen;

Great was ever the fear his enemies had of him.

After him came Nasruddeen, son of Shamsuddeen,

Who was famed for his humanity and kindness.

Then was Alauddeen, the grandson of Feroze Shah;

Great his character for justice and devoutness.

Again the Sultan Jelalooddeen ascended the throne,

Who by descent was of the country of the Ghilzais.

After him was Kootubuddeen, son of Alauddeen;

Devoted to folly and luxury was he.

After him came Tughlak Shah, greatest of all;

Nurtured had he been by the Ghiljie rulers.

After him came Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Tughlak Shah,

In whose times the peoples dwelt in ease.

Then Sultan Mohammed Shah, son of Feroze Shah,

Who seized the Kingdom from his brother.

Then the Sultan Ghayasuddeen, son of Feroze Shah,

Who ascended the throne in the lifetime of his father.

After him came Secunder Shah, son of Mohammed Shah,

Who remained on the throne but a month and a half.

Then his brother Nasruddeen ascended the throne,

Great need had he of hardy warriors.

After him upon Hind burst Timur Shah,

To Khizr Khan he gave the Sovereignty.

After him was Sultan Mubarik Shah, son of Khizr Khan,

Whose sanctity was apparent from his brow.

After him Sultan Mohammed Shah, who was his nephew;

During his reign Pathans were held in honour.

Then the Sultan Alauddeen, who was his son;

All whose time was spent amongst his women.

Then Bheilole Lodi became the King of Delhi,

Who remained on the throne for twenty-nine years.

After him Secunder, Bheilole Lodi's son,

Whose practice was in accordance with the faith.

After him came his son Ibrahim,

Who fought with Baber at Panipat.

After him was Baber King of Delhi,

Who was indebted to the Pathans for his place.

After him Humaun, Baber's son,

Whose armies and wealth were without bounds.

After him Shah Alam, son of Hassan Soor; Defeated at his hands was Humaun. After him Islam Shah, son of Shah Allum, Whose daring was even greater than that of his fathers. After him came Adil Shah, who was his cousin; Disgraced were the Pathans during his reign. After him came Akbar, son of Humaun, Whom victory accompanied wherever he went. After him Jehangir, son of Akbar, During whose reign Hind was like Paradise. Now the King is Shahjehan, son of Jehangir, Who had been formerly in Balkh and Badakshan. I Khush-hal have narrated this, yet I am no Poet. Employed in it I tried what I could do: Had I art of Poetry and verses, Many are the praises of my Emperor I should have sung. When through Hind I wandered, then to myself I said, "It is long I have been thinking of this history in my mind." If of this story the date you ask of me, Hear by all account it is the year of Kurshat. This poem I began at midday prayer, And by evening prayer it had been completed.

To me the whole of Delhi's city was as a garden,
While were with me Shahbaz and Saadat Khan;
But when they departed, and left me there alone,
Hard indeed my lot, as death this separation.
Since from their sight I have been cut off completely,
Now I say indeed it is as though I were in a prison.
My household is as a garden, and I the gardener;
It is not strange that in the garden the gardener should be happy.
But when from the garden which he loves the gardener is divided,
That separation on both sides is equally hard to bear.
If but a flower of that garden should meet the sight of his eyes,
To the gardener's heart comes joy every moment that he beholds it.
See upon the paper the picture of Majnun's features,

I like him am now but skin and bone, an empty spectre. To each one in the world one time comes the hour of dying, I, without death, die not once, but every day. Unjustly have I become Aurungzeeb's captive in prison; God is alone who knows what was my charge or crime. In myself I know no crime, it is by God I swear it; But by others the tales that are told, many and lying are they. The nature of my fault is by me unknown entirely, But I see that my own excellence has been the cause of my ruin. As I was firm and honest in deeds and in good intentions, No other Afghan was there in the service of the Moghul. To Sovereigns there should be compunction of heart, Honour and self-respect, as well as justice and consideration; For to whom can one appeal against the decrees that they give, If upon oppression the heart of the Sovereign is bent? Such trouble as on my tribe and family there fell, May there never such happen to Hindoo or Mussalman. When the discernment of their own honour is lost by them, It is of their own power the ruin that Monarchs cause. If Aurung Shah keeps on ever such course of action As now he has taken in hand, God preserve us from its end! Either it is in this year or next year that people will hear That rivers of red blood will full and flowing be. What indeed am I? But there are others who will act like me, Countless are their names, the lords of the mountain lands. He who had no compassion on his father, nor yet on his son, How will he stay his hand on any one else in the world? With pride is he intoxicated, and standing erect in his folly, On high is fixed his gaze, as though the Heavens were his goal. He that seeks of him justice, his answer by sword or by club, What time that in his court the injured appeal for redress; Never so much does he ask as why are your actions thus? What though the Chiefs in his country are murdering great and small; A Governor's word is worth more than twenty witnesses, To their decrees do his Judges forge his signature; His procedure is all by bribes, without interest is there nothing, If one would gain for one's object some result;

Is there any one whose nature is ill-suited to these means? Midst his court he wanders helpless in despair.

To the Physician yet say nothing, O Khush-hal!

For it is God the all-powerful who alone will cure thy ills!

When the time for the bloom of the roses comes, Gentle are the showers that are falling on the meadows; Whose fortune is there that can rival his, Whose steps lead him to wander through the gardens? To-day good luck is on my side: May my destiny be ever so friendly to me, That my stay should be in such a lovely spot, As famed like it is none other in Hindustan. Had the Abdal's eyes but lit upon this place, All other regions would they have forsaken for it. Midst its meadows the waters wander wildly, Through its turf the streams run ever on; With such pure and limpid waters, How it triumphs over Cashmere's Shalimar. Men's eyes brighten, and their hearts rejoice, As the water of its fountains sprinkle round. As the water rises now, then falls again, One would say that round it pearls are strewn about. Where the fountains of white marble are found planted, Lovelier far that spot than Iran's vaunted scenes; Thou wouldst say it was the thundering of the Heavens, Where the river pours its waters down the falls: If there be that cross the bosom of the lakes, They would say that on a mirror is their way. On the waters are the wild-fowl ever diving, Before the Palace seated one enjoys the Falcon's sport. One would say they are the flames of Nimrod's fire, So scattered are bright Tulips through the mead. The Roses there their charms have wove together; Like a warrior armed, their spears are by their sides. All around are the meadows in full bloom

Of the Iris and the Lily, gallant show. In that garden flowers are there, they are not scanty, Of all their number, what tongue is there can take account? Be they Roses, or Violets, or Tulips: By their sight is my heart now soothed to rest. May I devote myself to the Creator of these works, Since from his mighty hands such beauties have been produced. All its trees rise as though in rivalry with the Heavens, Overtowering all is the lofty Deodar. Of countless natures are the tunings of the birds, When from the Deodars their concert loud is heard; From the tuneful pipings of these minstrels, Not from the breeze, come the rustlings of the trees. In it of snowy plaster a mansion fine is placed, Through every room in which the splashing waters run. Three hundred are the paths that run amidst it, Each one whiter than the whitest linen robe. The mildness of its breezes is beyond all description, Were one ill for eighty years there, would one soon be well; Were the old men to remain there, soon would they be youths, Such is my belief in the power of its breeze. A building such as this would find its place in Paradise, Were its guardians but aware of these delights. All its praises are far beyond all count; Were I to relate them, it would take up a book. By Asaf Khan were its foundations laid, Now by Khurrum's orders is the work proceeding. It was the thousand and fifty-ninth year of the Hejra, The twelfth day of the New Year, I wrote these verses. Since from Khush-hal has come such lengthy speech,

What though fed have I been on the salt of the Mogul's!

My heart is bursting with Aurung's scorn and evil treatment.

Unjustly into prison did he cast me for many years;

God knows what was my fault, of it no knowledge inine.

Good sense forbids that extended it should be!

Black is the Mogul's heart towards all us Pathans. Well am I acquainted with each one of their designs. The true coin and the base to me are clearly known, In their actions of their purport a touchstone true am I. Was I an Eagle or a Falcon in the sight of Shahjehan, That to Aurung as a Crow or Sparrow-hawk I should be? The life that before it sees but its own dishonour. He who leads it, at such a life astounded am I. Fire take their titles and their service then I say, Since in the Mogul's eyes and understanding I am despised; Maddened now am I that my name and honour are in question, Though no care is mine for the gain or loss of countless wealth. Who with the greed of food rushes on the hook, Think not that I am such a foolish fish. No remedy is there for any one against Fate's decrees, And yet I am more cautious than an old wolf. To those who can discern I am as true as the ruddy golden mohar, By the test of the undiscerning I am valued as a straw. The world as yet knows nothing of my merits, But I speak truth, as the apple of the eye am I; Far greater my worth than the flowers of the Champu, To the ignorant as the Sunflower devoid of scent I seem; Like the falcon is my eye on noble quarry; No Sparrow I that feeds on worms and grubs; A Tiger I whose feast is on his victims; No bullock I that grazes on the plains. My beard is growing white, dear to me are faith and honour; Were I to deal otherwise, a pitiable creature I should be. If people turn their back on me, no care is mine; For many have been blistered with my true speeches. All that happens is by Fate, no profit in belief or knowledge, Thus it is like a kite I am driven by the wind. Every Pathan that takes the Mogul's service, More experience mine than ever can be his. When in the Mogul's service, my title was that of Lord: Now that no title is mine, as an Angel free am I; No care is mine for his decrees or his permission:

Praise be to God that my will is now my own! No care is mine for his Court nor yet for Council; No longer is my watch at his upstart nobles' gates, No witnessing, no signing, no reporting mine, No care is mine for bonds or yet decrees. Every fool that made me bow my head, His head have I well bowed with blow of sword and mace. If to the evil I am niggardly, what can they do me? Like a bright star fortunate is my destiny; Every day is to me a holiday of independence, What though others weep? I am mad with joy. Enough for a Pathan his rug and blanket; No care is mine for couches or for cushions. Freedom is mine, though plain and coarse my clothes; Relieved now am I of velvet and of brocade; A grass-built hut is now so dear to me, I had rather be seated there than in Palaces of stone. What though my food is only soup and curds? With the wealth of the Moguls my chests are full. The opposition which I have resolved it is for faith and honour: Were I to waver in my design as a girl, I should be doomed. By none have I been wounded, by guns or yet by arrows, I that have been struck, by my own rifle has it been. Cut to pieces are the Buttikheyls, who were as the pinions of my wings. Now with the clipped wings of the Baraks is my flight; The feathers of my flight have I shed like the Falcon, Yet think not I am as a bat with no feather in my wings. My true brothers indeed are the Turis, such is our relation, From the Bolaks am I removed hardly a finger's breadth: With lying deceitful words whose object is dissension, They are betraying me, for they think me as a boy, I spit upon the beards of every one amongst the Baraks, And on my own too if of such am I. This day has my tribe dealt very hardly with me, But yet no yielding mine, whatever God's will may be; On me have the Khataks turned their backs, for this may their faces be blackened!

For I alone am their champion, in the support of God is my trust;

Yet were there any ties of brotherhood or kindness betwixt us,
Great should be my hopes from the parentage of every one.
The Mohmunds should be the feet and hands to assist me as I am crippled;
Well pleased am I with support from the Afridis.
Many streams when joined together will make a river;
Now to all appearance I am helpless as a bubble.
There are the Karlanrai and Sarbunni, many Pathans are there,
I, in the cause of honour, am associate with them all.
That so much favour has been accorded me by the Heavens,
Grateful indeed am I that such its decrees should have been;
For now my age is passed beyond three-score years and more,
Yet in pursuit of a foray as an Usbeg staunch am I.

It is for the Afghan honour that my sword I have bound beside me,

I Khush hal Khatak am the only proud Afghan of the day!

Come and listen to my story, Good and bad is told in it; Warning it contains and counsel, Let the wise take note of this. I am Khush-hal, son of Shahbaz; Of a warrior race I am sprung. Shahbaz Khan was Yahya Khan's son, Few so active and so bold. Akoray's son was Yahya Khan, Master of the sword was he; Skilful was he with the sword, With the bow excelled he more. Once his eye had marked his foe, Soon his place was in the grave. Ready ever for fight or banquet, Kind was he and generous. Under the constellation was he born Which gives birth to noble men. Not yet entered in the world The priests had long foretold his birth. In the Emperor Akbar's reign

He became chief of his clan. Those who sat with him at table All like lions were fierce and bold. Stained with blood the grave received them, All his officers and chiefs. Numerous was his family with him, All brave hardy warriors they; Of one mind in all their actions, Jealous each of fame and name. The thousand and twenty-second year of the Hejra It was that to this world I came. Fifty years had he completed When was martyred Shahbaz Khan. The Emperor of his time was he, That discerning Shah Jehan. To me he gave my father's place, Of my tribe was I the chief. Were it war or gifts they wanted, Lacking they found nought in me. Thirty thousand Khataks mine, Each one to my word intent.

All my wealth I spent on armics,
Or the feeding of my guests.
Had I a hundred in my house,
A thousand went on feasts and sport.
Every Khatak in my Chiefship
Famous was throughout the world.
Did I find one low in trouble,
Raised I him aloft in joy.
Every sort of entertainment
To my fill I revelled in;
Were it horsemanship or hawking,
Or the garden's peaceful joys.
Gold I counted in my eyes
As the dust of the desert.
He whose thought is on his honour,

Soon that gallant becomes poor.

Yet from the Emperor Aurungzeeb
Full vengeance took I for his bonds.
The sword's impress I printed clear
Alike on Hind and Mussulman.

Why should I, though, boast myself?
Others let them tell the tale.
The Emperor's bitter foe am I,
Whether my path through hill or plain.
The Pathan's honour, dear to me,
Though they have joined the Moguls;
Like the dogs they stray about
Seeking for the Mogul's scraps.

Now of seventy years I am
In the month of Ramzan.

As before, in my heart of them no sign was seen, Now from forth it what deeds does the world behold? Through Lachee and Choutra did I wander, But now is my way to Maidar, the Afridi's home. As the Falcon circling round surveys the mountain on both sides, Again is now my glance upon the mountains of Swat. When I gave up the titles of the Moguls, thus pleased was I As would be a captive from the bonds of long confinement. Such rare determination as is mine, No other Afghan will be born the same. Could I but find one other patriot at my hand, Far from my heart with him would fly all my griefs. To the Mogul then would I such deeds make known, That pleased would be the soul even of Farid Khan. In God's strength will I conquer, He will help me, What though in the battle Satan himself were my foe? Whatever the work to which a brave man binds his heart, Though as a piercing thorn, as a flower it will result. Even if he were an angel, trouble would be his lot, Whoever's fate has made him companion of the base.

He whose intelligence is weak, it is well for him That to another's guidance he should bend his way. No longer now to-day's design will I defer until to-morrow, For what guarantee to man is there of to-morrow's life? He who sleeping laughs, waking finds good cause for weeping; In the friendship of the foolish the advantage is but loss. One spark alone is required to fire a village, It takes but one word to drive all trust away. Come, Cupbearer, pass the tankard, it is my turn to-day, See who knows to-morrow, whose turn it then will be. Aurungzeeb the Emperor has come raging to Lahore, See until to-morrow what the lot of all will be. As the meadows need the rain and the breezes' favouring influence, It is to those that show them kindness that the people will be true. Go, speak not of the changes of the month or of the seasons, Every day to us does Providence stranger changes show. Many are they to-day who boast to you of their friendship, But your life they seek to-morrow, for your foes they are become. In the world there are but two choices which honour offers, Either to lose one's life or to succeed in one's design.

I am looking for the struggle of the Falcon with the Raven, Streams there are of blood that 'twixt them will flowing be.

Many are the griefs that I bear now in my heart.

They that formerly lay prostrate at my feet

Now on my head do they plant their footsteps.

They who had ever expectation from my kindness

Rain now upon me their bounties and obligations.

They who have recovered of the wounds of which I healed them,

Laughing are they now that I am in need of cure.

To what purport shall I ply them? Who cares for their merit?

Burn them in the fire, those black pens of mine.

And yet it is not I alone that regard my country's honour,

For many are the Pathans on the mountains and the plains.

Let them then all give up the Mogal's treasures,

Or I, too, in my turn, will offer my hand to his bribes.

He that eats the Mogul's pottage, a dog indeed is he;

How can I make mention of the names of such as these?

Are they Khataks? Are they Bangash? Are they Wurrakzais?

May their houses ne'er be free from their mournings for the dead.

Would that I had vengeance taken for my rage and my distress,

Or that I had abandoned all hope for my own honour.

With my enemies what fault have I to find,

When from beneath my feet my own people draw the props?

May an unnatural son never grow old in any one's house,

Who would vie against his father in his schemes.

The Poet has no eyes to his own faulty verses.

It is thus that with mistakes his writings must abound.

Surprised indeed am I at how it leads me on,

This strange art of mine they call devilry and magic.

When the time comes for the grave I will lay me down with weeping, Such have been the griefs of this heart of thine, Khush-hal.

Gone have thy companions, they have marched to their last halt; Still how sound asleep thou stayest, Q! that careless heart of mine. From non-existence into being, and from life again to death, Hasten on the Kaffilas, band succeeding band. The road through bogs and quicksand, on a sorry steed thou'rt mounted, See than thee those better mounted have failed to make their way. Plunged in this world's torrent, no hope thine of finding footing, Many those that sought to stem it, but they never found the shore. From the fury of its waters to the bank thou ne'er wilt reach, None are there who know its margin but the dwellers on that side. All the profits of this world are vain and empty burdens, Whose is greatest do thou not consider him a gainer. To its decrees bring resignation, whatever thy lot may be, Nothing can be averted by prayers or incantations. Look at thine own hands and feet and consider well, All these are proofs of the knowledge of God.

Say thou ever, "Well do I recognize God's Unity." If in God thou place thy trust, have no regard for follies. Besides God, come tell me, who is there that has created Human beings from black dust, with such form and qualities? Be not like the beasts who live but for food and sleeping; In the world of action be not less than thy inferiors. In the matter of thy interests how alert and watchful art thou! Yet in that of thy religion how drowsy and careless! Be not proud of thine own beauty, though handsome as a flower, Time will in a few days wear away thy face. Let no one hope for good of those of evil nature, No one will taste the sweets of honey from the bitter of the Nightshade. The words of the man who takes no action on them Are like a horse that is parted from its rider. The man who acts not on his words is as it were an ass Laden with precious books, all his labour is in vain. He whose words and actions correspond together, Then every word of his has effect whenever he speaks. In the good sense of what thou sayest no lack is there, Khush-hal, Were thy actions but as sensible, why shouldst thou have been thus troubled?

What is man, and what his fortune?
Everything is ruled by Fate.
Were all the world a sharpened sword,
All men on thy death intent,
Without fate thou wilt not die
By the sword nor yet by bullet.
Without fate there comes not death!
Wield the sword then, have no fear;
As the youthful warrior's actions,
Such are not wrought by the old.
The soldier martyred for the faith

Has no fear for Hell hereafter.

The Rose is ever the Bee's prey,
Whether in Cabul or Cashmere.
A hero he whose deeds are chanted,
Whether in songs or funeral dirge.
The sword's lot is thine, Khush-hal,
By descent thou art used to it.
For seven generations before thee
Died thy sires by sword and bullet.
Thus I do not wish to praise myself.
True my speech, as all well know.

Art thou wearied in thy search
That from this life's hopes thou'rt parted?
Countless blessings round thee spread,
Ask but and thou shalt receive.
As thou seekest, thus thou findest!
Nay yet more shall be thy share.
Who would ere taste honey's sweetness
If the bee's sharp sting he feared?
Still more early seek the Healer

For thy cure from this world's wounds. In no Faith is now my trust,
Though each Faith and Creed I know.
Wounded by each shaft I saw
By myself the bow was drawn.
No fear have I of harm from others,
So no harm comes from myself.
Where's the good in promised blessing?
Has ten now with thee my meeting!

In wealth and joy are many friends, In grief and trouble where are they? Spring nor autumn last for ever. Mark well Destiny's previous course! Heard my prayers and freed my troubles, Heaven fresh ones brings on me. Trust thou not in this world's friendship, Time will change the choicest friends into enemies. Those whom I scarce looked at, so high my rank, Now from them insulting speeches I hear. He who has been fed on sugar and honey, To his taste the Ber will never equal the Date in sweetness. Never will be attain to the dignity of the royal turban, However much a man place ruby-studded slippers on his feet. While I live, O! teach me to forget it, In the grave I will think over thy treatment.

Many are they that I remember,
Who have come and passed like wind;
Still others come and pass on,
There are none that stay behind:
Wonderful indeed is this workshop
Which the great Artist has produced.
Look thou well upon that bubble,
What its lasting and its stay.

Thus art thou, didst thou but know it,
In the dust thy pattern see.
Naught dost thou know of thyself;
Ah! how sad the thought to me!
What art thou concerned about?
Be thou just as glad thereafter.
What troubles hast thou seen, Khush-hal?
Sure thy heart is made of steel.

If but once thou receive kindness from any one,

For that once put twenty injuries of his behind thy back.

A traitor yet deserves no pardon,

Though forgiveness is becoming towards the true.

The fault of a brother is no fault at all,

Mercy is befitting to the mistakes of one's friends.

If from thy friend thou receivest bitter words,

Do thou give him smiling a sweet and pleasant answer.

Make no acquaintance or friendship with a mean man,

From such wilt thou never obtain real friendship.

From the disturber of thy country do thou never stay thy hand,

However much the priests may entreat in his favour.

A true man will keep his faith as long as he is alive,

The word of the unmanly to-day is, to-morrow is not.

They are counted as beasts, no men are they,

The herdsmen and shepherds, who lead flocks and herds.

He who tells thee thy faults, a true friend is he,

And talks not to others of the faults that are thine.

What though men and fiends would slay thee? Thou wilt not die

Until the day of thy fate has arrived.

There is not one that is dependent on my will,

With words of friendship in their mouths all do their own wish.

They who desired my death have all died themselves;

I, behold! am yet alive and remain in this world.

The warrior thinks not of his own deeds of valour,

Yet the blind man is convinced of his own beauty.

Discernment, respect, and modesty become a man-

It is these three qualities that distinguish him from a beast.

He who is born of noble nature from his father and his mother,

In him will no real baseness be seen.

If one bring up a kid on the milk of a dog,

Like a dog in the end will his bleat become a bark.

Tell thou every one this saying of mine,

However sweet the grass, sweet soup it will not make.

However much one may counsel and advise him, it is no use,

Who is born so from his parents, ill-advised will he remain.

The wise man conceals many faults by his wisdom,
The fool by his folly shows his few to the world.
He that lays not his own burden on others, but bears theirs,
Such is the man that is deserving of praise.
He in whose heart the torch of wisdom is lighted,
To him day and night are both alike bright.

Repentant am I of my sins, O God! Ashamed of all I have committed. Disgrace me not now that my beard is white, Though when my hair was black sinful was my nature. Give me now the power and grace for prayer, No hope have I but in thy mercy and compassion; From thee ever proceedeth favour and pity, Tortured am I now at the thought of my offences. The world is not acquainted with the nature of my actions, It is I alone that know what my deeds have been. No Jew or Infidel is there whose behaviour is so vile As I know myself to have been in word and deed. The Hindoo even rises at midnight for adoration, Yet feebler am I than he in the practice of devotion. With a thousand other thoughts in my heart I bend my knee in prayer: All through my life it is thus my devotions have been said. Naught have I gained by worship, nor yet by pious actions; In those I could not avoid how listless have I been. I have never cared for right or wrong so that it pleased me. When have I had concern for the lawfulness of my food? Many are they whom I have consigned to the grave, Even now am I eager to slay yet more. My passions make right wrong and wrong right to me, I remain ever helpless against their promptings. My nature is as that of the seventy-two heresies from the Faith, Though in my professions I am of the band of the True Believers. In the torrents of my lusts I plunge myself, In the fortress of desire have I myself secured. If in observance of rites consist true Muhammadanism,

Happy for me, for then perchance I am a good Mussulman.

Satan and my passions are in ambush at every breath, Till my last breath shall I ever remain in terror of them. My virtues scarce as gold, my vices are like pebbles; Black dust upon my head, what though some gold is mine? The faith of his own chosen has God bestowed upon me. However much in practice of my deeds I am ashamed. Whatever messengers or books have come from Heaven, With all the prophets I agree to them. He who produced both worlds is without associate. Firm is my faith in that article of belief. Convinced am I there will be a Day of Judgment, I know well that from Thee comes good and bad. After death comes life for human creatures; On all these points from heresy I am free. My prophet is Mahomed, son of Abdullah, Devoted am I to his Companions and four friends. The Imams of the desert all were in their rights Until the Mahdi comes, of all I am the servant. They who are the enemies of his Companions and offspring, Root and branch am I prepared to destroy them with the sword. The masters of the religion are four, they are not five. A Hanafi of the Suni faith I am in my belief, I cannot bear Thy punishments, pardon me! To Thy threshold have I come, and there I wait. What though I am full of sin and swollen with pride? Of Him whose attribute is mercy am I, Khush-hal the slave.

O God, do Thou not rend the curtain from my soul,
Display not Thou my faults before the eyes of all the world.
On the path that is that of virtue and good name,
On that path do Thou lead me straight.
Whatever actions are for the good of the world and of the Faith,
On such actions do Thou ever keep my mind intent.
In this world may my heart ever contented remain,
May all trouble abide far from it.
My passions and the Devil are ever at my side,

Show Thou to me clearly these two traitors. However great the faults my hands commit, When I repent, do Thou remove it from me. Grant unto me such sincerity of repentance That never may I go back again from it. May mortal sin be forbidden me as the flesh of swine, And venial as that of mouse or rat. My evil dispositions do thou take from out my heart, For such it is that drain my heart of blood. Grant me Thy power and Thy guidance for devotion, I am Thy slave, of earth am I and helpless. In my account with Thee no claim is mine for freedom, Yet do Thou resign me for one moment to Thine own mercy. When parts my soul from forth my body, Do Thou bear me away to the sight of Paradise. Such that both the heavenly writers may be satisfied with me. To such a grave do Thou consign me. Keep Thou ever ruddy my face with the spirit of independence, Let not my cheek be ever pale in expectation from any one. The walls of my faith surround me on all sides, Guard Thou in safety its fortresses and towers. Keep me in Thy favour ever while in this world. Give me no family or descendants void of honour. Time for Thee is ending, be no more careless, O Khush-hal, Few are the days and nights that now remain to thy account.

Of Thee I seek for aid, O single and undivided God!

Be but Thou my helper, then will all my work succeed.

Thy helpless slave am I, yet Thy mercies I will praise,

Ever will I repeat Thy praises while remains with me the power.

Thy praises are without number, more numerous than the sand of the desert,

Who is there that can count the sand or reckon its number?

Neither Age is Thine nor Youth, as Thou wast so Thou remainest,

As Thou wast, Thou wilt abide through all Eternity.

The earth, the seven heavens, the two worlds, human creatures,

All hast Thou alone created without any help from others;

All the worlds hast Thou created by Thy simple order;
The Creator of all these worlds art Thou, yet has none created Thee.
Whether white or black all is witness to Thy unity,
For Thou encompasseth all, whether white or black.
All thy works are lovely, in beauty and goodness are they fashioned,
Whilst such as are wrought by us are sometimes good and sometimes bad.
Our misfortunes are our own fault, for hard is to us right conduct,
Yet art Thou not such as closest Thy door to mercy.
Thou askest of my conduct, does it agree with my speech?
Ah no! but Billal's stammering confession of faith was more acceptable than that of others.
Untutored is my speech, unfit medium for Thy praises,
By Thy grace will it become fitter, O Eternal Single God.

When from Libra moves the Sun, Winter then displays his banner; See his flag the Star Canopus Which now stands forth in the skies. Weakened by the summer's heat, Fresh and strong becomes the world; Keen desire for food returns, Sweet the taste that water gives. Side by side with arms entwining, Lip by lip, the lovers sit. Welcome now is heavy clothing, The prancing steed the saddle takes; Yet the youth feels not his armour, Nor the steed his trapping's weight. He whose heart is for the chase, Glad is he this time has come. From the north the wild-fowl trooping, To the south their way are making. From Swat now returns the Falcon, Like travelled Jogis coming home. By the radiant moonlight marching, Scream the Herons in the skies.

Geese and ducks are all around us, Countless are the water-birds. Leaves his hills now the rock-partridge, On the peasant's grain to feed. Is it falcon, hawk, or kestrel? On each the sportsman lays his hand. Some are forth in search of hunting, Others seek the garden's show. The Cent-foil opens wide its blossoms, Brighter than Saffron's tints are they. Many are the colours of the Abasi, White and yellow the Arghawan. The flowers of the Champa spread their scent To the top of every bush. Bright as is their show of verdure, Still greater that of the sweet Basil. With its young and tender branches, Mottled show each tree presents. The Bulbul now and Parrot too, Call with joy from every side. Than this season's joys wilt thou Greater hardly find in Heaven;

To me in truth I say this season Takes the prize from that of spring-tide. Before me now for months lies freedom, Beyond spring nothing but restraint. Welcome art thou to Khush-hal, O Yaman's star, I live by thee. When thou showest forth thyself, Then my happiness is full.

Two things are there that I love most in this world and in myself; In myself my two eyes, and in this world all fair creatures. From the perfume of their tresses I am as one distracted; Ever will he that has been snake-bitten be thus beside himself. Looking at the beauty of fair women I have found my God, Short is the distance between metaphor and fact. When I gaze at a lovely face my eyes are never sated, Every hair upon my head becomes as though an eye with looking. Those of evil nature know nothing of love's troubles; What knows the fly of the torments of the moth? Hope not to escape from the slaughter of her sword, Hers is no more compassion even for those that she has slain. The punishments of God are, each one, charges brought against us, Many are the sufferings this world has brought on me from love. A lovely face is as a rose, my heart forthwith becomes a bulbul, The bulbul in distraction hurries wherever the rose may be. Give me tears of blood, O! my heart, when I would weep, Such have been my sorrows that no other tears are mine.

If thou consider poetry in its nature is no harm,
The only fault in it is that some make foolish verses.
He who makes verses without rhythm and without measure,
No poet is he, his are howlings of the dogs.
Persian poetry have I learnt, I have the taste for all;
Pushtoo poetry I prefer, each one thinks his own the best.
In measure, in meaning, in nicety, in metaphor,
Have I the Pushtoo language made to rival with the Persian.
The Pushtoo tongue is difficult, its measures hard to find;
Few are they that have come to me, though great has been my labour.
There is no one that has taught me the art of Pushtoo poetry,
The Mirza who wrote verses, it is long since he was dead;

The book of Akhund Darweza I have read from end to end. In this there is no measure, nor are verses to be found; The wise know well their value, what should the fool know of them? Pearls of speech are they which I, Khush-hal, have strung together; Liars are all who say that such as I have written in Pushtoo, There are any other such verses, or ever have been before. I am not always pleased at my own verses, yet what can I do? My heart drives me against my will, at times I am impelled to it. For twenty years past the cauldron of my poetry has been seething, Not till now is it fit for use, that my life has past sixty years. If my rival on my verses place his finger in criticism, Whatever faults he finds I forgive him for them all. In poetry any purport if there be, it is this, That under cover of it, the poet may tell of noble actions, Plain may be the overcoat that hides the brightest dresses, Like gold-washers have I brought gold from simple earth. Two stanzas and two measures have these verses if you see, In the month of Safar, one thousand and eighty-one it was I wrote them.

Are there two hearts that are united, they will part in two a mountain, To the union of two natures how many joys succumb? Black must be her tresses, dimples she must have and jewels; The face that is a fair one all men love to gaze upon it. They who sincerely in this world love one another, Trouble and good fortune to them are all alike. People curse the Devil as the source of every evil, Yet it is their own passions that rule all in their actions. A hundred troubles round, the result of our own passions, Two hundred our cupidity prepares before our face. He who portions sugar, many those that flock around him, Each one as he takes his share puts the other to one side. Blest indeed is concord, where hearts and wills are joined together; Where there are disputes two-fold troubles will be theirs. Let each mortal's prayer be, "May I need nought from another!" Yet is there no Monarch that has not his times of need.

Give a man a rose and a simple flower will please him,
What cares the bullock or ass if his load be made of flowers?
Khush-hal's follies have become thus conspicuous in the world
As the call of the Muazzin from the lofty steeple's summit.

Surely those are not thy checks which thy raven tresses cover!
Rather these are fresh shoots of the hiacynth lying amongst roses;
Long has been my search for thee, at last fortune has favoured me,
Such a mistress have I found that all men's tongues are in her praise.
Was it Kais or Wamak? Was it Farhad or Khusru?
All who knew love's troubles, a thousand blessings on each.
Mortals are but fleeting, there are none but those remaining
Whose names amidst this passing world are told in future stories.
Tales of others! What are they? To thyself they warning give.
Look thou at the candle, how it weeps at its own laughter!
See then, wheresoe'er I be, in whatever part I wander,
Cut from thy dark tresses lie these locks upon my heart.

He who in his old age longeth after youth, Say to him, "What dost thou that thou mockest at thy shame?" He whose years are many and joins youth and age together, Better than his case is that of the wild rue. Now so gorged at table that his power is gone of eating, Yet insatiable he turns his eyes on the food that is before him. In their designs, in their behaviour, in their deeds, Suspicious are all men of one another. Now my beard is white, why should I fear death? Gone have all my friends, though their hair was black, before me. They whose orders the whole earth lay under, Come and look at them now beneath the earth! Man is but shifting sand if thou look well at him, Thus it ever changes, rolling round and round. Fate's furnace many times have I with my own eyes witnessed, I, Khush-hal, know well that it burns both green and dry.

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I was going on my way, when a lovely being met me, Coquettish were her glances, and her smiles were bright as day. Sure her form was of a woman, but her nature of a fairy, Like silver was her body, but her heart was hard as stone. To the town we entered, hand in hand with one another, Then from me she parted, now I seek her to Bokhara. Many are the tokens of the beauty of her person, How can I tell you by what signs she may be known. Tall and bright-complexioned, in her stature like the Cypress, Brighter than the roses is the colour on her cheeks; Her teeth are pearls and diamonds, her lips sugar, arched her eyebrows; Her dark eyes are as javelins striking death from both her eyes; Her nose is like a rosebud, as the jasmine white her chin, Like musk are the moles on the sweet face of my fair one. Of jewels she wore a necklace and a double string of pearls, Raven were her locks, and her hair's perfume like Ambergris; Rose-coloured, gold-embroidered, is the raiment that she wears, Like a light her beauty shineth; has no one seen her? Tell me, pray. Favour me, O my good fortune, as thou didst when she came with me, Show me now the footsteps of my loved one that is lost.

I said, "If I come to thee, wilt thou greet me with a kiss?"
Said she, "Hast thou a thousand heads that thou askest this of me?"
I said, "Thy raven tresses are like so many black cobras."
Said she, "Why trust thyself within the cobra's reach?"
I said, "In what fashion then shall I approach thee?"
Said she, "Without sword can head parted be from body?"
I said, "I ever wander in distraction in thy search!"
Said she, "Wise art thou, why then thus disgrace thyself?"
I said, "But for a moment let us two be happy together."
Said she, "Where are those others in whose company thou wast pleased?"
I said, "Proud as thou art, know that there is God that sees thee."
Said she, "If I am proud, what to thee? Why talk so loudly?"
I said, "I am the lover of that lovely face of thine."
Said she, "For God's sake why thus thrust thy love on me?"

I said, "If I die at thy door it is thy doing."
Said she, "Would that thou diedst so my dogs would cease from barking."
I said, "It is naught thou knowest of the love that I bear to thee."
Said she, "What care for love the men of the Khatak tribe?"

Like thee is there no other fair one in this world, Thy gait is of the partridge, thy eyes are like the peacock's. Now is the time of early spring, all the meadowsare in bloom, It is the Creator's unseen power that has all these flowers produced. Thou art like a falcon, go not forth to prey my heart on, As drinks the hawk its victim's heart-blood, thus dost thou, or as the Leopard. Other men are free from trouble, I am ever plunged in grief, No love is that, but torment, yet I feed on it by stealth. Wine there is, the harp and pipe, bring hither, too, the tankard. Spring lasts not much longer when is passed the sign of Taurus. Here I sit beside the stream and watch the running waters, Like life's tide they flow so quickly, these are now my thoughts. If thy mistress keep her own faith, what matters that to thee? It is the test of true affection, take thou her faith for thine. The love of Majnun increased far more for Leila In proportion as the people hated him on her account. The hope of Khush-hal Khan is as from the gardener in his garden, Who gives to each one quickly the flower which he has chosen.

Come listen, thou hast heard it, famous is that saying,
That which has gone from the eyes has gone from forth the heart.

I die when thou art from me, my life thou art, didst thou but know it.
Go thou not then from me, stay thou ever by my side,
Lost is my good fortune when thou lookest upon others,
Found again is it when on me thy glances light.

Thy beauties without rival, greater each than those of Leila,
Me have they made like Majnun by their sight, O thou enchantress!
Many are the fair ones with eyes like deer and forms like fairies,
Yet is there none like thee, so coy and yet so sprightly;
Thy lips they are like rubies, thy teeth pearls, on hearts thou feedest,
That little mouth of thine is as a casket of fine jewels.

"L" and "p" then lisper, that my lips may print it on thee,
Happy times we spend together, let us thankfully enjoy them.
Many monarchs are there who are slaves of their beloved ones,
Thou it is, O God! that this power hast granted to the fair.
Ever with how much thought dost thou ridicule Khush-hal,
Now thou makest peace, then war, now kind thou art, then angry!

Both her lips has she now parted,
Pearls she pours upon her lover.
When I look upon thy face,
No wish is mine for flowers or garden;
The Rose from shame forgets to blossom
When it looks upon thy cheeks.
May good fortune now betide me,

I am waiting for our meeting.

Whether faithful they or false,
Breathe not once upon my rivals;
Take one glance but in thy mirror
If the choicest flower thou'dst see.
To whom complainest thou, Khush-hal?
Who is there that hears thy plaints?

Since my sight fell on those dark eyes of thine,

Never can I forget those lovely eyes of thine.

Of the hawk's are they? The peacock's or the falcon's?

Or of the soft-eyed antelope? the glances of thine eyes?

As the lambs crouch hidden in the pasture,

From the shade of those loose tresses look those gentle eyes of thine.

As the armed trooper stands, his lance in hand beside him,

Thus are standing the long lashes round those warring eyes of thine.

As one who has drunk wine, thus intoxicated my being

When I gaze upon those languishing eyes of thine.

Whether they be Priests, or Devotees, or even Recluses,

On each one's heart they feed, those cruel eyes of thine.

Whatever thou wouldst gaze on, look thou well upon it,

O Khush-hal! while there is power of seeing in thine eyes.

I am a drinker of wine, why does the Priest quarrel with me?
Our natures are made by Fate, would that I could make his like mine!
Well dost thou say, my adviser, blessings upon thy speech;
Well dost thou mean, but by words hast thou ever yet turned the torrent?

• ;

Those have gone to Heaven who had neither knowledge nor sense,
Others have gone to Hell whose excellence was their boast.
Of what profit to Abujahal the words of the Prophet Mahommed?
Who will polish the mirror that God has covered with rust?
The Monk who sits in his cell, tell me what thereby is his gain?
Why dost thou thus straiten this spacious world for thyself?
I would have love's troubles whatever may be my religion.
They are but thine own words that thou tellest thus to me.
Hither come quickly, minstrel, and raise the New Year's song,
Sweet heart-soothing strains bring from the lute, the pipe, and the harp.

On every side are flowers, the Anemone, Narcissus, and Hyacinth.

Foolish in his design who would go elsewhere than to the garden.

Some there are who with ample provision set out in search of Thee.

Others are they who seek Thee with but a cloth girt round their loins.

In Judgment mayest Thou, O God, test severely each man's practice.

For now Thou art kind to my foes, but to me Thou art hard as stone.

All the armies of Delhi have come intent upon my death,

Yet art Thou not yet resolved on Khush-hal's death: Thou hast compunction.

The minstrel now attunes his lute afresh,

New tales he tells us with each chord he strikes.

Let the Monk stay in his cloister, I will wander through the garden;

See the flowers of Spring are calling loud to me.

The beggar's mind is full of thought to stay his hunger,

On the Monarch weigh the troubles of his State.

What will be her kindness when she once comes to love me,

Now that in her coyness such gentleness is hers?

When with her I am Khush-hal, yet am I saddened

As one who is grateful to yet injured by another.

If this be no sign of my good fortune, what else is it?

That to my rivals she shows such dislike.

If delight in gazing on the fair ones be a fault,

Then is Khush-hal a criminal throughout his life.

-

How deftly has she curled those two long tresses,

Forthwith all men's affections are distraught.

Her black locks are as a chain, her face the Kaaba,

With both hands seize those locks if thou wouldst make the Haj;

If but once it be that chain fall in thy grasp,

Ever will it bind thy heart in happy state.

Boast thou of the blessings of true affection,

When from thy heart thou hast expelled all strange desires.

My fame and honour I have squandered in thy cause,

In return what wilt thou grant me for my pains?

If I speak of sweetmeats, this is my intention,

That though with hard words thou shouldst give me yet some kissses.

Now has Khush-hal's heart completed its desire,

Since thy glance's sword has pierced it through and through.

Praise be to God from me who from nothing brought me into being,
Other of his creatures He made made me not, of Adam's stock am I sprung.
In descent from father to son a follower of Mahomet am I,
In the mission of the Four Friends I am a firm believer.
Full rightly do I know that there are four divisions of the Faith,
On the sect of the Hanafis firmly my hopes I bind.
Great is the regard in my heart which he has implanted for the learned,
And but little heed has He granted me for the religious teachers of the day.

No Drunkard or Gambler or Debauchee am I,

Nor yet Judge or Lawyer, whose only thought is for gain.

The lot of the sword He gave me, by birth a Pathan am I;

Of no lineage I, lacking wealth or following,

Gory was the shroud in which my father went to his grave, and all my ancestors;

Many there were that died with them, spread o'er the world was their blood.

My father Shahbaz Khan, liberal as Hatim was he;

His heart like that of a Tiger, more skilled in the sword than Rustam.

Steadfast was he in the Law, and upright in every deed;

No reader or writer was he, yet wiser than they that are learned.

How shall I praise my grandsire, Paradise is now his abode.

Sound like Joseph was he from head to foot.

Were another mounted, he on foot was level with him;

Such was his form and stature, and his valour was in proportion; My other grandsire was Malik Ako, who in the land of the Khataks First gained for us the mighty place that is ours. Thirty years have passed that my father died a Martyr, Slain by the Eusofzaies, but with fire I harried their homes. Other Pathans there are many, but their chiefest warrior am I; I seize, I grant, I bind, I loose, as my pleasure moves me. Many there are of the clans that with me have waged feuds, But not till their head before me they had bowed did they escape from mourning; Alone amongst all it is the Yusufzaies that have put me under obligation, Still among the Akozaies dwells the true old Afghan spirit. When I in the year of Aghad fell into Aurangzeb's bonds, My family and household was left very helpless amongst them, For many years was I imprisoned in Hindustan, I reached my home uninjured and from the tyrant's oppression was I freed. All who sought my death in prison every one Have died or been ruined and impoverished, from ill have they not escaped; Like Joseph freed from bondage, the ruler of all I became, Unalloyed gold did I prove, the fire did not lessen my value. Ashraf Khan is my son, who collected my scattered household, For when I was led prisoner, my family was dispersed, Four-and-twenty others are mine, but the greatest of all is he, May they all prosper, God preserve them from every evil! Already have I five grandsons, there is Afzal and Ashraf Khan, May God prosper them, great are my hopes from them. One real brother had I, he has passed on his way to heaven; Two other brothers are mine, one gallant, another a coward. My home is in Malikpur, which people call Surai, To Lakhi on hill and on plain are scattered my house and my clan, Twenty thousand warriors are mine, all of one blood, All with one accord with their backs bent in my service. What of Shamsher Khan Turin whose following is only five thousand, No more is he to me than an unripened Turnip, How will he rival with me on the strength of only his title? What is the power of the Lamb to rival the might of the Lion? Bad luck to the Yusufzaies that a Turin holds rule among them. Were the Teal now to harry the Hawk, what fault would be found with him?

5

Most trusted friend was I of the Emperor Shah Jehan, Folly was it in Aurangzeb that he dealt so hardly with me. I can scarcely draw my breath, yet there is none that can lessen my pain; For a wound I have in my heart that no Doctor or Ointment can heal. How many thousand warriors have been idle for how many years, Had my heart not been ill at ease my purpose had never thus failed me; Should twenty years yet pass, still that object will not be accomplished, As things are now going on, see what will result from this trouble. That which Shumsher Khan in so many years brings about, I in as many months would have settled right firmly the matter. That treachery and deceit which Hayat Khan's art is, What is there manly in that? the wiles of a woman are such, Where is there knowledge and discernment? blind is the world indeed, Since thus it honours a woman with the title of Chief. This writing and letters which Hayat Khan calls the work of the Devil, Shall ever pour curses on him from tablet and from pen; The honest truth speak I which is well known to all, If I am indeed no poet, what value in praise or in blame.

From whence has to us this Spring-tide returned, Which on all sides has spread us a garden. See the Anemone, sweet Basil, the Lily, the Hyacinth, The Jasmine, Narcissus, Wild Rose, and Pomegranate; Many are Spring's flowers, of all kinds are they, But conspicuous amongst all is the Tulip. The maidens place bouquets of flowers in their bosoms, With bunches of flowers are the youths' turbans dressed. Come, Minstrel, draw the bow across the violin, Come, Cup-bearer, bring tankards brimming over, That with the joy of wine I may be filled. The Pathan youths again have dyed their hands, As dyes his claws the Hawk in the blood of his prey. Blushing are now their pale swords with red blood, In Summer how strangely the Tulip bed has blossomed, Acmal Khan and Darya Khan from death God preserve them, Never have they failed me at the time of need.

Khaibar's pass have they reddened with the blood of the foe, In Krappa is the roar of their cannon still heard, To Krappa to Bajore straight the mountains Have been seized with quakes and trembling time after time. Five years now are passed that in all these regions Of bright swords every day the flashing is seen; The first fight was in the lofty ridge of Tahtar, When scattered were forty thousand Moghal foe, Their sisters and daughters became captives of the Pathan, Their horses, camels, elephants, and baggages. The second battle was with Mir Hussein in Doabah, Where crushed was his head as of a snake. Again after that was the fight of Naushahr, When drunk with the slaughter of the Moghals was I; Then came the fights with Jeswant, Singh and Shujaa Khan, On whom Acmal brought destruction in Gandab. The sixth fight was with Mukarram Khan and Shamsher Khan, Whom in Khapash Acmal scattered to the winds. These are the fights worthy of men that I remember, Of the contests of boys on all sides is no account; Every victory has been ours up to now, For the future we must trust to the Omnipotent. Now is a year that Aurangzeb is camped against us, Haggard in his features and wounded in his heart; Year after year it is that fall his nobles, Of his armies destroyed what account is there? The Treasures of Hindustan have been scattered before us, Swallowed by the mountains has been his ruddy gold. Still of the Emperor's folly there is no lessening, It must be that from his father is this infatuation; Between him and us there is no result apparent, Save that either the Moghals be removed or else the Pathans ruined. The Pathan who holds any other idea, it is futile, Except from the sword no other relief is there; The Pathans are more skilled in the sword than the Moghals, Would only a little more understanding were theirs, Would the tribes but be of one mind amongst themselves,

Emperors would prefer to bow down before them;
I alone amongst them am concerned for my nation's honour.
At ease are the Yusufzaies cultivating their fields
The Afridis, Mohmunds, Shinwaris, what are they about?
Spread is the Moghal army in Nangrahar,
With calls for succour to them am I wearied,
Deaf are they, no attention is paid to my cries,
While all the other Pathans from Candahar to Attock,
Are openly or secretly combined in honour's cause.
Sweeter to me far is death than such a life,
As is passed from day to day without honour.
Ever in this world will he not be living,
But yet of Khush-hal Khan will the memory abide.

Until his vengeance he has wrought upon his foe, Neither sleep, nor food, nor rest knows a true man. Who has no concern for his own honour, Little respect will be paid to such an one. If ability and honour and pride be in him, Consider even a slave better than his lord. Slowly his steps planting he mounts upwards; With one bound no one mounts up to the roof. By careful search, if thou relax not, believe me, The water of life wilt thou find in thy pursuit. Every day is not quite like another, Sometimes time brings pain, sometimes its cure. Twixt manliness and meanness is no sympathy, Distinct from one another are they in thought and action, What is within another's reach is his own; A man himself holds the reins of his own fancy. Who by birth from his ancestors wields the sword, Well befits him the trade of the unbending glaive. My grief at Gunbut came from forth my heart, When at Doda God granted me my desire of victory. Abad Khan is one to whose face victory hastens, In every place his father's name has he renewed; May God grant he rival his father in life and name and deeds,

1 3

May his hands over the enemy ever be victorious; Let his enemies beware of him if they be wise, For his sword is a Dragon blood-drinking; Since God has given them such a valiant brother, Let all his brothers make their boast of him. The work of armies is no such easy task, That by every man it can be ordered well; He who has but a few lucky hairs on his head, Ever will victory hasten to his face. Who truly spends all in gifts and feeding, Before him ever bow their heads mankind. The Tiger's share is the neck of the blue Bull, The Jackal, Fox, are feasted with the scraps. The deer of the plain by a single hound is captured, The yelping cur wanders through the village in search of food. The Fort of Doda he made all red with blood, In Doda was there slaughter of great and small. The Fort of Doda was no such easy task, That the thought of its conquest entered people's heads; Right on the top of a mountain was it firmly planted, Stronger than those of Kohat were his fortifications. By God's order such a victory was his, That accomplished in two days was his object; The work of seven forts was by God's order One after another completed in a week. From terror on the Heavens trembling fell, When of Bahram's sword the clashing was heard, From the smoke of the slain by the rifles An eighth heaven there appeared grey in hue; The spears of the Khataks thus pierced the chain-armour, As runs the Tailor's needle through the tent cloth. The lance-armed horsemen of the Khataks Overthrew the Bangash riders root and branch; Many youths were twined in wrestling in that fight, No lack was there of swords and arrows; Sadar Khan till then a fight had never seen. In that fight his spear he dyed red with his foes, Of Gunbut all the grief went from my heart.

Were it of defeat, wounds or reproaches, Stinking was the earth with the stench of the slain, Who were cut to pieces in Doda by the sword. The lot of the Bangash is the Peaks of Pali; Now let them put their swords within their sheaths. He who leaves his own trade for that of others, Than him no greater fool will ever be. What though the stag is fierce in battle, he forgets to fight When from the Lion his head a blow receives. Had the Bangash had any honour, never would I have cut Out of their full garden a single almond. Of the dishonour of the Bangash this was the punishment, That on their flesh are feasting the wild beasts. Every man who quarrels with his master Will at length meet the punishment of his deeds. Such grief and lamentation came upon them, That bright day to the people of Kohat became as night. In the fight of Doda again was filled with wine That goblet which in Gunbut had emptied been; In that fight countless plunder became ours, Of lovely maidens, fine horses, and valuable treasures; With their black armour, bows, and sheaves of arrows, Every man of us was fitted out with arms. There were six or seven thousand Khataks in that fight, Every one of us was rejoiced with booty. The reports of this fight will spread through all the country, With its glory will every Pathan be rejoiced; When of this victory the report reaches Hindustan, Loud will be the Emperor's plaint to great and small, That when Pathan honour is disgraced he is delighted— Such a King of Islam is Aurangzeb. In the change from the constellation of the Lion in the year 1091, in the month of Rajab, On the third day after the fight, I began this poem: Words written on paper remain, That is why I have committed this story to writing. Mayest thou ever have such victory over thy enemies, As in that fight was mine, God be with you!

1

Astounded am I with my view of human nature, What deeds they are capable of, for their passions such dogs are they; Such actions proceed from their nature That the Devil himself would neither think nor mention. Ever the Koran spread before them are they reading, But little is their practice according to the Koran. Whichever way I go in search of them, Like the Elixir undiscoverable are the wise. A good man like a Ruby or Sapphire is not easily found; Like other stones no lack is there of the worthless. It may be, in other nations good men are found; But few and far between amongst Afghans are they. What good is it to say words of advice to one? Even to his father's counsel he will scarcely hear. Every deed of the Pathans is better than that of the Moghals: Concord is what they lack, the pity of it! From Bahlul and Sher Shah's words I hear That formerly the Pathans were Kings of Hind; For six or seven generations was their Empire thus, That all the world was confounded at them. Either these Pathans are different or something else has happened, Or else God's orders have been such as they are; If only the Pathan could find the blessing of concord, Old Khush-hal would again a youth become.

What greatest of all blessing is,

No else can it be than sound health.

He whose lot this blessing is,

From head to foot is favoured he.

If thou its value knowest not,

The greatest fortune is good health.

In thy frame thy life alone

Than all the world more precious is.

Hadst thou no life, but ownedst the world,

Nonentity would be its meaning.

This world is like a mystic phrase,

The interpretation of which is thine existence.

That they should be interpreted, Of mystic phrases is the purport. Of the happiness of thy body The pivot is all centred in health. He, whose body enjoys not health, To him his wealth as rubbish is. Illness in one's home's a trial, How much more in exile! My foot pains me so severely, The moment that passes is as an hour. My horse is going slowly on the road, A fall from it is grievous luck. Since though my head's injury has fallen on my leg, In this some comfort is for me: Even for this must I be grateful, For than every evil there is a worse one. I said the worst is over, but now I see That worse ills yet remain for me. I said, Now indeed Fortune is kind, Yet on me its violence falls. Hindustan is now like Hell to me, Which to others Heaven is. A prisoner came I to this land, For some few months I cheerful was; Hard for me as was imprisonment, Greater trouble than that came on me. Every day to be obliged to attend the court; Consider what a hardship that! Another's orders are torture to him, To whom his own will has been customary. No kindly kindly friends are here, Nor pleasant intercourse with others; I can neither give nor seize, Nor exercise authority. No longing or desire have I for the chase, Nor can I interest myself in anything else. Here no one asks of other's welfare, So ill-dispositioned this city is.

I reckon that there are only a few men
Who are well disposed towards me.
Akbar was one shared in my grief,
But he is now engaged in his own pursuits.
Whether it be Emperors or Nobles,
Well know I what their condition is:
No one wishes the other well;
So selfish they, it is like the confusion of the last day.
I, that this poem composed,
In Dehli was my stay;
The fourth of Rajab was the day,
Of the Hijra the 1077th year.
O Khush-hal! grumble thou no longer:
If thou sayest more, disgraced art thou!

Saidst thou, "Grieve not, for I am thine, and thou art mine," Me in truth hast thou waked to life, whether thou treat me fair or foul. What a lovely torment art thou, without rival is my loved one-Hadst thou not that one defect, that thy heart is hard as stone? Were the world made up of beauties, on every side were fair ones; Still were it astounding such a lovely one as thou shouldst be born! With so great slaughter art thou indeed not wearied? What heeds the Executioner, if a thousand lives he takes? When of thee I beg a Rose, of thy garden of thy border, If thou grant me but a weed, still I prize it as a Rose. So long as I thy slave live on, a captive of those locks am I, In a single hair of which a thousand hearts entangled lie, Whether they be boys or men, all in search of thee are wandering: In the city is there no one who is not in love with thee. Look thou at the Cypress; in a moment it despised is, When thou movest in the garden with that lovely form and stature. Happiness is the Paradise to be alike, of Priest and Hermit; Already from thy face in Khush-hal's grasp is Paradise!

Lo! the early Spring has come, I apart from my beloved one, Alas! Alas! without my sweet-heart goes the Spring-tide: Weep the Peaks and Mountains o'er the lot of parted lovers, No snow-born torrents those which now dash from rocky heights. It is the fire of wounded hearts which now kindles mountain forests, See the deep brown clouds of smoke which arise from Pine and Fir. Wouldst thou know the lot of lovers whom separation has divided? See the Crane who from the flock bewildered wanders. No such sad complaints are heard as are those of separation; Come, and list with me to the strains of bard and minstrel. No solace for my grief: far from that day each day adds to it; Quickly come, my healer, lest I die, for Heaven's sake! The death of those that rival is fresh life to those that love: By God! I swear these two things take place at the time of meeting. What though yet my breath remain, I am counted midst the living; The illness that is incurable, what hope is there for the sick? Human beings none are round me, but the wild beasts of the forest; Thus no fear have they of the groans of the distressed. Such the grief and pain that I, Khush-hal, for thee have suffered, That whether friend or stranger, no one looks at me for scorn.

> Glad to me the time when I fly to my beloved one; It is to me as though to Spring's gardens I betook me; Her hair has she unbound, I am sprinkled with fragrant musk : \cdot How shall I now again to any perfumer ever betake me? May God grant me in my home that peerless black-eyed beauty, Now that she has favoured me; to Farkhar why should I betake me? The plaints of wounded hearts grieve those at ease and happy; My anxiety is in this, lest to my grief I now betake me. Wheresoe'er the thorn is, there's the place of blooming roses; Therefore with this hope to the thorn-bush I betake me. What witchery has she wrought me by her wiles, I am astounded: To my death should she be minded, yet to that cruel one I betake me. Countless are the tyrannies which she hath wrought upon me, Natheless, will I nill I, to that tyrant I betake me. Sweet indeed the loved ones which my eyes have gazed on, Now with bitter tears to their tombs I pay my visits.

> > 1 1

Did fear but reach thy heart, how good it were!

Hadst thou but pity on poor me, how good it were!

I that for love of thee stand at the door lamenting,

Did thy ears but hear my pleading, how good it were!

Were they who blame me for my love of thee

But acquainted with thy beauty, how good it were!

Whoever to-day of purity boasts in this world,

Did he but see thy face, pure indeed would he be and chaste!

After death, were my grave in such a place,

That o'er it lay my loved one's path, how good it were!

At thy gateway many hounds and spaniels lie,

Were I but one amongst them, how good it were!

In thoughts of thee with this short life will I never be sated;

Were Khush-hal's life but longer, how good it were!

If but once her face shows from forth her veil, Lost will be for ever all claim of radiance to the Sun. The Tulips will borrow colours from her face, Shamed will be the Hyacinth at the sight of her tresses. Why do people lay charges against Fortune? It is she that with her eyes the world hath desolated, Is it with the effects of wine that her eyes are thus flushed, Or has some one out of sleep awoke her too early? The blood of hearts she quaffs in place of wine, Again for relish with it she takes broken hearts. The special fate of those slaughtered by my fair one Is that without question straight to Paradise they go. My heart is as a compass, fixed its bearing, It points ever to the Altar of thy eyebrows. Be not gladdened with her promises, Khush-hal: From the bubble what constancy does one expect?

My grief is ended, now has come the time of gladness;
What time the flowers of Spring arrived, my garden bloomed:
Quickly let us prepare to wander through it;
Go, tell the Nightingale that Spring has come.

Now too that of bright flowers it is the very season,
Let the Minstrel tune his strains to rejoice me.
It is his regrets and fears of Autumn
That to the Roses now the Parrot discourses.
Heavy was the load of Separation, God has lightened it,
For now I rejoice again that the delight of my eyes has returned.
Others have indeed their various festivals;
For me my feast is then what time my mistress comes.
All sorts of bright garments does Khush-hal put on, a merchant he,
When he enters the Bazar wherein is his mistress's face.

What though with tongue strives with me my mistress, In her heart with many a kindness treats me my mistress: When she comes and throws her arms around my neck, Far from me all trouble dispels my mistress. No need to her of a sword, a cold look is enough, If on my death resolved be my mistress. When the light of her beauty she displays to me, Just like a moth do I become before my mistress. A Beggar I, a monarch she, therefore it befits That to my devotion respect should pay my mistress. With every one she jests with open heart, But to me her heart has closed my mistress. A studded nose-ring is all that adorns her face, Satisfied with a necklace of black cloves is my mistress. To my rivals is she softer far than wax, But to Khush-hal harder than stone is the heart of his mistress!

The sword that is sharpened for the blow, is it or not?

The tresses that are curled for her own lover, is it or not?

Why sayest thou to me, "Look not on the fair ones?"

The eyes that are created for seeing, is it or not?

Let the Priest fast and pray, let the Gallant grasp filled goblets:

Every man that is created for his own part, is it or not?

Saidst thou, "My lips' kiss is like a healing draught."

The draught I seek from thee, for my heart's wound, is it or not?

She drinks my very heart-blood, that is not for any other;

My heart that was created for that cruel one, was it or not?

Why dost thou bewail the black locks of thy mistress?

It is of thine own self thou sought that black snake, is it or not?

Compared to thy face as weeds appear they,

Both the Rose and Tulip, beside thy cheeks, is it or not?

Here is Wine, the Harp, and Flute, with thy mistress;

Thy tablets in thy hand, it is to the garden thou hastest, is it or not?

Hard of heart, a cruel mistress thou, Tyrannical and heart-oppressing art thou! What though I thus loudly cry, Pleased art thou with this my grief. It is thou that hast wounded me, to thee I complain; Well dost thou know the effect of thy blow. It is to thee I look for ointment; Yet to my wounds as salt art thou. Ever to thee will I pour out my plaints, If it is that my wailing please thee. Let them their hearts for grief prepare, Who have fixed their hopes on thee. What can any one say against me, Since thou such a lovely idol art? Who herself her lover slays, Then makes lamentation over him. What fault has the lover committed, That thou art eager to plunder him? Sometimes pain comes, sometimes pleasure; Now art thou as a thorn, now as a Rose-garden. On Khush-hal hast thou brought distress, That by his rivals thou art seated.

The Tulip is unrightly compared to her beauty;
The Musk of China is ashamed at the fragrance of her tresses;
Her black eyebrows are a bow, their lashes are arrows,
Every shaft amongst them has pierced the lover's heart.

Her two eyes in her body are as piercing swords,

Ever are they warring with the hearts of those that love her.

Thou wouldst call it a Negro selling sweets,

That mole of hers which is on the side of her lips.

The radiancy of her beauty is of a brilliant light;

The poor Lover as the moth that hovers round.

It is the earring that alone has ever touched her ear;

It is the clove that alone has ever touched her nose;

In her beauty there is no single point wanting,

Except that one defect is hers, that of stone is her heart.

Each one's struggles are after his particular object;

Khush-hal's design is on her beauty.

My mistress has become reconciled again to my rivals, Alas! Alas! To the words of my enemies does she listen, Alas! Alas! Just for a few days kindness took its place in her heart; Now merciless and cruel has it become again, Alas! Alas! That Rose which I watered with my own heart's blood, Has become the companion of every weed and thorn, Alas! Alas! With design against me she looks towards my enemies, Assenting to my slaughter is she, Alas! Alas! Apart from thee my life's blood has been my food, Thus has my life passed, Alas! Alas! Unhappy Khush-hal was in eager hopes of meeting: The captive of separation now is he, Alas! Alas!

Though the maids of Cashmere are famous for their beauty,
And those of China and Machin and Tartary,
Yet the Pathan maidens whom with my own eyes I have gazed on,
They would put all such to shame.
On score of beauty, this is the sum of all their praises—
That of Jacob's lineage and descent are they;
No need have they of musk or of Rose-water;
There is the fragrance itself of The Perfumer with their prayers five times a day.

What of Necklaces or Jewels or other ornaments?

All such beside their tresses are of no account.

What of brocaded veils and robes of scarlet muslin?

Not to be compared are they to their white snoods.

The beauty of their nature exceeds that of their appearance;

Sweeter far are their secret charms than their external.

All their time is spent in privacy and seclusion;

Never are they seen in public with persons half-exposed.

From modesty they can scarce raise up their eyes.

No experience ever theirs of hard word or blows.

I, Khush-hal, have but little told of much,

Prate no further on this matter which is boundless.

The Adamkheyl Afridee maidens are red and white; Many and varied are the charms that are theirs, Great large eyes, long eyelashes, broad eyebrows, Sugar-lipped, rosy-cheeked, moon-like foreheads, Tiny mouths like a Rose-bud, even teeth; Their heads girt with dark tresses, fragrant as Amber, Their skins as smooth as ivory, bare of hair; Straight their figures, like Alif; fair their complexions. Like the Hawk has been my flight along the mountains, Many a partridge there has been my prey; The Hawk, whether young or old, seeks its quarry, But the swoop of the old Hawk is the most unerring. O! of Lundi's streams the water, and of Bari, Is sweeter to my mouth than any Sherbet. The Peaks of the Matari Pass rise straight up to the heavens, In climbing, climbing upward, one's body is all melted. I came to the Adamkheyls in Tirah, Then I parted with them at Khwarrah with sad heart. Love's troubles are like fire, Khush-hal, What though the flame be hidden, its smoke is seen.

O morning breeze, shouldst thou pass by Khairabad, Or should thy way lead thee by the side of Surai's stream, A thousand thousand greetings take from me: Thither from me countless good wishes bear— To mighty Indus shout them out with Fervour; But to the Lundi stream in whispers softly tell them. Perchance again my lot may let me quaff thee, I shall not ever dwell beside the Ganges and Jumna: If of Hind's climate I complain, what shall I say? Still greater than on its climate is the curse upon its water; He who drinks its river water, it tears forth his bowels; Not without danger is the water of the wells. Since no cold mountain torrents are in Hind, Curses upon it! though it be filled with dainties. Yet will no man remain always without hope in the world; On the distressed will compassion at length be showed by the Merciful One. The wounded one is ever in expectation That of his wound the blood will staunched be. God grant that I again may meet my loved one, From whom apart from myself two-thirds are parted! Yet the wise bear no rebellious longings Anent the treatment which the Physician orders. Not for ever will Khush-hal remain in Hind: At last from Hell will find release the Sinner.

Blessings on my Grandsire, who took up his abode at Surai:
Well do I know it now; no place like it, believe me.
The dark mountains of Hodee stretch straight up to Tirah,
The Nilab and Lundi have laid their heads below;
Along them lies the road to Hind and to Khurassan:
It is the crossing of the Attock that makes both Prince and Beggar tremble.
Every abundance that one can think of comes thither—
No lack of rain! What a freshness! Ah, indeed!
What of Swat, or Ashnuggar, or Peshawar, or other countries,
They all have recourse to it; in it are the delights of every clime.

On every side is the sport of the Hawk, and every other sport—
Wah! Wah! Kalapani, what entrancing sport is thine?
Stout and strong are its youths, active in every deed,
Bright-eyed, red and white, tall in stature;
Whether my son, or grandson, my family, or tribe,
Whoever now abides there, may he live in God's protection.
Fate has separated me from it. Whose power is above Fate's?
Never would Khush-hal Khan of his own will from Surai have been parted.

O Cup-bearer! give me wine— Several goblets in succession: Hard it is if you consider, That without wine the spring should pass. Where with flowers is found a comrade, What restraint does bind a man? See what they say, listen to them: What says the music of Harp and Pipe? Comes not back the passing moment? Ah, how sad! Alas! Alas! Good, indeed, is this world's life: Would that it might last for aye; Since for aye it lasteth not, Count it worthless and despised. Many lovers it hath turned away— Fate does no compassion feel.

What though grief or joy increase;
As they quicken, so they cease:
Their constitution can never be found—
Of many kinds are Fortune's changes.
Such as never entered the mind,
Many such events will happen to you.

In separation it is the thought of my mistress,
Which ever is around my heart.
Whatever passes from the view
At length will from the mind be rased:
He who praises now Khush-hal
Perchance in time will be like him.

He, whose heart is filled with good will towards his kind, A happy man is he; he has an Empire in his heart. He, whose ears are open to the counsel of the wise, What a store of knowledge has he got in his heart! On the ladder of manly actions never can he ascend Who possesses deficiency of courage in his heart. Blackened face has he, both in this world and hereafter, Who against his fellows has blackness in his heart! Happy lots of those, in whose hearts are good intentions! Ill the lot of those, who perverse are in their hearts! By the warning of no teacher ever will he be improved, Every man who keeps corruption in his heart. Hold thou ever fast to those arts, Khush-hal, Which a warrior holds dear within his heart.

He who gains, and spends, and gives, a gallant is he;
He who is skilled with the sword, a chieftain is he.
A mine of Rubies, or Sapphires, or Jewels, what is that?
He who is the source of kindnesses a mine is he.
What thou eatest by thyself will never feed thee,
What thou eatest in company a feast is that.
Through day and night, through month and year,
The time spent in God's service, time is that.
Call no one else broken, Q Khush-hal!
He whose word and promise is broken, broke indeed is he!

A man, indeed, is he, that is brave, yet full of kindness,
Courteous to his fellows in his life and conversation.
His face his face, his word his word, his promise his promise,
No lie or wile or changing his.
Little in speech, great in action, but in silence
Like a Rose-bud, his breast open to his mouth.
When speech is being made of loftiness or lowness,
In greatness like the Heavens, in humility like the Earth.
In dignified bearing like the Cypress, in generosity
With boughs drooping on all sides like the Vine.
Blooming his face like a fresh Rose in the garden,
With the joyous clamour of Bulbuls around it.
Since such discourse he makes, I am astonished;
From whom gained Khush-hal this comprehension?

In the excellence of youth, what doubt is there? The time of old age is full of defects. In my heart fresh fresh wounds have I, Well smeared in every wound is salt. If joy come upon thee, be not rejoiced at it; For close upon joy follows ever sorrow. Make no complaints of other's wrongs er injuries, For the greatest wronger of all is Destiny. Not without design has trouble been created, For trouble is the touchstone between the manly and the mean. What of numerous luxuries, delights, and hardships? Happy is he that is satisfied with a single piece of bread. On some one else I bind my sword, and now turn Devotee: Enough for me if on my shoulder I bear a staff. If any one makes inquiry of wounded hearts, Ruined is Khush-hal at the hands of his own tribe.

Perplexed am I, no knowledge mine, of what I am, or what shall be, From whence I came, and to what quarter I go.

No news has any one brought back of those departed,

However much I inquire of what their state may be.

To-day I see them stay the night in this Hamlet;
But ever, each in his turn, I count them as they quit it.
The world is like a bowl, I, like an Ant inside it:
Distraught I turn within it, and struggle with all my power.
When I consider this world, and the circumstances of mankind,
It is all the play of children, yet I too join in it.
Art thou wrapt up in it? Hast thou wealth and lands?
All these I look upon but as sleeping fancies.
White has turned from black thy hair, yet change not thou thy nature;
Think not, Khush-hal, that without reason still I style thee a man.

Worthless are the Pathans in reason and understanding,
As the dogs in the courtyards of the butchers are they.
They sold their Sovereignty to the Moghals for gold,
For the titles of the Moghals is all their desire.
The camel with its rich loads has come into their homes,
Yet the only plunder they seek are the bells on the camel's neck.
The very name of the Sarbunni is a title of contempt;
First among the despicable they, the others in less degree.
Of those that are shameless, what else but shame in their actions?
Of those that regard their own honour, every breath is for honour's cause.
From Candahar to Damghar stretch the lands of the Pathans;
But through all that extent their abode is only in name.

Evil disposed are all Pathans,
From house to house they fighting go;
If one but lift his head a bit,
Another quickly lays it low.
Thou of the Moghal's eye to-day,
O Khush-hal! art the piercing thorn.

That the blood in my veins still courses, this even a grief I hold;
That in the grave are all my friends, I yet in my house I deem a wrong.
Since so many noble faces have all in their tombs turned to dust,
Could I but join them there, as Paradise were to me the grave!

Old age has come, a weakling I, in this the proof, That which I do succeeds not, though my people and land are the same. When I speak any one fair, to his heart he takes it ill; Either fortune is for the Moghals, or my reason is failing me now. No! it is not the luck of the Moghals, nor is my reason less; It is all the fault of old age, that my plans do not succeed. When I look at the Moghals, not as before are they: Past is the day of their fighting; now they cleave to the pen. With gold and fair promises it is now that they beguile the Pathans; Yet such is the mercy of God from me have they naught yet attained. No Fly am I or Vulture, that over carrion should be my hover; As a Falcon or an Eagle in its own prey my heart rejoices. Were the others in this like me, right hearty would be my rejoicing; But since in this they have no part, in grief is my heart now plunged. Acmal and Darya Khan, both have passed away nobly in honour: Ever in grief and sorrow is Khush-hal at the loss of them both.

A Khatak, when he mounts on horse-back,
Binds his shield upon his back;
Lets loose the end of his turban
Over his forehead long and broad;
Looks at the shadow of this end,
As his horse goes prancing on;
Hopes to be a Chieftain bold,
Seeking ever for the fray.
Quarrelsomeness an evil is,
It ruins a man's future;
No good is it to any one else,
But spoils its owner's nature.

Know thou well this world its state, what is, is; what is not, is not:
Whether Rake or Devotee, what is, is, etc:
Whether much or little thine, count it all as passed away;
Be thou of the Prophet's nature, for what is, is, etc.

If for life thou grievest, what cause if thyself thou knowest; Alive to thy grave thou goest, what is, is, etc. Of sea and land the Monarch thou, if wet and dry alike thou countest; Be thou then the Monarch of the age, for what is, is, etc. Whether pearls or jewels, whether flowers or trees, Take no account of all, for what is, is, etc. Ill thy wishes, bad thy actions, causeless grief and envy thine; In patience be thou wealthy, for what is, is, etc. Weep thou not, nor yet rejoice; leave alike both grief and joy; Be acquainted with this secret, what is, is, etc. Alas! what though it collects, with no one does it here remain: Of gold and silver be thou free, for what is, is, etc. Of thy loved one seek for kindness, an thou find it not, then weep: Do thou as thy loved one wills thee, for what is, is, etc. Whether Union or Separation, to me they both are all alike: Be thou at ease as thou art, for what is, is, etc. Why dost thou strive and struggle, and day and night art full of concern? Be thou the same whatever betide, for what is, is, etc. Short is life, and many its troubles; why so anxious in your heart? Be thou satisfied with wet or dry, for what is, is, etc. Consider thou thy special talent, while alive make good use of it, O Khush-hal! a Lion be thou, for what is, is, etc.

Jesus never in his life made a fool a wise man,
Though by miracles he made many blind ones seeing.
He whom God at his birth has not with wisdom gifted,
Who can have the power to make such foolish wise?
What though the fool learns lessons, what will be his state?
As though the dye upon his hair restored to age his youth!

What is that, if not Good Health,
Which better than an Empire is?
If aught more precious is than wealth,
Than wealth sure Honour dearer is.

What far better than indulgence,
One Self-restraint, next Sincerity?
What does man from trouble free?
No other it is than Contentment.
If thou dost make thy boast of piety,
Purposeless is such Devotion.

What possesses countless gain?—
Surely that Good Counsel is.
He who grants only to the importunate,
In this what Generosity is there?
If there be Hell upon Earth,
It is the companionship of the fool.
Keep ever thy Intentions pure, Khush-hal:
If there is any good at all it is in the intention.

Thou hast never learnt the Chieftain's art, Bahram; Evil is the reproach which thou hast brought upon thy Chiefship. A curse hast thou shown thyself to all thy tribe, Yet from their ruin thou shalt not escape. Foolish were thy counsels when thou slewest Tahir, Now how wilt thou avoid retribution for his death? Thou hast opened to thyself the way for thine own destruction, Distraught has been thy tribe by thy evil tempers. Evil as thou art, yet still is good fortune thine; Else long ago hadst thou, crushed to death by an Elephant, died a traitor's death. Thy elder brother hast thou imprisoned, thou holdest his sway; Accursed be to thee the rule which thou thus wieldest! When by means of gold thou aimedst at the Chiefship, How full of doubts and terrors was thy treacherous heart. May thy name be erased from amongst my sons! Such is the last prayer breathed by Khush-hal Khan.

What though outwardly are bonds,
How can such bind hearts together?
Whether it be father or son,
Far apart their purports lie.
Hopes have they now none in common,
Naught their confidence in oaths.
Scathless go the evil-doers,
Who dares lop the robber's hand?
By Aurang's evil rule are broken
All the ties that Baber wrought:
Now such times are come upon thee,
Better death than life, Khush-hal!

Until the Sovereign has cut off many heads, How will the plains and mountains of his land become quiet? Either others will at your own door mourn your death, Or they must weep for those slaughtered at your hand. He that finds fault with thy rule leave him not in thy country; Be thou quit of him, by gold, or treachery, or by force of arms. Such as is accomplished by the sword, the arrow, or the spear, A hundred-fold is gained by skill and by strategy. Slain be thy son and brother, for the security of thy kingdom, And closely be thy rivals all guarded in thy jails. Beside the water of the sword, no other streams are there Which cool the fevered blood of those that seek for war. The tree of a Chief's Sovereignty well watered By the blood of his enemies bears fair fruit. On the battle-field it is good that bleeding heads should be lying; Far better that, than that their hearts should be filled with ill-blood. Either like a man loosen the turban bravely o'er thy forehead, Or wear in its place a woman's veil. Ah God! what use my writing? who will heed me? Yet every verse have I written in this book.

Strange are the pretensions that I have known in this world,
As the cries for mercy of those who have urged them!
Strange, indeed, it is if you consider,
That the Crow should dare to swoop upon the Falcon.
Strange, again, it is if you consider,
That the Moghal should engage in contest with the Afghan.
Strange would it be, if you consider,
Were the Jackal to be full of meat, the Lion hungry.
Stranger yet is it, if you consider,
That against Khush-hal Khan Bahram should send his armies.

Still am I grateful for this to Heaven, That my view is o'er the Indus from Meer Kalan. From door to door I wandered in Tirah and in Swat, Now whither dost thou press me on my evil fate? As the ball flies before the mallet's bidding, All my body is wounded by the blows that drive me on. Written was this in my fate from all eternity; Whom then can I blame for what they do? Of old is the ignorance and obstinacy of the Pathans, Still stronger is this now shown in their lust of gold. It cannot be that Sher Shah was such as we, Who in these days are born amidst our rocks and mountains. Shameless are the deeds of the Pathans; yet who cares for it? To our graves must we now go grieving and dishonoured. Sad to me are the disagreements of the Khataks, Yet sadder still the troubles which I bear in my own home. Whom shall I tell of them? To whom write them? Not so few are they, That I could ever find their end in my narration. These wounds which Khush-hal Khan bears in his heart, Thou alone canst heal their scars, Almighty God!

O, thou saddened heart of mine! many troubles hast thou felt:
All that was dear to thee is gone, thwarted thou in all thy hopes.
Gone the time of Spring and Flowers, Winter's shades have come upon thee;
Thou, who erst was full of vigour, midst the aged now thy place.

In thy garden, where once were the songs of many nightingales,
Now not a single one is heard—only cawing of the crows.

The boat, that once with thy strength thou forcedst over mountains,
Sinking, wanders here and there like a straw amidst the currents.

The Lions, which were in terror of thee amongst the rocks and mountains,
Fearless roar around thee now; nay, the Jackals join too yelping!

Thou, who once wast sheltered in such fair and costly dwellings,
Now a filthy hovel thine, that is all that Fate has left thee.

When shall I wake up again? What awaking is hereafter?

Alas! Alas! why has fortune been so fickle?

Old hast thou become, Khush-hal, be thy gaze now on the Heavens;
For of what account is life to thee? What its worth or value now?

Infatuated have the Pathans become for ranks and titles, May God preserve me ever from such desires! Whose is knowledge and counsel, if not the warriors? Plain is all to him as the Koran read in the schools. There is none of them who knows aught of plans or schemes, Well am I informed of the tempers of them all. Great the weakness of the Pathans, as thou seest; By the titles of the Moguls they are led away. No thought is theirs of honour, fame, or pride; All their talk is of either rank or gold. Far preferable to me is the Khatak buckler o'er my loins, Than the golden badge of service hanging round my neck. The nights in the Emperor's prison are ever in my mind, When all night long I called to God in vain. When the Pathans drew their swords on the Moguls, Every Pathan led a Mogul bound beside his horse. No thought have they for honour now, Khush-hal; Of what stock can these Pathans then have been sprung?

I dreamt (would God it were true!) that thou and I were friends together;
Let us tell then one another the sweet secrets of our hearts.

See, I have a book; it is filled with loving verses:

Of thee I seek but love, let us wander through the gardens.

3 9

Hand in hand together, we will walk, and sit, and rise;

Let us be happy together, let us join in merry converse.

Offer me the well filled goblet, from thy hands alone I take it;

Give me yet again thy lip's kiss, and again I press thee for it.

The Minstrel at a distance draws his bow across the strings;

Let us turn from base to treble, and forget ourselves in his strains.

Lovely art thou above all others, I above all most fortunate:

Let us turn our faces to pleasure, and on sorrow turn our backs.

Alas! from this dream I awoke of a sudden in the morning:

Where then wert thou? No longer wert thou with me,

While I live in this world no care have I for any other;

Alone am I with thought of thee; let us then remain together.

Yet how can Khush-hal be alone, while there is love for him in his country?

Whether awake or asleep, let us be foolish and happy!

Whatever thou doest do with forethought, Thus do I advise alike friends and strangers. They who despise good advice, In what work will they succeed? As the courage of a man's heart, Such will always be his spirits. When once a man's courage fails him, Near indeed is he to ruin. Only then is life worth living, When thou art in enjoyment of good health. When a man's honour has departed, What flavour has life for him? He in truth is only really wealthy, Who is satisfied with all about him. Have thou no concern for death, While yet life and health are thine. Blest art thou in faith and living, While with wise men is thy walk. Make no more friends, Khush-hal; False have all thy friends been to thee!

What new troubles has Heaven again brought on me? Who can tell what will be their end? As Aurungzeb's prisoner it has borne me away from my home; Many a town and village have I passed on my way. When the Pathans look on my condition, they burn with rage; At the sight of me they burst into cries and tears; Great and small, they run out to gaze upon me; Alike of Hind and Mussulman is lamentation. I smile upon all as I pass by them, For well I know how great is their concern. Not alone am I the victim of tyranny and oppression; Fate is hard—to all alike there is no appeasing it. Wherever I stop, armies collect to guard me; I am treated with fear and respect, as though a Tiger or an Eagle. The Elephant when standing looks mighty as a mountain; But when he falls, as of two mountains is the shock. Pierced through and through is my heart, it is as a sieve; To be separated from one's loved ones is a grief that knows no solace. Perchance it may be that Fortune will again befriend me, All my people tell me that this will soon be so. If a golden bracelet fall into a furnace, It loses not its value, though it loses of its shape. By all other support has Khush-hal been deserted; There remains alone to him his trust upon his God!

One only King I know, and His orders I obey;
His behests and prohibitions are alike my rule of life.
Is this the Mehdi then, or the Messiah, that has appeared,
That in thy world, O God! such tumults have arisen?
Of the Messiah and Mehdi's coming these indeed the signs,—
That first should appear Antichrist and his armies;
Darya Khan and Darweza both are present in His Court;
I too am waiting at the threshold of my God.
Some day will be the order, "Come thou hither!"
Then with eagerness will Thy slave present himself before Thee.
Though Thou rendest the petitions that I send thee,
Yet in words I will assail Thee with my prayers.

I had devoted myself to retrieve the Pathan honour: Then choice the bands of warriors I had collected, Would that I could die slain by another's hand in battle! Rather that than as a Tiger bitten by a mad dog. Many and vain and useless are my regrets, Every moment as it passes brings its griefs; At one time joy is with us, again trouble; But either passes by at Heaven's decrees. All the thousands who mustered round me in my dreams I found scattered far and wide when I awoke; Some are dead, and some, though live, are parted from me; Lonely I wander where the Hills alone hear my complaints. Yet, though slain my noble warriors, my manhood was not forgotten; For in place of each, twenty lives of equal value did I take. Were but lengthy life allowed me, and fortune on my side, Dire should be the vengeance I would bring upon my foes; Slain should be the grown-up, bound the children, burnt their cities, Plundered all their goods, not one should escape my bonds. When I destroyed Naushahar, I let Kohat alone in peace— How great was then my folly that I acted thus? He who treats the base well, what is his reward? To those distressed, what good has thy kindness brought? Thus another year is passing by, Khush-hal; Wait and see what Heaven has yet in store for thee.

In these days all look but to their own interests,
Whether it be father or son;
Such indeed is my sons' nature—
I know not if all men's experience is the same.
No regard is his for my rights, or the respect due me;
I know not how such a state of things can have arisen.
He who treats his children with too great indulgence,
How can such an one be deemed wise?
Alas! I know the return my children give me:
All my children are like the Scorpion or the Snake,
Thirty are my sons in number,
How can I tell the number of my grandchildren?

Great and small know this too well,
That each one of these is bent on quarrels.
Yet, again, consider, Aurungzeb,
What a bloodthirsty Tyrant he is!
His father and his brother he has brought to ruin,
And now wields the Sovereignty that was theirs.
Yet that thou art alive and well, Khush-hal,
For this be grateful to thy God!

Why are the Bangash thus calling aloud to me? Ready I am and armed, my gun have I laid beside me. Greater the sense and the might of the Gwarrikhels than of the Bangash: Risen are the Gwarrikhels with me in honour's cause. In the Bangash see I power neither of numbers nor of valour, How then shall they join in fight against me? Perchance they deem me blind, or I am crippled in their eyes? Of this the ruin of their designs shall be the proof. Too wise is the Locust to waste his life for nothing; The foolish Moth it is that seeks the candle's flame. Even yet his brains are quivering from the shock, Who dashed his head against me as upon a stone. In the heart of the Rhinoceros will he find my bullet, Who has watched me when I search the forests with my gun. Sleeping, from his bed he falls through trembling, Who has heard but once the whistling of my sword. If thou wouldst know my fame in this generation, I am he who has sorely wounded Aurung's heart. Khyber's Pass have I made to the Moguls their dearest purchase, In every spot have they paid taxes to the Pathans. From the Pathans great were the hopes I entertained, What can I do? No regard is their's for their own honour. Fortune helps me not now in this my object, Though far greater has been my fortune than that of Faridun. Consider well the state of Khush-hal's heart— Though seated on a throne, he is humble as a pilgrim!

He who brings trouble on his parents, rebellious indeed is that son: Hell's fires are the retribution that await the wicked son. Filled are the parents' days with trouble and with sorrow Of whom is born a son evil in disposition. Low will be his ending, he will lie amongst the dust, Who conceals not from the world his disputes with his own parents. Such is the custom that has been inaugurated in Aurung's reign, That every son should be jealous of even his father's life; For now he deems himself the noblest of the noble, To whose unnatural baseness all the Heavens are witness. Rather let him pray that a base son may never leave the grave, The Father who would crave of God for offspring. All my herd have turned out half-bred ponies, Show me where amongst them there is one that shows his blood. The offspring of a pony has all a pony's tricks, What though his Sire may be an Arab of purest blood? In the religious faith of the ill-bred what trust is there? Rather than such, the accursed Guebre and his creed!

No pleasure has my heart in Bahram's rule,
Distracted is my household with his quarrels.
No concern has now the Khatak tribe for honour,
Their actions are all those as of the blind.
Like flies are the Pathans, they crawl around
The dish of sweets placed before them by the Moguls.
All I trusted on are scattered far from me,
There remains me but the mercy of my God.
Gone are Acmal Khan and Darya, who had good judgment;
Now Khush-hal alone stands in the Mogul's way.

See two mountains now encounter one another, One the Moguls, and the other the Pathans. Such the violence of their shock, That men's hearts are trembling still. Wise art Thou, O God! far-seeing, Cause and effect are known to Thee;

Thou the Physician art, Thou knowest,
Though I know naught of ills or cures.
All that happens is by Thy order,
Whether it be right or wrong;
Thou alone canst bear such troubles,
Such as pass a Monarch's strength.
Streams that last year flowed with water,
Like Jihoon roll this year with blood.
In every matter thanks are due to Thee,
Better submission than repining.

Seven months are now passed that in Hind and Khurrasan Rain has fallen nowhere, either on mountain or on plain; Great has been the failing both of water and of the crops, Very high have been the prices everywhere of grain. When we were in despair, then at length the rain-clouds gathered; Opened were Heaven's gates at the change from the Constellation of the Crab. Blest the twenty-ninth day of the month Asad above all others, Then the rain covered the world with fresh green shoots. In the year that Shah Alam came from Hind, There was peace between the Mogul and the Afghan. This present year, whose date is one thousand and eighty-eight, Blessed for all mankind is this year. One great trouble indeed it has brought with it, That great mortality was there of children from small-pox: Many were the children that died amongst my tribe; But the death that touched me most was of Abdulla, son of Yahia Khan. What though Rani's heart is breaking for Neknam, In Hako it rejoices and in Kamran.

No distinction does he make between his friends and his foes,
See how misguided are the ways of Aurungzeb!
He who has ruined by his tyranny the devotee and stranger,
What fault is there in him that he has robbed Khush-hal of his rank?
By the deprivation of his rank not a bit distressed
Is Khush-hal's heart; still it is joyous, as God knows.

While he held office Khush-hal was but a servant;

Now that his post has gone, a Monarch has he become.

Seven months is it now that closed has been the road to Cabul,

Distressed is the condition of the people on all sides.

What of that? In Hindustan the sword is ever drawn,

Everywhere from his ill tempers is there moaning.

No peace is there in the Emperor Aurung's reign,

But who would call this world a place of rest?

Black in truth and ill-favoured as is his countenance,

Still blacker are the movings of his heart.

If you consider his designs, a traitor he, like Yezeed;

Though in his demeanour he would proclaim himself God's servant.

What good action has he done to save himself from retribution?

With speech does Khush-hal threaten him; for well he knows his end.

He who fears to risk his life,
Or who grudges money spent,
Never will be Chief or Monarch,
Nor will conquered lands be his.
Either the Throne or the Bier:
Such the resting-place of Kings;
He who has not a warrior's heart
Armies bring him no success.

Came the Negro hordes to Mecca,
Bent on laying Mecca waste;
Feared the Koreish then from battle,
And they flying left their place.
When Mahomed's time arrived,
Famed the Arabs were for warfare;
Success thus depends upon the leader,
And naught else: know this, my son.
When the Captain's heart is stout,
The hardest enterprise is easy;
If he have but patience and courage,
Victory bears him from the field.

Violence for Kings, Roguery for Priests,
Parsimony for the rich, Luxury for women—
These four are their besetting faults,
As it seemed when I thought on them.

Not by the arms of the Bangash have I been defeated, believe me; In the fight of Gunbut Heaven it was that fought against me: It was not the Bangash, or their arms, or numbers; But it was the incantations of the dogs of Mecca that undid us. Since they fled to the mountains without fighting, Great was the injury that many of my bands did me. That I did not send my best horsemen on in front Is a thing that gave me great cause for repentance. That we did not all advance at once and keep together Was all owing to the folly of the Hussun-kheyls. A hundred blessings on the bands of the Mohmunds! For timely was their action on that day. Red were they with blood and well-smeared their swords with slaying, Gallantly did each one throw his life away. When with his sword he struck down Sher Khan from his horse, Great was the feat that Abad Khan showed on that field. Yet though the Bangash Chieftain fell, the Khataks were defeated— So strange were the events of that day. When Abad Khan came back bravely from the battle, To his father right welcome was the gift that he brought. In tatters were the clothes about his body, All red with blood his face was like a Scarlet Poppy. Fighting hand to hand, he took vengeance for his father; Deserving was he in that action of all praise. While he was fighting on that field, few the horsemen that stayed with him: All the rest had sought in flight their safety or their ease. Curses, then, upon the Khatak horsemen: With one accord they thought but of escape. Gallant were the warriors, who died on the field of Gunbut; Dear to each one's heart was the honour of the Afghans.

Great is my regret for all my warriors,

But especially for the fresh youth of Abdullah;

With his enemy he wrestled on his horse; Yet his fortune naught availed him on that day. Never have I seen such a daring fight Since I was born a Khatak, made a Chief. All the day-long fight my warriors and they yield not; In one moment, in the wink of an eye, comes defeat: Not by greed, nor by hope, nor by shame or fear, But by necessity, was all my army moved. An army should be urged by pride, or hope of plunder; All those troops of mine were but serving for their bread; They all were collected round me for my pay: This was the reason that forthwith they were defeated. How will he fight who hopes not for honour, nor yet profit? Easy is the slaughter of such as these. Such as are collected from need, or from compulsion, What stability is there in those armies? That I myself escaped from the blows of the enemy-In that, indeed, was Heaven kind to me. As the Heron tries to imitate the Falcon, Thus the flight was of the foeman on that day: Had I been sound, and in my place, what would he have done? But wounded was I, and thus this ruin came. Though my fortune openly does not be friend me, Still great is my confidence in it in secret. Great my hopes for a long life and happier times, Though my enemy rejoices over me for a while. Those who died in the battle are not the only warriors I have; They are but a few guests that I invited to die in honour's cause. Whether friend it was, or foe, who was slain in that battle, From each one was my object well attained. Many were my enemies, who remained not from that fight; As an empty dream were their perverse desires. Forty score of my warriors were slain on that field: On the vigil of the Feast day a fitting sacrifice was made. It was the thousand and eighty-sixth year of the Hijra, The Snow was on the mountains, it was yet the early Spring. Who leaves the field unwounded, not a man is he; Wounded was I when I left, I went to save my life.

At one time flight is manly, and again it is unmanly;
To the wise this fact is well known.

It was for the vengeance that I fled from off the field,
No thought was mine of life or this world's goods.

The fierce Tiger sometimes fights, sometimes seeks safety;
Yet who is there would despise him for his flight?

The Prophet, too, fled before the Infidels,
Though his heart was bent upon their slaughter.

Whether victory be mine or defeat, the battle-field for me;
For there my father and my grandfather have thrown my lot.

If in this world I live on, then shall I see

What success or what ill-luck attends my sword.

Greater were Khush-hal's power than that of all the Bangash,
If only the Khataks and Karlanrai had some pride.

Of the Pathans that are famed in the land of Roh, Now-a-days are the Mohmunds, the Bangash, and the Warrakzaies, and the Afridis. The dogs of the Mohmunds are better than the Bangash, Though the Mohmunds themselves are a thousand times worse than dogs. The Warrakzaies are the scavengers of the Afridis, Though the Afridis, one and all, are but scavengers themselves. This is the truth of the best of the dwellers in the lands of the Pathans, Of those worse than these who would say that they were men? No good qualities are there in the Pathans that are now living: All that were of any worth are imprisoned in the grave. In these days of all Pathans the Mohmunds are the best; This indeed is apparent to all who know them. He of whom the Moguls say, "He is loyal to us," God forbid the shame of such should be concealed! Let the Pathans drive all thought of honour from their hearts; For these are ensuared by the baits the Moguls have put before them.

No great deed will ever be wrought by the Pathans;
Heaven has ordered that petty should be their undertakings.
However much I try to straighten them, they straighten not;
Crooked is the vision of the evil-natured.

No regard have the Yusufzaies for Pathan honour;
Get you gone from amongst these disgraced Pathans, Khush-hal.
Go to Bunnoo, and there collect your followers,
And spread fire and clouds of smoke right up to Khush-āb;
Or in retirement in your house give yourself up to devotion;
Or go to Mecca;—these three things I can advise you.
In war and violence there is no profit, Khush hal;
The fire burns up alike the grain and chaff.

So long as a man's heart is young,
Great is his delight in hunting.
What is there that like the chase
Keeps a man's attention fixed?
For the pursuit of winged quarry
Well-trained Hawks are what is required.
Follow the hounds as they run
Over hill and plain alike.

Pleasant, too, the sport the bow gives, If thou art a skilful archer.

Best of all sport with the gun, If thou handlest it with speed.

On the chase with Hawk and Gun So much value does he set, That to these pursuits Khush-hal Has devoted all his life.

A Gourd climbed up a Pine Tree's trunk,

And then he thus addressed the Pine:

"O Pine-tree! how many years hast thou been living?

Tell me of thy age and growth."

The Pine-tree said, "Two hundred years my age.

As I can reckon, perchance six months more or less."

The Gourd said, "How long the time thy growth has taken!

Look at me—in one week I have reached thy height."

The Pine-tree said, "Wait thou for winter's rigours,

Then will we talk upon our age and growth."

END.

منتخب له ديوان

دَ خوشحال خان ختك

په قلم د مولوي محمد حسن اوسیدونکي د پښاور سندونکي د پښاور سن^{۱۳۰}ه هجري

هرتفرد په مطبع دَ استِيفن آستِي صاحب او څامنو دَ ددً

ترجيع بنه

هه د بدو خـوب وه چه م ولـيـده سحر سترګي م رنړي کړي ناقرار شَوَم په بستر پایحیدم لـه کټه لکـه خور شي د چا سر هسي شان اوټر وم نه م لار لیده نه ور لارم تـر مـبـرز هـسـي راغـلـمَ اوتـر غسل م په څاي کړ په سنت د پيغمبر درست خلق اوده وو واړو خوب کاوه خرخر هیڅوک خبر نه وه اشرف خان م کړه خبر هرچه نصیحت وه لکه بویه له پدر ما په کتابت ورته ادا کر مختصر ورج وه دَ جمعي رجال الغيب وؤ برابر تله مغرب رويه وو په دا ما نه كر نظر څوک به وجارباسي مبرم حکم د داور ډيرکه فراست لـري هنر ګنې و لښکر ولاړم تر مسجدَ نمونځ م ِ وکـړه دَ سحر سؤر شَوَم په سيلي نور م ِ واچاوه په لير هسي په هوا تلم لکه باد درومي صرصر ګوښي تنها تلَم په نوښهر وخوَت نصر نه وه لا دو پهر چه م ِ څاي شه پښاور واستاوه مغل ته ما هغه ساعت نـفـر وي مردا يم راغلم ستا په خط ستا په خاطر کوم ساعت حاضر شم په ما څه لري ته چر د إ شواب يـي راغي چه واتله د وو بهتر کانده په ديوان کښي را ښکاره کړه خپل پيکر دري ورشي شوي تيري ديوان نه كرگيدي خر دي پخو وه ما ته زه له څانه بي خبر شیخ دَ گجرات دَ ده پیشدست وه یو بشر سر تر پای مکر په دیدن کریه منظر ده وي تر ما راشه چه ګنکاش کړو مقرر بيا به د نواب ته ويل کړم زير و زېر ورغلم تر ۵۵ پوري زه پاک په خپل باور ترونه م ِنا اهل مغلي شول په ۱۵ شر لور په لور مغل ترما چاپير شو په هنر مفت ييي په لاس کښيوتم په حکم د قدر غږ وشه په ښهر ۱۱ خبر شه منتشر هیچا نه پسندله په خدای پسنده وه مګر

کوزيي کړم له کوټه خپه يي کښيوتم په جال زريي را په پښوکړه پښج سيري بيړي کوټوال

هرچه أمراكان وؤ په صوبه كښي منصبدار كل عالم حيران شه چه يي وليده دا كار لارل په صبا دَ وقتَ ټـول شوَل پـه دربار وويل دا هسي رنګ نيکخواه دَ شهريار دا رنگ نیوه شِی نواب ښه ګنړي دا چار پاخیدل له خایه أمراکان شوَل تار په تار ورغلل مغل لرة قبول يي كرة مدار ملک يي څما ورکړ نا لايق يي کړه سردار درست خټک د دوي و کشتن ته شه طيار ما و خیلخانی و قوم تـه ووي چـه زنـهـار يو به دشمن شادشي چه يي ورك كرخپل تبار دوي درست اولس په زيارت دَ شيخ رحمكار زوي م ِ نادان وؤ په خطا لاړل بسيار مرک کشتن که نه وي دوي م پريښوی په وقار دوي په زړه کښي دا وي چه که صل کړو که هزار هرکله چه خلاص شِي فلانه مونږه يؤ په دار بل فكريبي نه ولا ور پيدا شه دَ هان ډار مركك وته م كښيناسته په ليل و په نهار تيري شوى په بند كښي څما دولامياشتي په شمار ملك واړلا ويران شه خلقه شولا په كوهسار وغـوْستي پنځوس زره روپـي صوبه دار ماوي دربه نه کړم يو پوچک نه يو دينار دواري لـوريـه وكـري سري دا قـول و اقـرار يو مغل بـي پته بل م ِ ترونه شرمسار اوس خو بايده دا دي چه يي څاي وي هندوبار زر يي فكر بويه په تعجيل و په تلوار زه په دي لا خَوَښ وم چه که ورشم تر دربار د عمر دولتخواه وم د عزت وم طمع دار هند ته بي روان كړم بدرقه م مستجاب هم ملک هم خان هم د همه غوري ارباب

خۇر شە پە مىلىكونو دا خبر پە درست ديار درست عالم دلگيرشه لا پېستون يارواغيار چپه خوله شه پاتو ^{هی}څ یيي و نه کړګفتار دري ورڅي شوی تيري څمنا ترونه ناپکار آس و خلعتونه مغل ورکړه په اقرار كؤر و خيلخانه اولس همه شه خبردار روح دَ دوي والوؤت په بلا شو ګرفتار مرک کشتن نه بویه نه څه نور شرو اضرار بل به فسادګډ شي دَ بادشاه درومي اعتبار ټول شول له دي کار په فريب شول توبه ګار

مراغلم نرم نرم په رباط دَ شابيک خان بل ولا مصري خان داؤزي يو ټولي احديان

زه يي كړم له شهره په شتاب شتاب روان درسته شپه څوکئي د محب خيلو په خپل څان راغلم تر نو ښهره په صبا هم په ۱۵ شان خلق په ژړا په ننداره راته حيران زه به دَ نو شهر دَ شپي څه کومَ بيان صبح ته يي كوچ كړ پښتانه مغل لرزان ما ولا پيغام كړي په اولس په اشرف خان مونري يوُدَ بادشاه قديمسي دولتخواهان راغلم تر سراي سراي يكلفت و ويران څه به درته وايم څه پـــري لري اسمان ډيري ګراني راشي په سړيو په جهان گران ساعت هغه ولا چه م ولید لا عثمان راغله په ارمام خمبله جدا شو په ارمان زه و دوي ک سراي شجر حجر واړه ګريان راغله په نېرئي نندارچي مردان زنان هسي ؤو ولاړلکه چه بي روځ بتان راغلو په کمرئي دَ خميراباد پيچان پيچان پوري که راپوري خلق واړه نندارچيان هر چه راسره وو هغه واړه وو ترسان چاوي چه خټک به حاضرنه شي په ميدان ما خو پـــغـام كړي وه هم ١٥ م وه كمان اوس به راڅركند شي له يوه لوريه نشان هسي به جنب عن وشي په ۱۵ آخر زمان کوره څو به شمار شي دواړه لوريه کشتګان جنگ و جدل نه شه حکم دا ولا د یزدان پوري شَوَم تر سینده په اټک شَوَم نگران درست اولس م وارد په غوغا حيران پريشان وير م په کورونو په هاي هاي م فرزندان راغي په خـــ کـو باندي هسي يو ساعت تا به وي نازل شه په جهان کښي قيامت

وريي وړم په پره د بابا حسن ابدال بيا له هغه څاي تر رباط وشه چال بيا يىي بيرته يووړم تر پنډي دم درحال وريي وړي په وړاندي ودربارته بي اهمال

درسته شپه زلزله وه په هندو په مسلمان

لور په لور فوڅونه ؤو څما ټولي تر ميان

نه بویه د جنگ د خرخشي فکر و سامان

يوم ِنام بديـرِي بل ستيـرِي افـغـانان

تا به وي هرګز نه وو میشته دلته انسان

څوك ورته توانيږي چه شدّت كاندي عيان

خداي و سري وركا بيا د هر چاري توان

بيا راغي زيمنو دَ خيلخاني يو څو څوانان

زه يي له اټك نه روان كړم په دا حال بيا له هغه څاي په پنډي په استعجال راغي په رباط کښي له نوابَ يو مثال ً راغي په پنډي کښي بل يو خط په دا سنوال ولاړم له پنډي شپه تر مستنځ دَ ككرتال زوي دَ ميرجمال دَ ميربخشي په استقلال وي يي چه ور ورسي دربار وته خوشحال زه هم په وسط دَ رمضان كوچمال كوچمال كوچمال كوچمال كاي هير رد وبدل شه په دا مستنځ كښي جواب سوال څاي په حويلي كښي ترخپل څنګ واكړكوتوال مونږ په دافكرت وو چه په مياشتي دَ شوال مه پريږده خوشحال دَ ده پريښول دِي اختلال ملك منصب جاګير څما تغير شه مال محال بر نا حق په كښلي دَ بد ويل دَ بد سكال بر نا حق په بند هوري څما اهل عيال ره هسي چاري وشوى چه دَ چانه وي په خيال وري وشوى چه دَ چانه وي په خيال لور په لؤر خَوري شوي وا لښكرى دَ دجال لور په لؤر خَوري شوي وا لښكرى دَ دجال

ولارم تر لاهور كوچ په كوچ په ارتحال هير مهر يه وكر دلاسه جوال جوال نور به سرفراز شي غم يهي نشته يو مشقال ورغه مربار ته زر شلور اويا وه كال حكم د خلاصي د ضمان وشه په اجمال جوړ شه ضمانت ته سيد شمس د جلال راغي عرضداشت د سيد مير په دا مقال بيا په مينځ كښي پريووت د خلاصي ډيرجنجال دولس منصبدار م تا بيني شول پائمال دولس منصبدار م تا بيني شول پائمال و په تار په غرونو په عذاب و په وبال تار په تار په غرونو په عذاب و په وبال نشته د اورنګ بادشاه په معال اعتدال نشته يو مهدي چه را ښكارد كا خپل جمال

دور دَ آخر دَي فساد ګډ شه لؤر په لؤر يو تر بل اخته شه جهان واړه کور په کور

خو چاري سبب شوي درته وايم حكايت بل دَ مغل طمع څما نه وركړل عادت بل چه فرزندانو م خطا كړ مصليت واړو مشرانو اشرف خان بهرام سعادت هيڅ عمل يي و نه كړ څما په نضييت څه جكرام هندو څه دَ هندوانو بركت زهـر ګوړل شي په شكـر و په شربت پوه وي د دښمنو په فريب په خديعت

خداي را باندي راوست دا همه واړه محنت يو چه زه مغرور وم په راستي و په خدمت بل م نا شکري بل د ورونړو حماقت يو څله هم نه خطا خطا کرت مرت و م کر اشرف وته د توري اشارت همخدا يار خليل څه يي حيا څه يي حرمت يو يو څوان پوهيري د غليم په حرکت يو يو هغه زوي چه هنر لري حکمت

ونيسي په لاس كبيي سخاوت و شجاعت نه صرفه په خان نه په جبان اعلي همت دريغه اشرف خان در ونه شه همره قوت درست اولس په لاس كبيي هيڅ منرنه څه جرات ورغلل مغلل ته د اشرف وه قباحت هم خما آفت وه هم هر چا لرد آفت څو چه ملك ويران وه د مغل وه ډيرهيبت وشوه وداني د ملك پوره يي شه حاجت ويي كښل بادشاه ته د جمرام مجراعزت بويي ته كابل ته اشرف خان په شرارت پاڅيده بهرام ته په دا مينځ كبيي يوغيرت درست اولس يي ټول كړ په نړي وراخت تشي سر هوا غوټي د باز نه وي خصلت بازنه وه بازرنګ وه چه ښكاره يي شه حالت زه وم په دهلي كښي كرفتار په دا زحمت تيري شوي په بندكښي پنځه مياشتي څه زيادت بيا د مير جمال زوى بادشاه ته په خلوت عرض يي څمها وكړ د مير خان په كنالت دا ووي بادشاه چه فلانه به خلاص كړم سلامت زن بچه كه راولي و همند ته په سرت حكم يي دا وكړ امير خان ته وشول كېل

ما كورونه راوستل واغلل يكايك يي حقيقت كړد را آغاز ويي كړ وطن ته په رخصت شما پرواز يو په څاي رانه غي چه څمونږ وه سرد راز تله وو كربلا ته دَ هم لوري وه حجاز كوتي كوتي حال دَي صختصر بويه ايجاز واړه په نعمت كښي پرورده ملوك شيراز دور دَ كردون كړل له بلا سرد انباز هيڅ باوريي نشته په نواخت و په نواز پروت په تورو خاورو په زمان كاندي ممتاز پروت په تورو خاورو په زمان كاندي ممتاز وباسي له مينځه چه يي نه زده وي شناز وباسي له مينځه چه يي نه زده وي شناز چا وته ناره كړم څوك م نه آوري آواز

وارویده دا حکم سعادت باقی میرباز میاشت وه دَ صفر چه دری واړه لکه باز پاړلی تـر وطن په شل ورڅي یـکـتـاز غرب وته قبله وه و مشرق ته وه نماز څه به درته وایم له دي حال دور دراز واړه لوي هلک چه م ساتلی وو په ناز تار په تار خواره شول مبتلا په ډیر نیاز هره ورځ فلک لري تازه تازه طراز وولي په زمکه یو ساعت کببي سرفراز ډوب کا په دریاب کببی چه محکم لری جهاز ډوب کا په دریاب کببی چه محکم لری جهاز هوب کا په دریاب کببی چه محکم لری جهاز شوک مهار درساز

دروسم په بل لوري په فلک راشم باز باز اهل په اعزاز اهل په اعزاز هر چه ابلهان دي روغني خوري دَ خباز نشته دَ رښتنو کره يو کهنه پلاس نور سرغونه ګرزي په باغونو په طناز آس واړه شا خوړي په نشست و په فراز څو به درته وايم حقيقت دي که سجاز څه کړم نه پوهيږم په

مه وي دا فلک مه يي دا هسي امتياز څير ختي ميرومني خدمتګاري په پيشواز هرچه دانايان دي نان خورش نه لري پياز سره ټغر په کورکښي دروغژن لري غماز بند دي هم هغه چه يي يا رنګ شته يا آواز خر وهي خرتيزي په آخور کښي په اباز بس کړه دا خبره مختصره هم ايجاز في اکاره دا خبره مختصره هم ايجاز في اکاره دا خبره مختصره هم ايجاز

څه کړم نه پوهيږم په دا فلک سفله پرور لاس رسيدي دريغه چه پري م سوړ کړي خپل ټټر

بل د سعادت باقي صير باز په رسيدل بيا د اکوزيو په سيکري نينوتل زوي م له ملکځ له اولس ووتل واړه زن بچه م په سيکړي کښي داغيدل ملکځ د سراي وران شه پري بي حدوشه زلزل لار د سراي نيولي مسافر يي چلول څو تتوان يي بوتلل په سحر پري وختل باري څه وهل وي نه وهل وو نه مهل نوم م د بدخواه شه چه نيکځواه وم تل ترتل نوم م د بادشاه وه صادر شوي په پريښول حکم د بادشاه وه صادر شوي په پريښول واړه په قسمت شي په سړي باندي نازل څوکييي په چانه کادسړي دي نصيب خپل بل مقصود م نه وه په خدمت کښي د مغل تير ساعت ارمان دي پښيماني نشته حاصل تير ساعت ارمان دي پښيماني نشته حاصل

دوه څله سراي مات شه يو څما په بنديدل يو څله په ماتي تر هنګال ورغلل نه يي توره سره وه نه د سر وو ماتيدل زه په هند کښي بند وم اشرف خان وه په کابل راغلل و بادشاه ته د کابل د صوبي کښل څاي په څاي فوڅونه په څوکي کښيناستل جوړ شول يوسفزي خټک سراي ته په وهل باري څه ختل وي نه ختل وو نه متل نام ناموس م لاړ شه چه اعتبار وه د مغل ملک يي وه راکړي په پنجاب کښي متصل ليږده ده که محنت دي که کشتن دي که شړل دا چاري چه وشوي بيا ترمينځ شه فکربل دا چاري په شوانان څوانان م يو د بله ووژلل دي خانان څوانان م يو د بله ووژلل

دا په خيال دَ چا وؤيا په فكر دَ چا راتلل شاباش په هغه شه چه دَ ننګ وكا پالل يو بائي زي دويم رانړى زي ورسره مل ولاړل تر سيكړي ورسره كورونه صل څه بلا دَ خداي ده دَ وطن جدا كيدل يو هي هي هاى هاى

خواست رضاد خدای و ه په هرشان چه شوي شول راغلل يوسفزي لکه پيښ شه کار مشکل لوي هلک مر واړه تر درياب پوري وتل نور خټک مر واړه په خپل څاي ودريدل ورون ده عزيزان خويشان وبله بيليدل

يو هي هي هاي هاي وه په ژړا وو لوي هلک درست عالم حيران شه چه څه کار شه په خټک

بند يم خلاص دِ نه شم كه دروغ وايم زه دا چا سرم م نیّت د بدونه وه نه د جفا بل فکر م ِ نه وه نه دَ روى نه دَ ريا هر چه ظلم کار وه له هغه م وه بلا دا م ِپه نيت کښي چه ازار نه شي له ما وارم م پیرزو په خیلخاني و په آشنا درست په زرم سين وم په فضلا په علما غم م ِله هغو وه چه غليم وو دَ بادشا نه م ِ وه په کارکښي دَ مغلو هيڅ دغا بل پښتون م ِنه وه په راستي کښي همتا څو چاري را وشوي نه ګناه نه م ِخطا واړي په ډير غم کښي سبتلا جدا جدا تار په تار له ملک درست عالم په واويلا اوس په رنتپورکښي بندي پرؤت يم يکتنها خلق که د ده له ظلم تل کاندي ژړا شل صوبي دَ هند دي په هر لوري ده غوغا

خداي خوخبرداردي که ښکاره نه دي په چا خپل وؤ كه پردي ؤو كه آشنا كه نا آشنا هرچه صحا صخ وم هسي شان وم پسي شا هیشکله په ظلم روادار نه وم اصلا هر چه رعیت وو څه غریب وه څه غُربا زر که زرینه که مال وملک وه دَ دنیا بد وم له هغو چه سبتدع وو ناصفا قيصه م ِله هغو وه چه مفسه وه بي وفا عمر چه مرتير شه په راستي و په رښتيا پلار نیکه م ِ خان کړ د نمک په کار فدا زوي م په بند شه له وطن شُوم جلا تار په تار م ِ لاړی خیلخاني کجا کجا ملک واړی برهم ودان ښهرونه په وينا څو سياشتي په بند وم په دهلي کښي په عنا هینچ دَ اورنگزیب بادشاه په دا نشته پروا ۴ ګوښې په ما نه ده ډيره وشوه په هر چا هرچه گڼګان دِي په صوبه کښي کتخه ای څوک بندي په بند دي څوک لا ګرزي ناویسا یو په رنتپورکښي دوه سو ناست دِي سبتلا څو کوټونه نور دې په کښي بند دې بي احصا اول یي تر واړو په خپل پلار سړه کړه خوا بیا ورپسي نور وهبي چه دې اعلی ادنا رنګ د هغو ورک شه چه آوټه وایــي دروغ نشته څوک په ملک کښی چه له ده وې په زړه روغ

ورك يي كړ په ظلم هم په مكر ډير عالم راغي په اوجين جسونت سنګه يي کړ برهم بنديي شاهجهان كرتري بيل يي كرحشم يو يي وړ تر ملتانه په دارا پسي پرچم . جنگ ولا په کجولا کښي چه شجاع شه منهزم مع په مغرب وتيست دارا شاه برهم درهم را يى وست دهلي ته دَ ده سريي كړ قلم را ووست راجـــــوتانو كرفتار شه په الــم بيا يي څني بيل کړ په ډير مکر په ډير دم ويى ويست له نيك كوره چرته څكوي دم . کار ته یي حیران شه همګي عرب و^عجم وشه د دهلي سلطنت پري مسلم ده چه د دهالي په سرير کيښود قام يا يى لە غرورە مىبدل شە خوي شيم څو کاله که نور وي درست عالم به کا عدم وايسي چه پيدا شه ثاني ابرهيم ادهم ُچا دي اوريدلي په اولاد کښي دَ آدم

ده چه له دکهن نه راهسک کره خپل علم و يىي كړ اول له مراد بخش سرة قسم بيا په آګره راغي په دارا يي کړ تورتم بيايي سراد بخش دَ شاهجهان سره كره سم بيا راغي په بيرته په شجاع يي وروست غم بيا داراجنگ وكړ په اجميركښي بيش وكم ونيوه جيونړ پنړي په کورکښي په خپل چم بیا سلیمان شکوه دٔ دارا زوی مکرم لاړشه شاه شجاع ته مشر زوي شه دَ ده رم بيا په شاه شجاع پسي دلير وه معظم. رايي ووست په خونه د خپل پلارهسي ماتم دا تردد واړه په دوه کاله بيش و کم وشه دَ دي كار زر اويا كاله دوه كـم يا آزار دَ پلار دي يا اثر دي دَ قسم يوهي هي هاي هاي دي په انواع انواع ستم هسي په ظاهر صورة په مکر دي محکم فعل يـي چه ګوري هلاگول دي لا اظلم

پلار په بند تړلي قتل کړي ذي رحم واړه يبي دَ خپلي خود کامي لا په غم هيڅ دَ خوارمظلوم په حال پښتنه نه کړه دواړه ورته يو په تفصص کښي ګرم نه ګرم دا دي دا انصاف دا يبي تميز دا انصاف په جهان نه لري عزيز خداي به نا انصاف په جهان نه لري عزيز

واړه کار په بخت دي په طالع دي نورسخن چري د دهلي دي زمزمه زغري جوشن څه د ده سامان څه يي لښکر خچن مچن تار په تار فوڅونه دَ دهلي برهم زدن ګل شګفته کیږي په شوره کښي په ګل<u>خن</u> کنه ورننوزي تر ديوار و تـر روزن خپله دانائي يي سره لنبه شِي دَ خرمن نه پيري دَ ده دَ مرغچيچو په ثمن دولس څاي ګرزي په څاي نه لري مسکن څوک ترخوف تير کا دَ چا ووهي ګردن خلاص يي له آسيب نه دي هي خو وكهن درست خالي هوا دي په دا نه يم دروغژن واړه په ټکي دي چه دي ووزي له دهن پاتو شه پري لعن دَ حسين و دَ حسن پاتو به په ده شي تل نفرين دَ مرد و زن بیا کله سفله دی د اعلی پای څښتن باك وصاف به نه شيكه بي تل وينشي بدن بيا زغن زغن دي كه هر څو دي پنجه زن

وارة دا خسبوه درته وايم ممتحن چر*ي دارا شاه چري دَ ده جاه و مخزن* چري اورنګزيب څه يي پايه څه يي دکهن راغي په آګره دَ ده په سر ایښي کفن بخت چه چا ته سخ کا دَ هغه چمن چمن بخت چه چا ته مخ کا که وربند کا په آهن بخت چه چا ته شا كا كه دانا وي د زمن بخت چه چا ته شاکا مرغلري دَ عدن كاردَ دي اوو په هيچا نه دَي مبرهن هرلوري ته ګرزي هم پاسبان دي هم رهزن. څه به درته وايم چه يي څو دي مکرو فن ٠ ما چه نظر وکړ سر تر پاي په خپل تن وارم يو نفس دي نتيجه يي ما و من ورک شه د يزيد په هغه څو کاله ديدن تل به دَ اورنګ نه وي دا کرّ و فرّ وفن څه شوکه دولت يي آويزاند شه په دامن هرچه په فطرت کښي پيدا شوي دي خيرن څه شو که د باز له جالي والوزي زغن

هرچه پاکيزه لري٠خپل اصل خپل ګوهر مه کړه خداي چه راضي شي په آزاردَخپل پدر

خداي وکړي دا چاري په ما واړه وکړي زړه بل چه دَ ده لُور م ِ أصل ته كړه واده بل چه م يوكوټ محكم بنا نه كړه په غره بل م ِ چه مغل په ورکړو سرکړو نه غُلاوه بل م ِ چه قوت و يوسفزيو وركاوه وايــي چه له څانه په اولاد دي پيـرزو ښه دا يو څو خبري چه ما راوړي په خوله نرددي كه شطرنغ دي كه چوپړدي وايم زه هرچه په دا كاركښي څوك اومه دي نه پاخه هین په خپله پوهه هنر مه شه غره ته وايــيي چه په پوهه بوعلي څومره وه پښته هي سري هغه نه دي چه به ځي په هرو خوله ياركه هسي ښه وِي چه دي څاي كړي په ليه له څه بلا ډيرښه دي دَ دوو سترګو توربانړه

څو چاري غلط شَوم چه م ِلوي کړه احمـق تره بلچه م په كۇركښي څه كښي نه ښول سپين وسرى بل چه م په تؤره په خدمت غرور کاوه بل مرِچهٔ په وقت دَ نيول ملک و نه لاره بل مرِچه په اصل غوري خيل پښتون ګانړه خداي به كا رواني په اصلي ولي اوبه بويه چه همه واړه د کښلي شي په زړه دا واړه چه ييي زده شي نور ييي بوله ښه هاله وكاندي پاخه په زمان چاري په اومه هر چه تر تا به دي عقل زده کړه له هغه بيا په ډيرو چارو خلقو دي احمق وباله كار په توكّل بويه نه خلقو ته كاته بيا دي په ياري مه کړه هيڅ غلطيده سترګي د ړندي کا چه شي سترګو ته کارې مل هغه باله شي چه تيربيرنه څي ترمله مل دَخپل مقصودديَ چه يي وړاندي ورستوتله نه وي چه دَ چا ترستوني تير چري ترخه بوټي دَ سپلمي دَ ګنډهير ګنړي خواړي څوک چه په لوستولوستوله ملانه زده کړه څه څوک دَ مور په نس کښي زده کا وزيږي هاله 🔭

> دوه سو شل بيتونه دي يوولس بنده ښه ما په رنتپورکښي دَ زړه تاو پري سړه وه

څوك به نه كا د ازل چاري تبديلي دَ سرِي فكر مثال پري دَ ډيلي ٠ خضربيا موندي عبث شوي دَده حيلي ٔ په کښي ډيري قافلي شولي قتيلي كه هزار څله هنركا حيلي بيلي دَ ازل حكم په مثل دَ هاڌي دي دَحيات اوبه سكندر په حيلوغوښتي يوه څه رنګه خونريزه لار دَ عشق ده

چه ديرش توري څکوم د قلم کيلي ترهمت پوري يي کشيري دي قليلي په کشمير کښي به يي نه مومي عديلي ترجمال يي حوري هم نه دي چميلي تا د شونډو دارو را نه کړه بخيلي که د ويني لکه ما کړلي شبيلي

عشق يو هسى يو ديرشم توري را زده كړه عاشقانو ته اندك ددنيا مال دي دا دلبري چه په دا كشور كښي نن دي هغه تُركه چه څان جوړكا را ښكاره شي په ارمان ارمان م څان راغى په شونډو بيا هاله د محبت په كوڅه پل ږده

خپل پردي به دِ هيڪوک دَ سيالي نه کا اي خوشحال که دِ بخت نه شِي په سيلي

راته درست د دهلي شهر وه بوستان په هغه زمان چه دوي له ما روان شول چه د دوي له ديدن نه محروم شَوَم خيلخانه م ِلكه باغ زه يي باغبان وم زمانه چه باغ و باغان وبله بيل كا چه يوګـل د هغه باغ ويــنـي په سترګو د مجنون چهره تصویر په کاغذ ګوره په جهان کښي هر څوک يو څله په مرک مري په ناحق د اورنګزيب په بند بندي يم زه په څان کښي ګناه نه وينم په خداي ږو د گستاه م سر رشسته نه ده معلومه لکه زه وم په راستي په درستي کښي بادشاهانو لره تسرس دَ زره بايده دي ٠ څوک به چا لره په داد و په فرياد څي چه څما په اولس په خيلخانه وشول چه دَ خپل پردي تميز ورباندي ورك شه اورنگ شاه بادشاه که تل کا هسی چاری يا سركال يا په بل كال به خلق واوري زه لا څه يم نور به هم څما په رنګ کا چه زړه سوي په خپل پلارو په زوي نه کا له غرور هسی مست بیخوده ولار دي

چه په کښي ؤو باز باقي سعادت خان بلا سخت يم چه يي نه مرم په هجران که رښتيا وايم زه اوس شوَم په زندان شه عجب وبله جوړ وو باغ و باغبان دا بيلتون په دواړو توکو دي ډيـرګـران په باغبان باندي ښادي وي هرزمان زه هم هسي هډو و پوست يم استيموان زہ بي مرکف مرم نه يو څل زمان زمان خداي خبردي په تهمت و په بهتان ولي نور خلق خبري كا شان شان مكرخيل هنزد هان وينم تاوان دَ مغل په خدست نه وه بل افغان مروت و غور رسى عدل و احسان چه په ظلم رضامت شول بادشاهان ودِ نه شي په هندو په مسلمان بادشاهان د خپل دولت كاندي نقصان لكه اؤس يي په لاس ونيوي امان چه جویونه شي د سرو وینو روان چه خانان دي نام په نام د کوهستان دُ هغو به څه صرفه وي په جهان • چه نظريي هوري پاس دي په آسمان دَ داد خواه خواب يي لاتهي يا كوتك دي . په دربار چه يي غوغا كا داد خواهان و به نه وايي چه ولي دا د څه کړل که په ملک يي نه يو حرف ک صوبه دار نه سل محضوه چه مرقوم يي پ رفت ګي رشوت حمايت بويه چه څوک غواړي ک هرچا څخه چه دا خويونه نه وي په دربار به سر ک طبيبانو ته هيڅ مه وايه خوشحال قادر خداي به و کا ستا د درد درمان

كه په ملك يي قتل عام كاندي خانان چه مرقوم يي په خپل مهركا قاضيان چه څوك غواړي د خپل كار سروسامان په دربار به سر ګشته ګرزي حيران په وايه خوشحال

اور په لوريي کښلي کښلي عمارت وه مهيا يي په بازارکښي شر نعمت ود دَ بازار به يي څه کم بيګه وسعت وه که راغلي په دنيا چري جنت ود و خوابگاه وته يي عقل په حيرت وه • په دربارکښي به يي دوه اويه ملُت وه دُ جنت به دُ دهلي سره غيرت وه بل بادشاه كله وركـړي دا زيـنـت وه په نوبت نوبت دَ چا پري سلطنت وه چه دَ هريوه څه خوي څه يي خصلت وه پري دَ دوي تيرسو كاله رياست وه چه يو کال يي په دهلي اقامت وه په دا کارکښي يي ډيرکړي مشقت وه شپږ سو دولس کال کم سن د هجرت وه چه پري ايښي يي په هند په نيابت ود چه په خلق يي آوازه دَ عدالت وه چه په هند کښي بي نظير په سخاوت ود

دَ دهلي دَ شهرشه شان و شوکت وه ښايسته يي بازارونه وو د ښهر دَ شاه نـهـر فواري دي پـه هركـوركښي په دهــــــي باندي ګواهي دَ جـنت وُله دَ بادشاه دَ خاص و عام به څه تعريف کړم چه به جوړ د شاهجهان بادشاه دربارشه كه هوا يي د عراق د خراسان وي دا زينت چه شاهجهان و دهلي وركړه دَ دهلي بنا دَ چا دَ لاسه شوي همکي به نام په نام درته بيان کړم دَ دهلي بنا اول وكرة خوهانرو دَ اسلام بادشاه صعزالدين وه چه دهلي يي رانيوه له پټورا نه چه يي سرد پټورا پريکړه له تنه بيا له پسه قطب الدين دُ ده مريني وه بيا له پسه شمس الدين دُده بالك ولا بيا له پسه فيروز شاه دَ شمس الدين وهُ

بيا له پسه رضي لؤر د شمس الدين وَه بيا له پسه معز الدين دَ شمس الدين وه بيا له پسه ناصردين دَ شمس الدين وه بيا نمسي دَ فيروز شاه علاو الدين وه بیا سلطان جلال الدین په سریر کښیناست بياله پسه قطب الدين دَ علائي وه بيا له پسه تغلق شاه چه اُمرا وه بيا سلطان محمد شاه دَ تغلق شاه وه بیا سلطان ∞حمد شاه دَ فیروز شاه و^ه بيا سلطان غياث الدين دَ فيروز شاه وه بیا لـه پسه ابابکر په تخت کښیناست بيا له پسه سكندر شاه د محمد شاه وه بيايى ورؤر ناصرالدين په سريركښيناست بيا له پس چه تيمور شاه په هند راکښيووت بيا سلطان مبارك شاه د خضر خان وه بیا سلطان محمد شاه دَ ده وراره وه بيا سلطان علاو الدين ولا دَ دلا زوي بيا بهلول لودي بادشاه شه دَ دهلي بيا له پسه دَ بهلول زوي يي سکندر وه بيا لـه پسه ابراهـيم وه دَ ده زوي بیا له پسه د دهلي بادشاه بابر شه بيا له پس د بابر زوي همايون وه بيا لـه پسه شاه عالم دَ حسن سور وه بيا له پسه اسلام شاه دَ شاه عالم وه

چه راضی څنی سپالا و رعیت ولا چه هرکوره د غلیم څني هیبت وه چه په خُلق و په کرم دَ ده شهرت وه چه مشهور په عدالت په عبادت وه چه په اصل کښي ^{غل}جي د ولايت وه چه همیش یي مخ په عیش و په عشرت وه پرورش يي دَ غلجيو په دولت وه چه دَ ده په عصر خلق په فراغت وه چه دَ پلار په زندگي يي سلطنت وه چه نيولي ييي له ورؤره مملکت وه چه دي هم د فيروز شاه له ذريت وه چه په تخت يي يوه نيم سياشتي مهلت وه چه به د ده د ښو څوانانو ډير قيمت وه خضر خان ته يى وركړي حكومت وه چه ښکاره يي له جبين سيادت وه چه پښتون د ده په عهد په عزت وه چه اکثر يي دَ نسا سره صحبت وه چه په تخت يي نه ويشت کاله اقامت وه چه عمل یي موافق په شریعت وه چه بابر سرم يي جنګ په پاني پت وه چه يي کار د پښتانه په برکت وه چه بیحده یی لښکر ډیر یی دولت وه • چه همايون د ده له دست هزيمت وه چه له پلاره نه هم زيات دَ ده جرات وه

بيا له پسه عادل شاه دَ ده تربور وه بیا له پس د همایون زوي یه ، اکبرشه بيا له پسه جهانګير د اکبر زوي اوس بادشاه شاهجهان د جهانگير دي زه خوشحال چه دا شمارکړم شاعرنه يم كه م شعر شاعري څرګنده ولي * چهٔ د هند سير م وکړ اوس م ووي كه دَ دي ويلو كال غواړي لـه ما نه ابتدا د دي بيان په نمازپښين ود دَ نماښام په وقت ييي شوي نهايت وه

چه پښتون د ده په دوري فضيحت وه چه په هر لوري به مل د دد نصرت وه چهٔ دَ ده په دوري هند لک جنت وه چه په بلخ په بدخشان دَ ده نوبت وه په دا کار م آزمیلی طبیعت وه ما به ډير کړي د خپل بادشاد صنت ود گنره دا تاریخ لارغه شما په نیت ود په حساب کښي واورد کال دَ قرشت ود

حه په هسي وقت کښي سيريي په کلزارشي بخت دِ هرکله دا هسي مدد ګار شي چه ثنایي په لته د هندودارشي عاقبت به په همه جهان اوڅار شي په سبزه باندي ناري د جوئبار شي شماتت يي د كشمير په شالهمار شي چه اوبه د فوارو سره تارتار شي وايي سپيني مرغلري دي نثار شي تر هغه څاي د د ارم تماشا څار شي چـه اوبه يـي را رواني دَ آبشار شي وايمي پاس په آئينو باندي رفتار شي دَ محل په مخ کښي ناست دَ بازوښکارشي

چه موسم م ِ دَ محلونو دَ محلزار شي نرم نرم ترشح په مرغزار شي دَ هغه له بختَ شوك برابري كا نس شما طالع له ما سرة مددكا چه م ِ ناسته دَ صورت په هسي څاي ده ٔ په دا څاي چه د ابدالو نظر وشه په چمن کښي ييي اوبه درومي رواني په ۱۱ هسي پاکسيزه اوبو سَلسَالو دَ سري ستريي روښاني زړه خوشحال کا چـه لـه پاسه نـه اوبه راڅـي پـه کښتـه هغه شاي چه د مرمرو فواري دي ته به وایسي د آسمان تنرا غورزاو شه چه په سريي د حوضونو څوک ګذرکاء سرغاوي يـي په حوضونو کښي غوټي کړ*ي*.

ته به وايي دَ نصرود دَ اوْر لنبي دي صد برگه يي عجايب سرة ؤودلي په اطراف د هـ و چمن شکفته شوي په ۱۵ باغ کښي د ګلونو کمي نشته كه صديرك كه بنفشه كه ارغوان دي دُهغه صانع ترصنع صدقه شم وارد وني يسي آسمان سرد سيالي كا په هـزار رنگه نـوا شـي دَ مرغونـو دَ مرغونو دَ نوا له موجه شوري عمارت يى كى وھلى پەكنبىكى * دولاً سو تير سو رهروان دي په کښي طرح لطافت يي د هوا تر حده تيردي كه زاړي په ده كښي كښيناسته زلمي شي دا مکان به د بهشت سره داخل کا همكي صفت يسي ديسردي ترحساب الله همهؤ كه ويل كوم طومارشي دا بنا دَ آصف خان له لاسه شوي زر نه پنځوس كالونه د هجرت وو په خوشحال هم دا همره چه ويل شو نور دَ عقل حکم نه دي چه تکرار شي

سرة لاله يى په چمن كښي انتشارشي فرق يي لا دَ يراقونو تـركـنـار شي دَ زنبقو دَ سوسنو هم ديدار شي دَ همه واړو دَ چا په ژبه شمار شي دَ هر کل په ننداره خاطر قرارشي چه یي هسي دَ قدرت په لاس نګار شي ولي فرق په کښي د وني د چښار شي هغه دم چه په چناروکښي چغارشي نه له باده شوریدنه د اشجارشي په هرکورکښي د جويونو شرهار شي كَسپين والي يى تيري په سپين چوتارشي په کښي روغ به دَ اتيا کالـو بيمارشي په هوا يي څما هسي اعتبار شي كه رضوان يى لى نشاط خىبردار شى اوس په حکم دَ خورم په کښي دا کارمشي دَ نوروز په دولسم چه دا ګفتار شي

پرورده که د صغلو په نسمك يم د اورنگ له جور هم له غريو ډك يم په ناحق يى په زندان كړم يو څوكاله خداي خبرديكه په خپل ګناه زه شك يم پښتنو سرم زړم تور دي د مغلو • خبرداريي په نيتونو يك بيك يم كه سزه كه ناسسزه راته معلوم دي نه داكاركښي په معني لكه محك يم

یا زم باز وم یا شاهین شاهجهان ته هغه زيست چه د عزت له مخه نه وي اور يي پوري په منصب په نوکري شه په خپل نام وننګ چه راشم ليوني شم چه په طمع دَ اوړو زغلي و شست ته ترقضا پوري دَ هيچا چاره نشته * و بینا و ته سُور مُهریم دَ زرو هي له قدر م وكړي خبر نه دي دَ چنبي تر ګلو ډير دَي څما قدر لکه باز په لوي لوي ښکار څما نظر دي چه په غَوَښو يې روزګار هغه مزري يم په ۱۵ سپينه ويره شرم عزت ښه دي كه عالم را كونّه تاو كا غم م نشته په دانش په شرع نه ده په قسمت ده هر پښتون چه د مغلو نوکري کا چه. سنصب م ِ دَ مغل خوړ يو سلِك وم دَ فرمان دَ پرواني حکم يي نشته * نه م کار په خاص و عام نه په ديوان دي نه تصديق شته نه يادداشت شته نه توجيه شته هرګیدي به چه له ما نه سرکوزي غوښت كه په بدو باندي شُوم شَوَم زه يي څه كړم هر ساعت را باندي عيد دَ استغنا دَي پښتانه لره شړي انډيري بس دي آزادي ده په ساده سپينه جامه کښي

و اورنگ وتمه قارگه یا مشکیرك یم چه يي کا په هغه زيست پوري هکپك يم چه ترفهم وترنظرد مغل کك يم خبردار كله په سود و زيان دَ لك يم كمان مه كره چه هغه نادان سَمَك يم او كه نه تر زارد ذيب لا زيرك يم په دليل د نابينا لکه پوچك يه که رستیا وایم د سترکو مردمات یم و بىي شناختو وته كل دَ پىنىيرك يم نه چه گرزي گونگټ نيسي باد خورك يم نه چه وُلي دَ واښو خوري هغه مربك يم چه به نوري چاري کړم مګر خوردك يم په رښتياويل د ډيرو پولپولك يم چه دا هسي سرګردان لکه پښك يم که د زده د هغو واړو بهترك يم چه منصب د مغل نشته اوس ملك يم شكردا چه په خپل حكم په خپل وَك يم نه په درولاړ د هريو سردك يم نه په فکرد سنه نه د دستك يم دَ هغه دَ سريا تـوُرد يا كـوتـك يم لکه ښه ستوري په اصل مبارک يم که په نور عالم ژړا زه په خُرسك يم نه په فکرد مسند نه د توشك يم خلاص له غم د زربفت و د ميلك يم

دَ واښو جونګړي هسي راته ښي شوي که اوګره د بټو شته په شلونبو سپينه چه نیولي مردا هود د ننګ و نام دی په بل غشي ټوپك هيڅ ويشتلي نه يم چه شهپر م بتي خيل ؤو کنډ کپرشَوَل دَ كُريز بنړي م ِ توي لكه باز كړي سکه ورونړه م تري دي حال يي دا دي په دروغ دروغ وعدو نفاق آميزو تف په ريـره د همه واړو بـارکـو نن خو قام را سرد ډيري جفا وکړد كه خټكو راته شا كړه صخ يىي تؤر شه كه څه حق يا د ورؤري يا د نيكي شته مهمندي څما د کُډي لاس و پښي دِي دير چيني چه تراوش وکا درياب شي چه ليده شم اوس خو دا يم يو بولك يم كرلانېي سرېني څو پښتانه دي ٠ زه د ننګ په كار له واړو مشترك يم چه دا هسي رنګ څما په سیله ګرزي منت دار په ګرزیدنه د فلك يم که م عمر په شماره تر شپیته تیرد*ي* دَ افغان په ننګ م وتړله توري ننگيالي دَ زماني خوشحال ختك يم

واي ناست په محلونو دَ اهائيم دَ مغلو پولا پاتو ډير پري ډك يم كه له خپله هوده واوړم كنيـزك يم که ویشتلی یم خو بیا په خپل ټوپك يم په وار وار په لنډو پرونو دَ بارك يم کیمان مه کړه چه بي پرو ښاپيرك يم له بولاقو نه لا لري يو څپك يم ما غلوي ورته په مثل دَ کودك يم لا شما په ريون هم که زه بارك يم كانده بيا دَ خداي و حكم وته څك يم زه يواڅي په تکيه د خداي شيرك يم و پاداش وته په طمع د هريك يم رضامند د افریدیو په کومك یم لا په کارکښي د سواري لکه اوزېک يم

> نيک و بـد پـه کښي بيان پري د پوه شي دانايان • چه تُور زن يم کان په کان چه بل نه وه هسي څوان

راشه واروه دا داستان هم عبرت هم نصيحت دي زه خوشحال د شهباز خان يم شهباز خان دَ يحيي خان ود

یحسی خان دَ اکوری وه هم په توره مرني وه چه غلیم به یی پیدا شه هم يي تيغ وه هم يي ديګ وه په هغه ستؤري پيدا وه لا پیدا په جهان نه وه دَ اكبر بادشاه په دوري چه له ده سره به ناست ؤو همت ناک باسل باذل ؤو کور ته رنګ په وينو لاړل قبيله شوه سره ډيره متفق په هرا چار ؤو دَ هجرت زر دوويشت سن ولا هغه کال پوره پنځوس وه دَ هغه دوري بادشاه وه دَ پلار څاي يي ما ته راکړ که دَ توري که دَ ورکړو لكه خرخ مرد بابا وه واربع ديرش زرم خټک وو په لښکر به څما خرڅ وه که هما کره به سل وو درست خټک څما په دوري که ختک په زمکه پروت وه كه څه عيش كه عشرت وه

چه په توره شه سلطان تير انداز ولا شخ كمان زر يىي څاي وە ګورستان هم يي خلق ولا هم احسان چه پري زيري بادشاهان پري خبر ؤو درويشان شه د خپل اولس يو خان هغه واړه ؤو شيران پـه هـركـاركښي صادقان چه همه وو سرداران اكشر شه لايق شوانان نام ناموس په واړو ګران چه زو راغلم په جهان چه شهید شه شاهباز خان قددردان شاهجهان يه اولس شِوَمَ حكم ران هیچ م پري نه یس ارمان خما لا دي دو چندان درست څما ؤو په فرمان يا م خرخ ولا په مهمان زر به تله په خاندان نامور شه په دوران پاس م يووړ په آسمان زرم م سؤر کر په هر شان

كه اسونه كه بازونه زر و ماته هسی خوار ؤو نه زکوة په ما واجب شه چه یی خپل عزت پکار وي تراورنگ بادشاه م وویست نقش م كسيسوه د توري دَ خپل څان صفت به څه کړم ښي ښي ناوي په کور راغلي زه غلیم د اورنگزیب یم زه په ننګ دَ پښتانه يم لکه سپي هسي جارووزي دَ اويا كالونو اوس يم

کشت د باغ و د بوستان لكه خاوري د بيابان په درست عمر نه قربان زر به خوار کا هغه څوان تاو د بند و د زندان په هند و په مسلمان مگر نوريي کا بيان پلار نیکه خانان لو میران سر په غره په کې بيابان دوي نيولي مُعلان دَ مغل په آش و نـأن-ـر_ په دا ماه رمضان

په ژړا نه کړي يو دم بيي نم مه. استاده کړه په ساحل له يم ما په ناکام کړه ومغل وته خمَ ما په مغل کړ څکه صخ له هم ما رد مغل په لوري دوه قدم ما چه خبره ورته نه کړه سم ما كه هر څو ساته خپل څان له ذم ما

دَ بي ننگو پښتنو له غم ما لوئي پريښوه ونيوله کم ما دا هم ښه که په دا کارکښي همره کاردي چه که واخست انتقام له کرم ما چه د ننګ ګوهرم مات شه دواره سترګی هغه دُر م ِ په لاس نه رايخي بيري هغه ملا م ِچه په هوډ سره لوي غر وَه هم دَ تخت وما ته شا شود هم دَ خلقو كه م لِاس وي په رضا م به كښي نه ښول دَ هغو دَ خولي کږي خبري اورم ذم دَ خپلو دَ پرديو را معلوم شه په هغو لويـو خبرو شرمسار يـم * چه هر چا وتبه يستي له فم ما سل غندني پيغورونه را دوڅار شوَل چه به څان ساته هميش له ذم ما

كه ليدلي دي هزار الم ما ِ چه فارغ کا دَ اندوه له سمَ ما دا الم مرفيخ الم سرة سم نه دي مگر بخت را سرہ بیا مدد آغاز کا

هاتی څکه په سر لوني دا خاوری چه خبرکړ و خوشحال له غم ما

دَ ده ښه مسلماني ښه اعتکاف پلار په بند کښي آ چولي په مصاف يا په صوم تر^{شم}څې ورولي ناف عبادت طاعت دِ واره دي خلاف په چاره يي شه جګرشکاف شکاف ولي تن يي اندرون لري ناصاف دَ نامرد لرِعمل وي ډيريي لاف

را معلوم شه د اورنگ عدل و انصاف سکه ورونړه ييي وار په وار واړه وژلي كه هزار څله څوك سروهي په مزكه څونيت د ښه عمل سره جوړنه شي چه دَ ژبي لار يوه دَ زرة يي بله ماردَ تن دَ پاسه ښه ښايسته روغ دي مړني په کرده ډير ويل يي لږ وي

كه دلي د خوشحال لاس په ظالم نشته دَ قيامت په ورڅ يي خداي مه کړه معاف

خني څه چاري پيدا په دا جهان شي اؤس م کشت د افریدیو په سیدان شي بيا نظر څما د سوات په کوهستان شي لكه خلاص لوي دَبنهُ بنديوان شي لا عجب كه بل پيدا هسي افغان شي پري به لري دا څما دَ زړه ارمان شي چه راضي راڅخه روح د فريد خان شي په دا كاركښيكه څوك ما وته شيطان شي که اغز*ي وي هغه کار ورت*ه ر^يحان شي

مچه په خوا په خاطر نه هسي عيان شي په لاچي په چوتره وګرزيدم لکه باز په يو غر ګرزي په بل لوري دَ مغل منصب م پريښود هسي خَوَښيم دا نادره عقیده لکه څما ده كه م ِ چري ننګيالي په لاسو کښيوزي و مغلو ته به هسي کار ښکاره کړم په اعود به يي فتح کړم که خداي کا په هرکار چه همت وتړي له دل

ك. فرشته وي بيي بدي به پاتو نه شي چه يي خپله پوهه نه وي ښه هغه دي زد به نن غرض و كانده ته پري نه ردم چه خندا په خوب كښي ووينى وژاړي په يود بهري وسيزي درست كلي ساقي نن څها په دور جام ګردان کړه اورنګزيب بادشاه زړه ډك په لاهور راغي لكه كښت لره باران او باد پكار دي دروسه هيڅ د ماه و سال خبره مه كړه ډير و تا وته نن لافي د ياري كړه په حبان د ننګيالي دي دا دوه كار په جبان د ننګيالي دي دا دوه كار د بازودو د زاغانو مصاف وينم

چه قرین ورسره هر کله بدان شي چه دَ بل سړی په پند پسی روان شي که دَ کانده دَ ژَوندون سړي ضمان شي دَ نادانو ياري سود ګنړه زيان شي په يوه خبره لاړ واړه ايمان شي کوره ګانده به دَ چا دور ګردان شي ګوره ګانده به دَ چا دور ګردان شي دَ عالم ټولي په خُلق په احسان شي هره ورڅ پيري څو شان دَ اسمان شي کانده ستا و سر ته کښينی غليمان شي يا به وخوري ککري يا به کامران شي يا به وخوري ککري يا به کامران شي تر دا مينځ به يي دَ وينو رود روان شي تر دا مينځ به يي دَ وينو رود روان شي

په خاطر کښي لرم څو رنگ غمونه اوس هغه څمه ا په سر ږدي قدمونه باروي په ما متت په کرمونه هم هغه خاندي څمه په مرهمونه په اور وسيځه دا تور قلمونه پښتانه ډير دي په غرونه په سمونه يا به زه هم په لاس واخلم درمونه د سکانو په خوله څه آخلم نومونه وار په وار يي په کور وشه ماتمونه يا مړ پري ښوي دا د نکي شيمونه يا مړ پري ښوي دا د نکي شيمونه يا مړ پري ښوي دا د نکي سيمونه يا مړ پري ښوي دا د نکي سيمونه په خپل هم را لاندي باسي اړمونه

خبر مه شي د فلک په سته ونه چه هه هه هه وه چه هه ای شه ای شه وه چه نه ای شه ای کرم ته په امید وه چه شه ای په مرهم روغ په دنیا پائی زد یبی چا لره وهم قدر یبی چا زده شه یوانخی ننځ په ما راغلی نه دی شه یوانخی ننځ په ما راغلی نه دی یا به واړه د مغلو درم پریږدی په ښوروا خوري د مغلو واړه سپي دي که خټک دي که بنګښ دي که خټک دي که بنګښ دی که خټک دی که بنګښ دی که خټک دی که بنګښ دی که فرکزي دي یا م خپل قهر ارمان تر هر چا وکیښي یا م خپل قهر ارمان تر هر چا وکیښي

چه و پلار وته ګوندي کا قسمونه پري څکه وي د غلطي رقمونه خپل پردي فن و فنون سحر دمونه

نَا خَلْفُ زُوي دِ چَا کُرَةُ لُوي مَهُ شَهُ چَهُ شَاعر پَهُ خَپِل غَلْطُ شَعْرِ خَبرِ شَي چه څما سرة يي کا پوري حيران يم

کور به هم په ژرا سرکړم که يي وروړم زلا خوشحال د زړه دا همره المونه

دغه كار دي د كلاغ و د كركس په كرده په عمل گروه كس ناكس په هيڅ رنگ به نور څه نه شي سگ مكس د ابجه په حساب نوي وګنړه بس دويم گرزي په طلب د خار و خس چه د يار بي يادو نه دي يو نفس د طوطي له مخه بهه به شي قفس د طوطي له مخه بهه به شي قفس

كله باز كا و مردارو ته هَوَس و كله باز كا و مردارو ته هُوس و كلفتار وته يبي مه غړَوه سترگي كه يبي سر په لكئي آړوي هغه دي په ظاهر شماره كه لس سره دوه پنج وي دوه سړي په باغ كښي ګډ شي يو ګل ګوري زه دا يم په بيلتانه كښي له هغو يم كه هر څوښايسته روغ دي څوك يبي څه كا

خوار خوشحال به څني څو شړي په جور که سړي شونډي دِ شکر دِی دي مګس

ته لاكلك په خوب اوده يي اي ځما دل غافل كاروانونه دي چليېږي قوافل په قوافل ښه سواران دي په کښي تللي واړه وتيښت له ډيرګِل دا پاياب دي ډيرو غوښتي خبر نه شَوَل له ساحلَ له ساحل يي خبر نه دي بي له اهلِ سواحل كهٔ دَچا په كښي حاصل شي هم يي مه ګنړه حاصل په هيڅ رنګ به دفع نه شي په تعوين په حمايل دا همه واړه د خدای په معرفت دي دلايل که خداي د پيژندلي مينه مه کړه په باطل آدمی له تورو خاورو په دا شکل و شمائل دَ عمل په کار و بارکښي مه شه کم تر عوائل كښهدين په كاركښى څه رنګ اوده يې سست كاهل زمانه به د څهره په يو څو ورڅي کا زايل دَ عسل خوارِهِ به نه مومى له زَهْرَ هااهلِ په مثال لکه براق دي چه جدا څي له عامل. باندي څو کتاب ليښلي مشقت ييي دي حاصل هاله هر رنگ خبره اثر کاندي له قائل

همرهانو د کوچ وکړه واړه لاړل تر منزل له نیستی و هستي ته له هستي و نیستی ته لاريي واړه کيل و لاي ده ته په سهل ټټو سؤريي دَ دنيا په درياب ډوبه دَ پاياب يي طمع مه کړه و كنارته به ونه ووزي له دي هسي شان درياب دَ دنيا حاصل يـي واړه نا کامي و رنځوري ده په قضايي رضا وَروَ ړه هرچه ستا په باب يي کړي خپلو لاسو خپلو پښو وته وګوره نظر وکړه هميشه وايي چه خداي م پيژندلي په يكي دي بي له خداي راته وايه بل يوكوم دي چه پيداكا په خوردن و په خفتن کښي له چارپاي برابرمه شه دَ دنيا په کار و بارکښي په څو بيحد بيداريي په خپل حسن غرق مه شه که په حسن لکه ګليي له بدانو دِ هیشوک دَ نیکی اصید و نه کا دَ هغه عالم خبره چه عمل په ده کښي نه وي هغه عالم چه عمل نه لري په مثل اکه خردي چه ګفتار کرداريي دواړه موافق سره يکرنګ شي

په زیبا ګفتار د هیڅ تقصیر ونه کړ خوشجال که کردار د هم زیبا وي چار به ولي وَه مشکل

خه سړي خه يي تدبير که جهان شي تيره توره بي تقدير به و نه مري بي اجل مرګي نشته لکه کار دَ مړني دي دي کار دَ مړني دي کار دَ مړني دي کار دَ مړني دي کار دَ مړني دي کار کې خابيانو شاهيدانو کال کېټنه ده دَ بور کې دي چه ياديږي دي چه ياديږي توره بخره دَ خوشحال ده توره بخره دَ خوشحال ده تر اوه پيړيو پوري دا دَ څان ستاينه نه ده ده

هم هغه شي چه تقدير ستا په مرک شي خلق خير نه په توره نه په تير تقصير تيخ وهه مه کړه تقصير هسي کار نه دي د پير وا نشته د سعير که کابل دي که کشمير په سندرو هم په وير کان په کان خلق خبير واړه مړه په تيخ و تير واړه مړه په تيخ و تير وايم په څير وايم په څير وايم په څير

چه وتلي يي د دي خوني له ويش په غوښتوني باندي نه ده جفا پيش بلکه لا تر طلب بخره مومي بيش چه حذر کا د مچی له بده نيش څو لا پائي په دنيا د زړه له ريش خبردار يم د هر چا له دين و کيش هغه غشي وه په تن څما له کيش څو د پا نه څي بلا له څانه خويش څو د پا نه څي بلا له څانه خويش

په طلب کښي د سستي وينم درويش انعبمتونه رنګارنګ دي په هر لوري څو طلب همره موندل دي په دا دور د عسلو خواره کله هغه مومي لا دَ وقت دَ طبيب طلب بايده دي په هيڅ دين کښي ما وفا ليدلي نه ده په هرغشي چه زخمي شوم بيا م وکوت په هرغ اندوه د بل د بدو نه کړم هيڅ پروا اندوه د بل د بدو نه کړم

په پيغام دَ بوسي شود نه شي خوشحاله چه څما په خوله منيّن يي را نزدي شه په راحت کښي په دولت کښي ياري ډيري په محنت کښي په زحمت کښي ياران چري دا د ستوريو چاري ونيسه په تيري له يوي فتني يي څان په دعا خلاص كړم فلك بيا نوي فتني كا را برسيري دَ دي دور په يارانو باور نشته په زمان ورته اغيار شي يار دَ غويري چه به ما ورته كاته له جاة نه كړ له هغو خبري آورم تير و بيري پرورش يي که په شهد و په شکر کړي د خرما تر ښوند به و نه رسيږي بيري كه په لعلو مكلل كري پاي زيري

نه به هر كله بهار نه به خزان وي دَ دستار تر مرتبي به نه رسي*ږي*

په ژَوَندون يي دَ خوشحال له زړي وباسي ستا کردي به يي په ګور کښي نه شي هيري

راغي تير شه لکه باد په څای نه لري اِستاد چه پیدا کره لوي أستاد څه حباب څه ييې بنياد سه مثال شه درته زباد هَي فرياد فرياد فرياد بيا پسي شه هسي شاد

ډير عالم څما په ياد هم دا هسي راشي تيرشي عجب لویه کار خانه ده وحباب وته نظر كره هسي ته يي که پوهيږي هي خبر نه شوي له څانه غمثن والي دِ په څه شي

هه سختي لري خوشحاله دا دِ زړه دي که فولاد

چه يـو څـل ښيګره وويني لـه چا غلطي دَ يكانه غلطي نه ده كه له ياره نه ترخي خبري واوري دَ كمنات سري ياري آشنائي مه كره رخنه ګړ د ملک هرګز د پريښو نه دي مرد به خپله وينا ژغوري څو ژَوَندي وي دَ چارپايو په حساب دي سړي نه دي چه ستا عيب تا ته وائي يار هغه دي بازاري سړي بهتر تر وروستائي دي که سړي پيري دِ وژني و به نه سري بند هما په رضا يو نشته ياران م چه څما په مرک مشتاق ؤو هغه ومړل مرني په خپلي توری نظر نه کا شناخت ادب شرم سري وته بايده دي م . چه يي مؤر و پلار سخي سخي زوولي چه دَ سپي په پيو لوي کا څوک ورغومي دا خبره و هر چا وته ښکاره ده عاقل ډير عيب دَ خان په عقل پټ کا په ويل ښيل به هيڅکله ښه نه شي چه خپل بار په هیچا نه ردي بار د بل وړي چه په زړه کښې يې چراغ دَعقل بل شي ورڅ و شپه ده په هغه باندي رنړا سجنجل د خپل اشتاد لري په مخ کښي چه ګویا شه دَ خُوشحال دَ زړی طوطا

په يوه يي شل بدي يي کړه تر شا په رستينو باندي عفو ده روا په خطا د يګانه بويه عطا خۇر شيرين څواب يى وركړه په خندا له كمناتَ به بيا نه مومي وفا كه هر څو ييي شفاعت كا شيخ و ملا دَ نامرد وينا نن شته نشته صبا غوبانه شپانه چه بيائي غيلي غوا نه چه نورو وته واييي عيب ستا که هر څو د بازاری نشته حیا څو چه نه وي رسيدلي ستا قضا په ياري ياري کښي کا خپله رضا زه لا دا يم ژُوندي پايم په دنيا ښايسته په خپل جمال دي نابينا په ۱۵ دري توکه څاروي نه دي آشنا په هغه کښي به خطا نه شي پيدا لکه سپي هسي ورغومي کا غپا چه دَ ښو غَوَښو نه کيږي ښه ښوروا نادان لير په ناداني کاندي رسوا چه بد بخت له موره پلاره شي پيدا هم هغه سري لايق دي دَ ثنا

زه په خپلو ګښاهونو توبه کار يم په ۱۵ سپينه ريوه ما فضيحت مه کړه اوُس و ما توان توفیق دَ طاعت راکړه ستا له لوريه همكي فضل و كرم دي عام عالم مر په کردار خبردار نه دي په عمل به هسي ګبر و جبود نه وي هندوهم پاخي په نيمي شپي خپل جپكا زړي په زرو فکرو ولاړ په سجده سريدم نه ثواب د جماعت نه سود د نفلو كه حلال دي كه حرام مزديي بويه خلقي څما په فعل ګور ته لاړي نفس وما ته حق نا حق كا نا حق حق كا راكىسى خوي خصلت دَدوو اويه فرقودي دَ هوا په دريابونو کښي غوطي خورم که په رسم په تقلید مسلماني شي نفس شيطان راته په هره ساه پخودي حمیده م لکه زر ذمیمه شکی اعتقاد في دَ خاصانو و ما راكره كه فرښتي كه كتابونه د آسمان دي دَ كونين پيدا كوونكي لاشريك دي دَ قيامت په ورڅ قايل يم بي ګمانه پس له مرکف بيا ژوندون دَ خلايق دي پيغمبرم محمد دَ عبد الله دي * امامان يي دَ اولاد واړه برحق دي

چه م کړي دي له واړو شرمساريم که په توره ږيره هر څو بزه ګار يم ستا و فضل و کرم ته امیدواریم زه دَ خپلو شامتونو نه په ډار يم زه پخپله خبردار په خپل کرداريم لكه زه په خپل عمل كښي خوارو زاريم تر هندو نه دَ عمل په کار لا خواريم همکی عمر دا هسی نماز گذاریم په قضا نهونڅونو هم لا تاوان داريم په بزه د لقمي کله پروا داريم * لا دَ نورو و کشتن ته په تلوار يم تل دَ ده تر فرصوده پوري نا چاريم په ظاهر دَ مؤمنانو په قطار يم دَ حرص په حصارونو کښي حصاريم مسخ شما که مسلمانو سری شماریم تر ورستی سالا زه څني په ډار يم توري خاوري م ِپه سردي که زر داريم كه زه هر څو په عمل كښي شرمساريم په همه پيغمبرانو په اقرار يم په دا همره اعتقاد کښي استوار يم نيک و به واړه له تا دي خبر دار يم په ۱۵ واړو کښي له شرک^ی نه بیزار یم مينه داريي په اصحاب و په چهاريم تر مهدي پوري دَ واړو خدمتګار يم

چه دښنه يي د اصحاب و د اولاد دي د مدهب څښتن څلور دي پنځه نه دي د عداب طاقت م هيڅ نشته بخښه م چه هم ډک له ګناهونو هم مغرور دي

په وکښنه يي د بيخ و د تبار يم دنفي سُني مدهب ددين په کاريم و درګاه لره د درغلم طيار يم زه خوشحال هغه بنده د خپل غفاريم

بد م مه کرد و عالم وته سکاره په هغه لار م بيايه همواره هميشه م په هغه چاري وګماره پريشاني دِ شني اوسي کناره واښکاره لره دا دواړه مکاره په توبه سره يي ته کړه آواره چه توبه م ِماته نه شيي دوباره صغيره کړه راته غوښي دَ فاره چه په زړه کښي دميمه دي خونخواره زه خاکي بنده عاجزيم بيچاره ما یکلخته خپل کرم ته وسپاره نور م بیایه د جنت په ننداره هسى رنگ م كورستان وته وسپاره په طمع م زيره مه کړه رخساره سلامت يي وساته برج و باره آل اولاد م ِپيدا صه کرد هيچکاره

خداي ته ځما پرده مه کړه پاره * هغه لار چه د نیکي دَ نیکنامي ده چه دُ دين دُ دنيا ښي چاري په کښي وي په دنيا کښي م ِهميش لره زړد جمع نفس شيطان دواري قرين دي په شماري كښي كه هر څو م ِ لوي ګناه له لاسه وشبي په توبه کښي هسي رنګه ثبات راکړه كبيرى راته ګنده غوښي د خوك كړه ذميمه م وار په وار له دل واخله ٦ تولین توفیق دَ عبادت و طاعت راکړه په حساب کتاب م ِرنګ دَ خلاصي نشته چه ارواح م ِ له قالب نه جدا شي * چه كرامًا كاتبين واڅخه خُوښ څي صخ م ِ سؤر لره همیش په استغنا کښي تر ايمان چه م چاپير دَ يقين كوټ دي په دنيا کښي م ِعزيز لره تر تله

وقبت آخر شه غافل مه اوسه خوشحال يو څو ورڅي شپي باقي دي په شماره كه مدد د راسره وي چار به نه شي خما به ستا ثنا صفت به وايم څو زه توان لرم بي حد هسي څوك دي چه خبر شي د دي شكوله عدد لكه وي هسي به وينه له ازل تر ابد واړه تا ګوښي پيدا كړل بي له نورو له مدد هم والد يي د ملكونو هم منكر يي له ولد ته محيط له هره څيزه له سفيده له اسود ته محيط له هره څيزه له سفيده له اسود دا و مونږه ته رسيږي كله نيك كله بد كنړه ته څه هسي نه يي چه خپل در تړي له رد د بلال اسهد قبول شه د دوي نورو له اشهد د بلال اسهد قبول شه د دوي نورو له اشهد د بلال اسهد قبول شه د دوي نورو له اشهد

زه مدد غواړم له تا نه اي يوه خدا ي احد زه عاجز بنده د تايم تا به ستايم ستا په فضل ستا ثنا ده ترحه تيره د بيابان تر شكو ډيره نه ته زوړيي نه ته خوان يي لكه وي هسي يكسان يي نه ته زوړيي نه ته خوان يي لكه وي هسي يكسان يي زمكه سبع سماوات دواړه كونه كاينات دا همه واړه ملكونه تا وزول له كاف و نون كه سفيد دي كه سياه دي په وحدة ستا كواه دي د ستاكار واړه خوبي دي په خوبي او په نيكې دي د اشامت څمونږه خپل دي چه موكارهسي مشكل دي د اشامت څمونږه خپل دي چه موكارهسي مشكل دي ته پښتنه كړي له حال چه يي حال ښه ده تر قال ته پښتنه كړي له حال چه يي حال ښه ده تر قال

دَخوشحال ويل اومه دي لايق ستا دَ صفت نه دي ستا په فضل به پخيري دا اومه ويل احد

توغ څرګند کا زمستان چه ښکاره شي په آسمان بيا تندرست شي دا جهان اوبه ولري په څان لب په لب شي مشتاقان زین قبول کا عراقیان نه آس دروند په برگستان پري ښادي شي دا اوان په جنوب شي را روان لكه بنده سيلي جوكيان ژغ کا زانړي په آسمان مرغاوي صد چندان په دانه دَ دهقانان رايىي واخلي مير شكاريان په رنګ ښه وې تر زعفران څوک په سيريي د بوستان سپين او زيړ وي ارغوان دَ هر بوټي تر ګريـوان لا په تيره دَ ريحيان هره ونه شي شان شان لور په لور کاندي فغان

چه تحويل شي د ميزان توغ يىي څه د سهيل ستوري العارضة به ونثج ونشحور وي
العارضة به ونثم والمحارضة والمحارضة المحارضة دَ خورو لذت پیدا شي غيب په غيبر سره نماستي شي دَ جامي قدر څرګند شي نه په زغره څوان خبر وي چه د ښکار هَوسناکي کا دَ شمال مرغونه واره نوي باز راشي له سوات دَ مهتاب په شعله يون کا قاز و بطي راخَوَري شي -زرکي کوزي شي و سمي ته كه شاهين كه چرغ كه باز دي دَ صدبرك كلونه واشي څوک دَ ښکار په هَوَس ګرزي عباسي په دوه دري رنګه دَ چنبي دَ ګلو بوي څي دَ سبزي يي تماشا شي په تنکي تنکي ښاخونو ۶ كه بلبلي كه طوطيان دي

مگر مومي په جنان په پسرلي لري رجحان دَ پسرلي په صح زندان يماني ستؤري څان څان

دَ ديَ هسي وقت هَوَس به که رښتيا وايم دا وقت م دَ ديَ وقت په صمخ خلاصي ديَ په خوشحال دِ قدر ډيـر دي

چه دیدن دِ ورښکاره شي نور په ده کړي حظ پريوان

په خان و په جهان کښي ما دوه څيزه دي وکښلي په څان کښي دواړه سترګي په جهان کښي واړه کښلي دَ زلفو په هوا يي بي خودي څما نصيب شوه له څانه له جهانه تل بيخود وي مار خوړلي دَكسِليو دَ جمال په ننداره كښي ما خداي بياموند لې نه دي له مجاز حقيقت ته رسيدلي ښه سخ وته چه ګورم په دوه سترګو نه مړيږم د تن ويښته م واړي واړي ستړګي دي ختلي سيه دل د محبت له سوز و سازه خبر نه شول په کار د پتنګانو مکس نه دي پوهيدلي دَ هغه خوني له تيغَ دَ خلاصي فكر و مه كړه چه دي له نا ترسي زړه وكاږى له وژلبي دَ خداي مالاستونه ګوښي ګوښي تهمتونه په عشق کښي له وګړي ما څه لږ نه دي زغملي سه سخ په مثال ګل شه زړه څمه لکه بلبل شه آشیدا بلبله هر چري چه ګل وې هوري زغلبي مده وکړه دَ وينو دَ ژړا په وقت اي دلّ نور اوښي پاتو نه شَوَل چه ډير ډير مردي ژړلـيي

دَ شعر څه ثنا کړم چه دي حيض الرجال دي به کرکا چه له ده نه ډير زيانونه دي رسيدليي كه شعر ته نظر كړي په خپل اصل كښي بد نه دي بد دا چه څوك په شعر كښي ويل كا ناپسندلي چه چا دي شعر کړي بي ميزانه بي عروضه دا هي شاعري نه دا يو څو سپي دي ټميدلي فارسي شعر م ِ هم زده سليقه لرم دا واري پښتوشعرم كِجَوْسِ شه هر څوک خپل ګنړي ښاغلي په وزن په مضمون په نزاکت هم په تشبيه کښي "پښتو ويـل م ِ عين تر فارسي دي رسَوَلـيي پښتو ژبه ده مشکله دَ دَه بحر مونده نه شي هم ما لره څو بحره په ډير مښود دي راغلي

له چا نه په پښتو کښي ما ميزان موندلي نه دي مرزا په دا زبان که ويل کـړي دي تـلـلي مخزن م د اخوند په تمامي په نظر کښيووت په ده کښي نه عروض شته نه يي بحرما موندلي دانا به پري پوهيږي د نادنوا کار پري نشته دا در چه د بيان په تار خوشحال خټک پيلي کناب دي که دا شعر لکه ده پښتو بيان کړ که هسي ويل اوس شي يا په خوا وي چا ويلي د شعر په ويلو ډير خَوَښ نه يم ولي څه کړم چه زړه م بي اختيار کله کله ورته زغلي په شل کاله کښي ديک څما د شعر په اوربار شه په دا دوري م پوخ کړ چه شپيته کاله م تللي په شال کاله کښي ديک څما د شعر په اوربار شه په دا دوري م پوخ کړ چه شپيته کاله م تللي حاسد م که په شعر له حسن ګوته کيږدي چه دي مومي له شعر واړه ده وته بخښلي د شعر په ويل کښي که مقصود لري هم دا دي په دا بهانه يي ګوندي چری ياد کا نازولي په تور کسوت کښي پټه رنګينه معني وګوره زر شؤيو م سره زر له تورو شګو دي يستلي دوه بحره دوه مطلع لري که دا قصيده ګوري

څار تريګانګي چه نعمتونه را ښکاره کا دوه زړونـه چه يو شي غر به هم پاره پاره کا منح چه ښايسته وي خلقه يي ننداره کا تـوري زلـفـي بـويـه خط و خال زر و زيـور هـم زرسازي ناسازي په دنيا کښي آواره کا خوك چه په اخلاص وبله مين شي په دنيا كښي خطق په شيطان باندي لعنت لعنت وائينه چاري په سړيو واړه نفس اماره کا دوه سوه دَ حرص له صخه نور را اجاره کا صل رنگه غمونه لور په لور د نفس د لاسه چه واخلي خپلي بخري نورڅانونه کناره کا چه ويش وي د شكرو ډير عالم ور باندي ټول شي هرچه دود زبان وي خپل غمونه دوباره كا ٠٠ څيار تر يکرنګي چه زړه يي يو يو يي اقرار وي ولي بادشاه نه وي چه حاجت يي بيچاره كا هر څوک د دعا کاندي چه حاجت يي چاته نه شي خرم غوایه کله نظر دکل په پشتاره کا کل و سړي ورکړه چه خوشحال په يوه ګل شي

دَ خوشحال دَ رندي حال هسي شكاره شول لكه بانگ چه مؤذن. په بلنده مناره كا

دا هه بارخو نه دي ستا دَ تؤرو زلفو لاندي پرؤت دي په ګلونو دَ سنبلو پانړي تاندي هسي يارم بياموند چه عالم يي كيسي كاندي هرچه عاشقي كا صدرجت په واړو باندي هر چه په فاني دنيا ياديري وروستو وړاندي شمع ته نظر کړه خود به وژاړي چه خاندي

تل يىي پە طلب وم آخىر خوش خىپلە بخت قیس ولاکه وامق ولاکه فرهاد ولاکه خسرو ولا نور خلق فاني دي که باقي دي هم هغه دي نوري كيسئي څه دي وخپل څان ته نصيحت دي

ته کوره په چرته زه خوشحال په کوم ملکونو پاس په زړه پرتي دي ستا د تؤر وربل پياندي

ورته وايه چه دا څه په خپلي کونه خاندي دَ سري تـركار شه دي كارد سـپاندي كله خوان ته ستركي آړوي نغلاندي خلقى دي سره يوتربله هراندي ياران تـوْر ريـري لاړل لـه ما وړانـدي

زوړ سړي چه د څواني هَوَس کاندي چه په کال کښي يي زؤړ توب دي هم څواني دي كله هسى په خوان مؤړ شي چه يي نه خوري په نــــــونـو پـه صورتــونـو پـه لاسـونـو اؤس په سپين ريو څه له مرګه ډار کړم چه د مزکي سخ يي لاندي وه تر حکم راشه وګوره هغه تر مزکي لاندي دا عالم ريك روان دي كه يي كوري خوهم هسي سرة آوړي لاندي باندي

> دَ قضا تنورما وليده په سترګو ما خوشحال چه په کښي سيزي وچي تاندي

تن يي لكه سيم ولا په زړلا سخت سنګ خارا کوي په کوي جاروزم پسې غواړم بخارا هه خو درته وایم یو څو نښي آشکارا ښه يي تر ګلونو د ګلاب وه عذارا تۇر بانىرە ناوكى پە دواړو سىترګو خونخوارا

تلم په خپلي لاري را مسري ماله شوه نگارا شوخه غميزه ګره خنده رويه خود آرا * رنګ يي دَ سري وه اصا خوی دَ ښاپيريو راغلو په ښهر لاس په لاسي شوه له ما ورګه ډيري لري نښي د صورت د زيبائي دنگه تازه رنگه قد عرعره مو کمره غاښ يــي دُرګوهر په لب شکر ابروکمانه

پوزه يي غنچه وه دَزنبق سيب يي سپينه زنه مښک دَ مخ خالونه په مخ کښلي مه پارا هار دَ جواهرو دوه لړي دَ مرغلرو تؤر وربل مشکين زلف عنبر سارا واړه يي دَ تن جامي ګلګوني زر نګاري درسته سره لنبه ده چا ليدلي خدا را بيا هسي مدد کړه چه خوشحال سره دِ تله کړه بخت دَ دي ورګي سراغ نښه و ما را

وي يي سكه هـزار سر لـري چه دا وينا كړي وي يي ته سكه څه لـره ښامار وته ويسا كړي وي يي چه كه سر له تن بـي تيخ جدا كړي وي يي چه په دا عقل به لا خپل صورت رسوا كړي وي يي هغه څوك وو چه له تا سره خندا كړي وي يي كه كبر كړم ستا څه دي چه غوغا كړي وي يي كه كبر كړم ستا څه دي چه غوغا كړي وي يي چه خداي څه دا عاشقي هم ويړيا كړي وي يي دا خـبره كـړه هالـه كـه چا په تا كړي وي يي دا خـبره كـړه هالـه كـه چا په تا كړي وي يي كاشكي خلاص له درد سرَسپي څما كړي

وي م که زه درشم ستا تر هاي خوله به راکړي وي يي سکه هـزار سه وي م چه په مخ د توري زلفي تور ښامار دي وي يي ته سکه هه وي م چه په کوم توګي به تا وته نـژدي شم وي يي چه که سر له وي م چه زه تا پسي هـرګـوره لـيـونـي شَوم وي يي چه په دا عقل به وي م چه ما تا سره خندا په يوه وقت کړه وي يي هغه څوګ وو وي م چه هر ګوره کبريا شوي خداي د ويني وي يي که کبرکړم سه وي م چه د سپين زيبا خولي د عاشق زه يم وي يي که کبرکړم سه وي م چه له نته د چارګل په پوزه زيب کا وي يي کاهکي خلاص وي م که زه ستا په کوي کښي ومرم ستا رضا ده وي يي کاهکي خلاص وي م که زه ستا په کوي کښي ومرم ستا رضا ده وي يي کاهکي خلاص وي يي که ثنا کړي د مينې د مينې که ثنا کړي

يون د دي د زركي دواړه سترګي د د مور راز د كردګار دي دا ګلونه طور طور باز خوري د زړه غَوښي يا يي ته خوري يا يي بور عشق نه دي بلا دي چه يي ونيوم په چور تل به بهار نه وي چه تيريږي وقت د ثور عمر غوندي درومي چه ښه وكړم باندي غور عمر غوندي درومي چه ښه وكړم باندي غور

تا غوندي به نه وي يوه كښلي په دا دور وقت د نوبهاردي راغ و باغ واړه ګلزار دي باز د باندي مه وزه هم زړه لرم ويريږم نور عالم بي غم زه دايم په درد و غم کښي مي شته چنګ وني شته ساقي راشه باده راکړه کښينم و رودبار ته چه رواني اوبه ګورم

يار دِ كه دَكُور دين قبول كا په دا څه شي شرط دَ محبت دي ته هم واخله دين دَكور سينه د مجينون به په ليلي وشوه لا ډيره څو به چه عالم ور باندي وکړ شور و زور

> طمع دَ خوشحال ولا لكه بهه باغبان په باغ كښي . ګل و هر چا ورکا چه يـي زړه وي علی الفور

چه ووتل له سترګو هغه ووزي له خاطره مه درومه له ما نه راته تـل اوسه حاضره بخت راته ناظر شي چه و ما ته شي ناظره زه چه د مجنون کرم په چشمانويي ساحره تا غوندي به نه وي شوخ و شنګ دلاوره درسته د دا تنګه خوله حقه دَ جواهره تل شُكر وكاربِ چه شكري خوري شاكره تا دا قدرت ورکړ و دلبرو ته قادره

راشه که یی آوري دا خبره ده نادره مرم چه جدا كيري ته م روح يي كه پوهيري بخت م ِسرورشي چه په نورو دِ نظر شي هر حسن د ډير دي د ليلي تر حسن تير دي ډيري دي نګاري آهو چشمي پري واري شونډي دِياقوت دي غاښ دِدُردَز رونوقوُت دي لام و بىي يى خبيى بەن چەنبەكىنىلىي شى در پىيىنە ډير د ملک شاهان دي چه د کښليو غلامان دي

تل له ډيرو خياله څو پيښي کړي له خوشحاله هم صلح كري هم جنگ كري مِهرجنه هم قاهره

دُر ريزي وكړه خپل يار ته زرة م نه كيري كلزار ته چه نظرکا ستا رخسارته منتظريم وخيل وارته چه څير څير ګوري و خار ته يارَ دم منه وهنه اغيار تنه که د مینه شی ګلزار ته

دواړه شونډي کړه په بيارته زه چه ستا و سخ ته ګورم محل له شرم خولي پريږدي كه مروار در باندي جوړشي گل دا در باندي سايي که وفاکا که جفاکا آئے۔نی وقہ نظر کرہ

زار و چا ته کړي خوشحال چه د نه کوري څوک زارته

چه م وليدي دا تؤري سترګي ستا يا دَ بازيا دَ طاؤس يا دَ شاهين دي لکه وژغوري کبلي په صرغزار کښي لکه پټ سواره دَ جنګ نيزه په غاړه لکه څوک په صيومستشي هسي مستشم که شيخان که زاهدان که عابدان دي

زه به نه کړم هیر نوري سترګي ستا یا دَ تور هوسئي که ګوري سترګي ستا دَ خواره وربل تر سوري سترګي ستا دا اوږده بانړه پري پوري سترګي ستا زه چه ووینم مي خوري سترګي ستا دَ هر چا دَ زړونو چوري سترګي ستا

چه دِ غوښت هغه ديدن دي ورته ګوره که خو^شحال نه وي کوري سترګي ستا

بخري ازلي دِي کاشکي ما دَ خان په رنگ کړي به منه يي په ويلو دِ دَ درياب اوبه کړنګ کړي لاړل و دوزخ ته چه يي لافي دَ فرهنګ کړي څوګ به يي سيقل کاچه يي خداي آئينه زنګ کړي ولي په خپل څان هسي ارت جهان تنګ کړي تا زده دا خبري چه نقلونه رنګا رنګ کړي سي نغمي دلسوزي په رباب په ني و چنګ کړي بي کلذار به کړي که و بل لوري ته آهنګ کړي مخنو مصلي دَ بي ننګي در پسي لنګ کړي موم په رقيبانو په عاشق باندي زړه سنګ کړي

زه خو شرابي يم شيخ څه راسره جنګ کړي بسه وايي ناصح برکت شه ستا په ژبه لاړل و جنت ته چه په پوهه خبر نه ؤو پينده دَ محمه دَ ابوجهل پکار نه شه کښيني په خلوت کښي شيخ سود يي راته وايه زه خو دَ زړه درد غواړم په هريوه مذهب کښي خر راشه مطرب دَ نوروز سرود آغاز کړه هر لوري ته کل دي شقايق نرګس سنبل دي چا در پسي ډيري توښي واخستي طلب کا چا در پسي ډيري توښي واخستي طلب کا کاشکي دَ عمل درنه پښتنه دِ په قيامت شي مرګ لره ييې واره م

مرک لره يي واړه د دهلي لښکري راغلي ته لا د خوشال په مرک څان روغ نه ګنړي ننګ کړي

بيا رباب دَ مغني ښه سرايت کا شيخ دِ کُنج دَ صومعي زه به ګلګشت کړم ګدايانو لره غم دَ ګيدي ډير دي دَ وفا مهر کرم به يي لا څه وي په مانړييي هم خوشحال شم هم دلګير شم دا څما د بخت اثر نه دي نور څه دي

په نغمه کښي نوي نوي حکایت کا د بهار محلونه ما ته هدایت کا بادشاهان د غم د مملک و ولایت کا په جفا کښي چه دا همره عنایت کا لکه څوک چه له چا شکر و شکایت کا له رقیب چه شکوه په دا غایت کا له رقیب چه شکوه په دا غایت کا

که د شکلیو د دیدن مینه میناه ده سکه خوشحال خټک درست عمر جنایت کا

په څه شان يي دواړه زلفي کې په کې کړي يکباره يي دَ عالم ميني په چې کړي توري زلفي يي زنځير سخ يي کعبه دي دا زنځير په لاسو ونيسه که حې کړي که يو دم دِ دا زنځير په لاسو کښيوزي هميشه به دَخپل زړه په حال فرج کړي بيا هاله دَ يګانګي له حال لاف کړه که دِغيري انديښني له زړه خرج کړي زه تر نام ننگئ تير شَوَم ستا دپاره ته به څو څما دَ کار دپاره بې کړي قند وګل چه يادَوَم مقصود م دا دي څو بوسي که له د شنام سره مزج کړي

ما خوشحال له خپله څانه خاطر مؤړکړ چه دا هسي د غمری په تیغ حرج کړي

بل خلقت یبی نه کرم را پیدا شوم له آدم چارد چار يارانو سرة وارد منم سم زه د خفی مذهب دعوی لرم محکم مينه يي دُدوردَ شيخانوراكردكمَ نه قاضي مفتي چه يي نظر په يو څو درهم پلار په نيکه نه يم بي دولتَ بي حشمَ دير خلق پري ومرخون يي لارشه ترعالم زره يي د مزري په تؤره تير شه تر رستم خط سواد يي نه وه نور دانا وه له افهم روغ لكه يوسف ولا درست له سر ترقدم قد قامت یی همره د مرانی چار پري تم ده راوره دا بخره دَ لوي مقدم مر كر يوسفزيو ما هم اور كرة باندي سم واخلم وركرم بندكرم پريږدم ؤوژنم تر دم سريبي راته كؤزكر هاله خلاص شول له ماتم لا په اکوزيو دَ ننگ چار ده مسلم كور و خيلخانه م په كښي ډيره ولا بي دم روغ راغلم تركؤر بيايي خلاص شوم له ستم ومرل خوارشول وركشول خالي نه دي له الم پاک پاکیزہ زروم اور م نہ کرہ بباکم زه چه په بند لاړم خيلخانه م شوه برهم وارد برخوردار شه خداي يي و ساته له غم

دَخداي منت را باندي چه يي هست كرم له عدم پُشت په پُشت راغلي مسلمان محمدي يم درست په دا پوهيږم چه چار مذهب حق دي مينه يي په زړه د علماؤ راکړه ډيره نه خراباتی نه قمار بازیم نه زنا کاریم بخره یے د تیغ راکرہ په اصل کښي پښتون یم پـلار م ِسُـور كفن و كور ته لار نيكونه واړه پلارم شهباز خان په سخاوت لکه حاتم وه ټينک ولاړ په شرع تل يئي کار وه په رښتيا کښي مخوبه نیکه ستایم یحیی خان جنت یی څاي شه بل سري كه سؤر ولا دي پياده ور سرلا به سم ولا بل نیکه شما ملک اکوچه په خټک کښي ديرش كالونه وشول چه م ِ پلار دي شهيد شؤي نور پېښتانه ډير دي خو يـو زه په کښي تؤره يـم وَيرو اولسونو غليهي راسره وكره يو يوسفزي دي چه په ما يي منت باركړ زہ چه دَ غفد په کال په بند دَ اورنگزیب شوم مخوكاله بندي كړم اورنګزنيب په هندستان كښي هر چه زه يي وژلم په زندان کښي هغه واړه زال لکه یوسف له بند خلاص شُوَم کامرانی کرم زوي م اِشرف خان دي چه خۇرشوي كۇر پري ټول شه څليريشت زوي نور لرم يو دي په کښي چه لوي ذي

اؤس پنهه نمسي لرم افضل دَ اشرف خان دي يو م ِسكه وروْر دي چه يي لار دَ حق نيولي هاي م ِ ملنګهور دي چه يي سراي بولي وګړي شل زرة شوانان لرم تول له يوه ذاتَ هه شو شمشيرخان كه پوخ پنجهزاري دي څو به د منصب په زور څما برابري کا خوار دِ يوسفزي شي چه ترين يي حاکمي کا زه دَ شاهجهان بادشاه دننه دَ زره سر وم دم وهلي نه شم خوك مرداد دلاسانه كا هو زره سواره دي سرګردان په څو کالونو سل کاله که تیرشی دا مهم به فیصل نه شی هه چه په څو کاله شمشير خان ترين يوکارکړ دا مكرفريب چه دَ حيات ترين هنردي پوهه تميز نشته دا جهان په سترګو ړوند دي دا انشا و دا املا چه دي شيطاني بولي

دي شيطاني بولي تل باندي نفرين واوري له لوح و له قلم حال حقيقت وايم چه هرچا وته معلوم شي ده خه شاعر نه يم هي توبه له مدح و ذم

چه په هر لوري يي ملک کړ يو ګلزار ياسمن دي نسترن نـرګس ګلنـار ولي سره لاله دَي لا په کښي اوڅار د څوانانو ګلدستي دِي په دستار په نغمو په پردو وغـوږوه هر تـار چه د ميو په مستي کښي شم سرشار

خداي يي برخوردا ركرة طمع ډيرة تري لرم

دوه ورونړه م ِنور دِي يو نومړي بل بي نم

قام اولسم پرؤت دي ترلکي په غره په سم

وارم یکانه شا په خدمت کښي را ته خم

ما وته هين نه دي مكر بي اومه شلغم

څه مجال د ګه چه به سیالي کا له ضیغم

اؤس كه سكارد باز كاندي هيلي نه ده كرم

چارم ِ اورنگرنیب په ناداني کړه برهم

داغ لرم په زره کښي بي طبيب بي مرهم

زه که په زړه روغ وي چار به ولي وه درهم

دا رنګک چه کیږي ګوره څه وشي له هم

ما به په څو مياشتي واړي کار کړ مستحکم

كله دا د سرد دي دا د شخى دي علم

شیه د خانی په خطاب کاندي مکرم

بيا له كوم را پيدا شه دا بهار ارغوان دي ضمين سوسن ريحان دي د بهار گلونه ډير دي په كښي هر رنګ شته جونه موټي موټي ګل ږدي په ګريوان كښي مغني په چغانه ليندي كښيږده ساقي راشه ډكي ډكي پيالي راكړه

پښتنو زلميو بيا لاسونه سره کړل سپيني تۇرى يىي كىلكونى كړي پە وينو ايمل خان دريا خان دواړي مرګ يي مه وي د خيبر دره يي سره كړله په وينو تركرپه ترباجوړه سمه غرونه په هغه لوري چه کيږي پنځم کال دَي اول جنگ دَ لوَرَ شا دَ تـهـترو وه خويندي لونړه يي بندي د پښتنو شوي دويم جنګ د ميرحسني وه په دوابه کښي بيا له پسه دَ نوښهر دَ کوټ جنګ وه بيا له پسه جسونت سنگه شجاعت خان وا شپرم جنگ مکرم خان شمشیرخان دواری چه څما په ياد دِي لوي جنګونه دا دي هميشه فتح و نصرت دَي لا تر اؤسه اورنګزيب راته يو کال وشه چه پرؤت دي كال په كال يىي أمرايان دِي چه پريوزي خزاني دَ هندوستان دي را خَورَي شوي دَ بادشاه دَ به نيّتي كمي نسته بل هيڅ ليدلي نه شي په ۱۵ مينځ کښي پښتانه چه نور څه فکرکا نابود دي تىر مىغلو پىسىتانى بە تۇرە سە دى اولسونه چه سَنَده وبله وکا زُه تنها په کښي په غم.دَ ننګِ و نام يم ُ افريدي مهمند شدواري ګوره څه کا

لکه باز منګلي سري کا په خپل ښکار په اهار کښي شګفته شه لاله زار هیچ تقسیر دواړو و نه کړ وار په وار په کړپه يي هم روان کړه ډونډوکار په لرزه په زلزله شول په باربار هره ور خ ک سپینو تؤرو خرپهار چه څلويښت زره مغل شول تار په تار آس اوسان هاتیان اولجه قطار قطار چه يى و ټكىيده سرلكه د مار چه م وکیس تر مغلو خپل خمار چه ایمل یي په ګنداپ ویوست دمار چه ایمل کر په خاپس کښي تار په تار د هلكو په هر لوري نشته شمار پس له دا ده بیا تکیه په کردګار په صورت حيران پريشان په زړه افكار چه طوفان يي شوي لښکري کوم يي شمار سره مُهران دِي ننوتي په کوهسار په بدنيّت يي آزار واخست دَخپل پلار يا مغل دَ ميّنهه ورُك شي يا پښتون خوار بي دَ تُؤري خلاصي نشته په بل كار كه په پوهه پښتانه وي څه هوښيار بادشاهان ورته سجود كاندي اختيار يوسفزي دي فراغت په کِشت وکار د مغلولسكر پرؤت په ننګرهار

دا کانړه راته نه مهيرک وايبي نه څار

په لښکرلښکر ناري شوَمَ دوي ته ستړي درست پستون تر قندهار تر اتک سره یو د ننځ په کار پټ و اشکار مرك هما په پوهه به تر دا ژوندون دي د عزت سره چه نه وي زيست روزگار هميشه به په جهان کښي ژوَنَدي نه وي

دَ خوشحال خةك به پاتو شي يادكار

صرد نه خوب کا نه خوراک کا نه آرام دَ هغه سـري به نه وي احـــرام تر شستن نه بهتر کنره غلام په يوه څله څوك نه خيرې په بام دَ ژُوندون اوبه به بیا صومي په کام كله درد كله دارو كاندي ايام تفاوت يى پە زرەدى يا پەكام مرد پخیله لری د خیل فکر زمام پري جوړيږي کار د توري د صمصام خداي چه راکړ په ډوډه د فتح کام په هر څاي د خپل بابا کا تازه نام په غلیم د یی لاس بر اوسی مدام تيرة تيغ يي اردها دي خون آشام پري د فخر کا هـمـه ورونـره مدام چه په هر سري به مومي انـــظام دَ هغه په سخ ظفر درومي مدام دَ مرزي بخرة ورمير دَ نيله كاو دي أكيه حيدر تروړي يي مريري په لحام

شووا نه خلي له غليم انتقام چه دَ ننګ و دَ ناموس اندوه يي نه وي که همت و حمیّت غیرت په کښي وي په ورؤ ورؤ پري قدم ردي ور باندي خيري په طلب کښي که سستي نه وي باور کړه واړه ورڅـی سـره نـه وي بـرابـري دَ مردي دَ نامردي تر ميّنج ميل نه دي چه د بل تر لاسه ورغمی د بل شه چه په ذات پلار نيکه تؤري وهلي دَ كُنبت غصه م ووثه له دل چه په سخ يي فتح دروسي عابد خان دي خداي يى عمر ك خپل پلار كرة كام ونام هم غلیمان دِ تري حذر خوري که پوهیري چه دا هسي تۇرزن ورۇرىيى خداي پىداكر دَ لسبكرو كارڅه هسي آسان نه دي چه دَ بخت يو څو ويښته لري په سرکښي چه رښتيني تر سر تير بخښل خورَوَل کا ^م دَ هغه دَ وړانـدي سر کـيــردي انام

دودي غب په کالي ګرزي ډيـر انعام په ډوډه باندي چه وشه قستل عام چه يي فتح تيريدله په اوهام دَ كوهات تركوټ يىي ښه وا استحكام چه يىي كار شه په دوه ورڅو سرانجام وار په وار شه په هفته کسي انصرام چه دَ تـؤرو خـرپا واوريـده دَ بـهـرام بل آسمان اتم پیدا شه کبود فام لکه ستن په خيمه درومي د خيام دَ بنگ بسودَ سوارو فوجي تـمام كم تقصير نه ولا دُ تورو دُ سهام په دا جنګ يې نيزه سره کړه په خصام که شکست ولا که پرهار ولا که دشنام چه ريز ريز شو په ډوډه کښي په حسام نـوردِ نـنـه بـاسـي تـوره پـه نـيـام ترهغه نه به بل نه وي عقل خام چه په سر وخوري څپيړه د ضيغام ما دَ ده له چکه باغ یو بادام چه په غَـوَښـو يـي مړيــږي دد و دام دَ عـمل سزا به مرومي په انجام رنـرا ورخ شوه دَ كـوهاټ په عـالـم شام په ګنبت کښي چه خالي وه هغه جام په وسلو سره صعمور شه هر کدام

دَ ميدان هوسيَ يو يو تازي نيسيِ دَ ډوډه حصاريي درست په وينو سؤرکړ دَ ډوډه حصار څه هسي آسان نه وه پاس په غری باندي محکم ولا چا وهلي دَ خاونه په حکم هسي فتح وشوه دَ اووه كوټونو كاردَ خداي په حكم له هيبتَ په آسمان کښي يي لزره شوه دَ ټوپکو دَ ويشتلو په لوګيو د خه کو نیزي هسي تالي په زغرو دَ خـــــــ كـــو نــــــزه بازو سوارو توي كړي ديرڅوانان غاړلاغري شؤل په دا جنګ کښي صدر خان لا چري جنگ ليدلي نه وه د گنبت م درست ارمان له دل ووت په بد بوي د کشتګانو مزکه سخا شوه دَ بنگس بخره دَ پالي څوکي ده څوک چه خپل کسب پريږدي بل کسب نيسي كه كاوز په جنګ باتور دي جنګ يي هير وي كه بنكس څخه څه ننګ وي پري به نه كړ دَ بنگښو شاست خپل سزا يىي دا وا هر کهتر چهٔ د مهتر سری ستیزی کا هسي غم الم ماتم ورباندي راغي دَ ډوډه په جنګ کښي بيا له ميو ډک شه په ۱۵ کارکښي اولجي ویشَولي بي شماره . دَ ښو جونو ښو آسونو دَ انعام ټۋري زغري که ليندي وي که دستي وي

په اولجه سره خوسنود شه هر انام پري خَوَښيږي به همه پښتون په نام بيا به ژغ شي د بادشاه په خاص وعام اورنګزيب هسي بادشاه دي د اسلام په دريّم د جنګ آغاز شه دا کلام د اسان په بياض څکه شه ارقام دا سيان په بياض څکه شه ارقام

شپږ اوه زره خټک وه په دا جنګ کښي د دي جنګ ناري به درومي تر ملکونو چه د دي صوبي آواز وشي په هند کښي چه په نام پښتون غَوَخيږي پري خَوَښيږي د اسد تحويل زر يو نوي سن رجب وه په کاغن کښلي خييري پاتو کيږي

په غليم باندي د هسي فتح تل وي لکمه دا فتح چه وشوه والسلام

چه د نس د د اره خه کا دا سکان چه په فکر د کر نه وي د شيطان ولي هيڅ عمل يي نه وي په قرآن د کيميا غوندي ناياب شول دانايان لکه تورکانري لر نه دي ناکسان لکه تورکانري لر نه دي ناکسان د پلار پند يي هم ښه نه لکي په خان د پلار پند يي هم ښه نه لکي په خان اتفاق ورڅخه نشته ډير ارمان چه په هند کښي پښتانه وو بادشاهان چه په دوي پوري درست خلق وو حيران يا د خداي دي اوس دا هسي شان فرمان يا د خداي دي اوس دا هسي شان فرمان يا د خداي دي اوس دا هسي شان فرمان يا د خداي دي اوس دا هسي شان فرمان

په کاته شَوَم و عالم وته حيران هسي چاري يي پيدا شي له وجود تل قران دَ وړاندي ايښي قرآن لَوَلي په کوم لؤري پسي څم چرته يي غواړم ښه سړي لعل و ياقوت دي موندي نه شي که په نورو خلقو کښي ښه سړي موندي شي که په نورو خلقو کښي ښه سړي موندي شي هره چار دَ پښتانو تر مخل ښه ده ده ده که به لول او د شير شاه خبري آورم شپر اوه پيړي يي هسي بادشاهي وه يا هغه پښتانه نور وو دا څه نور شول يا هغه پښتانه نور وو دا څه نور شول

که توفیق د اتفاق پستانه مومي زور خوشحال به دوبارد شي په دا څوان

چه بهتر تر هر نعمت دي چه يي دا نعمت روزي وي که یی نه پیژنی قدر ستا په تن کښي څان يواڅي که دِ څان نه وي جهان وي دا جهان لکه معنی ده چه يي په څا*ي عبارت وي* دَ صورت دَ خوشحالئ چه صحت د صورت نه *وي* رنځ په کـوُر کښي هم بلا دي پښه م ِهسي رنګ په درد شوه آس چه ورؤ درومي په لاري چه دَ سر بلا په پښو شوه په دا هم شکر بايده دي ما وي تير شه ولي پوه شوَم ما وي اؤس خو مهربان شه هند په ما باندي دوزخ شه بنديوان وركره راغلم هغه شان لکه بندي وم هری ورخ ورتللم دربار ته دَ بل حكم پري زندان شي نهٔ شیرین شیرین یاران شته نه خپل ورگول را نیول شته نه د سکار هوا هُوس شته

نور څه نه دي روغ صورت دي ً سرتر پاي عنايت دي روغ صورت لوي غنيمت دي تر جهان لوي قسيمت دي په عدم يي اشارت دي ستا وجوديي عبارت دي دَ معنو همره قَوَت دي مدار واره په صحت دي ورته خس مال و دولت دي لا څه نور چه په غربت دي چه ټيريږي يو ساعت دي پريواته شدني آفت دي دا لا خير خيريّت دي يو تربل بترزحمت دي لا هه پاتي مصيبت دي لا يى ما سره شدّت دي كه په نور عالم جنّت دي دا يو څو مياشتي فرحت دي تري م لا تيري محنت دي كوره دا څه مسقت دي چه په خپل حکم عادت دي نه له چا سره صحبت دي نه خپل حکم حکومت دي نه دَ نور څه مصلحت دي

يو په بل پښتنه نشته په شماره يو څو سړي دي يو اکبر په غم شريک وه که بادشاه دي که خانان دي د هما چه دا قصيده ووي ما چه دا قصيده ووي څلوره د رجب وه

هسي ښهربه خصلت دي چه يي جوړ را سره نيّت دي هغه هم په خپل عشرت دي را ښكاره يي حال حالت دي څان څاني شوه قيامت دي په ډيلي م اقامت دي زر اوه اويا هجرت دي

نور څه مه وايه خوشحال که څه وايي قباحت دي

زه خود ژوندي کړم که دروغ کړي که رښتيا که داعيب د نه وي چه په زړه سخته يي بلا عجب دي که پيدا شي يوه تا غوندي زيبا که سل خونونه وکړه د جلاد پري څه پروا که خس را عنايت کړي هم په ګل نيولي ما چه تل يي سل سل زړونه په هرتاروي مبتلا په ښهرکښي هيڅوک نشته چه مين نه دي په تا چه و خَوَمْي په باغ کښي ته په دا قد و بالا چه و خَوَمْي په باغ کښي ته په دا قد و بالا

تا وي چه غم صه كړه نور زه ستا يم ته شهما شه بلا زيبا يي بي نظيره صحبوبه يي كه كل جهان خوبه شي لور په لور صحوبه شي په همره ډير مقتوله ته لا هيڅ نه يي ملوله چه ګل غواړم له تانه ستا له باغ له بوستانه څو زه بنده زنده يم د هغو زلفو بنده يم كهلوي دي كه لوي ونه ګوره په ساعت شي نا منظوره د سروي ونه ګوره په ساعت شي نا منظوره

نسسیه جنّت سادي ده دَ زاهد و دَ مالاً په لاس جنّت موندلي نن خوشحال دَي ستا لقا

وقت د نوبهار دي زه جدا له خهه ياره ژاړي غاړي غرونه په احوال د عاشقانو اور د خورو زړونو چه د غره په ونو بل شه غواړي چه احوال د فراقجنو در معلوم شي غواړي چه احوال د فراقجنو در معلوم شي نوري ناري نشته خو ناري د بيلتانه دي رنځ م نه کميږي په زمان زمان زياتيږي مرکځ د رقيبانو بل ژوندون د حبيبانو مرکځ د رقيبانو بل ژوندون د حبيبانو په شمار دي د ژونديو پاتو سړي نه شول دا چه ګرزي دام و دد دي پاتو سړي نه شول دا چه ګرزي دام و دد دي

دريغه دريغه دريغه چه بي له ياره هي بهار سيل دَ واورو نه دي چه دا درومي له كوهسار شني ډډوزي خيژي له نښتره له چنار كوره هغه زانړه چه جدا شي له قطار راشه كه يي اوري دَ رباب له هره تار زر راشه طبيب كنړه مرم دَ خداي دَ ولار خداي دَ ولار راشه خداي رو په هنكام دَ وصل كيږي دا دوه كار رنځ چه لا دوا شي طمع پرې كړه له بيمار رنځ چه لا دوا شي طمع پرې كړه له بيمار شكه يي ويره نه شي له دردمنو له آزار

هسى خوار زار شوَمَ زه خوشحال په عاشقي كښي خيل دي كه پردي دي راته نه محوري له عار

وايسم چه زه باغ و بسهار لـ ره وردرومهم اوس به له دي پسه خه عطار لره وردرومهم سوديي دَ جمال کړم چه ګلزار لره وردرومه غم اندوه م دا دي چه خپل زار لره وردرومه څکه په دا طمع هر هر خار لره وردرومه مرک وته م ناست هغه خونخوار لره وردرومه مرک وته م ناست هغه خونخوار لره وردرومه بسيا له ناچاري ستمکار لره وردرومه

ښه به هغه وقت وي چه خپل يار لره وردرومم زلفي يي ښكاره كړي مښك عنبريي په ما توي كړ يار م په ښايست كښي لكه ګل د نوبهار دي زار د خورو زړونو خوښ خورم زړونه آزار كا هر چرته چه خار وي هغه څاي مومي ګلونه كوم سِحريي وكړ په ما خوار باندي حيران يم هم يي په ما وكړل څو څو رنګ ستمونه

سه شیرین یاران چه ما تخوشحال لیدل په سترګو اوْس یـي پـه ژړا ژړا مـزار لـره وردرومـم غم آخر شه د ښادي روزګار راغي په تـلواري تياري دَ سيل کانـړي په دا هسي خاصه وقت دَ سرو ګلونو دا يي واړم له خزان نه فرياد شي دَهجران مشقت ډير ولا خداي آسان کړ كه په نورو باندي نوركله اختردي

چه موسم شه دَ ګلونو ګلزار راغي و بلبلو ته و وایه بهار راغي د مطرب د ساز آواز م پکار راغي چه ګلونو ته طوطي په چغار راغی بيا م سخ دي چه عشرت دَديدار راغي په ما ۱۵ زمان اختر شه چه يار راغي

> لون لون كالي بيا پيري خواجه شه چه خوشحال دَ يار دَ سخ په بازار راغي

> > که په خوله راسره جنګ کا هغه يار چه به ما لره راشي غاړه غړي هيڅ حاجت دَت*ۇري*نشته مانړي بس دي چه مشعل يي دَ جمال راته ښکار خ زه فقيريم دي بادشاه دي باندي ښاي له هر چا سرد خندا په ارت زړد کا سرصع پيزوان نور نه لري په پوزه

په زړه مهر رنګا رنګ کا هغه يار هُكه لري م له زره زنگ كا هغه يار که م ِمرک وته آهنگ کا هغه يار بیا په ما باندي پتنګ کا هغه یار كه شما له ياري ننګ كا هغه يار خو په ما باندي زړه تنګ کا هغه ياو . اکتفا په تور لونګ کا هغه يار

> رقيبانو وته نرم شي تر موم وخوشحال وته زړه سنګ کا هغه يار

پريږده چه پري سَوَڅي ستا د مخ بلاد آخلي عشق د لکه اورديعاشقان دي لکه سپاندي

خداي راكره په غيركښي دريبار څه منت را باندي سپينه خوله سري شونډي توري زلفي آويزاندي يارة واسرة يار ده د هر غم عمكسار ده غم اندوه م نشته كه رقيب راشي شه وكاندي دا څه بارخو نه دي نه پريشاني توري زلفي پرؤت دي په ګلونو دَ سنلو پانړي تاندي زه ورپـسـي درومـم دَ يـوه نــظــر دپـاره بيّرته نظر نه کا هسي درومي سخ په وړاندي بخت نه دي نور څه دي ستاسو همره ډيره مينه ژاري رُخه کړونکي چه خوشحال وته ته خاندي

كه دِ زَرِهِ خُو هُه تُرسدار ويَ هُه به به وه لر دِ مهر په ما خوار ويَ هُه به به وه زه چه ستا له غم زار كړم ستا په در كښي كه دِ غَورِ هُما په زار وي څه به به وه چه په ما باندي پيغوركا ستا په عشق كښي ستا له حسن خبردار وي څه به به وه هر چه دن د زهد لاف كا په جهان كښي په ديدن دِ پرهيزګار وي څه به به وه پس له مرکّ م په هسي مكان ګور شوي چه پري تل د ښكليو لاروي څه به به وه ستا په در كښي ډير كوته تازي پراته دي زه هم ګډ د دوي په شماروي څه به به وه

ستا په غم به په ۱۵ لږعمر مؤړنه شي دَ خوشحال عمر بسياروي څه به ښه وه

دَ ښايست نامه به واخلي له افتابَ په زلفينو به سنبل کاندي بي تابَ په چشمانو يي ډنيا کړله خرابَ که چا بي وقت بيداره کړه له خوابَ بيا يي نُقل هم دَ زړونو له کبابَ چه جنت لره به درومي بي حسابَ و بل لور ته ستادَ وروڅو له محرابَ و بل لور ته ستادَ وروڅو له محرابَ

که یو څله صح ښکاره کا تر نقاب ولم کا د لاله ګل به یبی له صحه خوبی ولم کا خلق څه لره تهمت په زمانه ردي د خمار په علامت یبی سترګی سری دي د خاطر وینی نوشی په څای د میو خاصه مرګ د معشوقی د مقتولانو څما زړه قبله نما شي نه جاروزي

په وعده يي خوشحال مه شه خوشحال دُ وفا طمع څوک نه کاندي له حباب

توره چه تيريې خو ګدار لره که نه ولي راته وايي چه په ښکليو نظر مه کړه شيخ د نمونڅ روژه کا رند د ډکي پيالي آخلی تا ويل څما د خولي بوسه لکه دارو ده ويني م د زړه خوري ولي نور څه لره نه دي څه ژړا فرياد کړي د شاهدي د تورو زلفو خودبه ستاد مخ پوري ګياه غوندي څرګندشي

پوري گياه غوندي څرګندشي کل و لاله دواړه خپل رخسار لره که نه مي شته چنګ و نني شته اوس خپل يار لره خوشحال خپل بياض په لاس کښي څه ګلزار لره که نه

همسيشه د په خيال يم مين ستا په زلف و خال يم دا په تا پسي بي حال يم ته ريحان يي زلا سفال يم آرزوهسند د د وصال يم

زلفي چه ولول شي خو خپل يار لره که نه

سترګي چه پيدا شوي خو ديدار لوه که نه

هر سري پيدا دي خو خپل کار لره که نه

غواړم دا دارو دَ زړه پرهار لره که نه

زړې څما پيدا دي تا خونخوار لره که نه

ته ورتللي يي پخپله دي تؤر مار لره كه نه

آشفته د که جسمال یم نورو سینو ته مرشاکره چه مراوښي په ګریبان څي څاي مرته یي په خاطرکښي نور مرهر فر څه فراموش دي

لا دَ مـهـر ويــل پــريـــږده په ښکنڅلو دِ خوشحال يم

جفا کاریي دل آزاریي ته لا خَوْس شها په کاریي که خبر په خپل ګذاریي ته م مالګه د پرهاریي که ته خَوْسِ شها په زاریي که ته خَوْسِ شها په زاریي د هغو چه ته دلداریي

په زوه هسخت بي مهر ياريي که هر څو په کُوکو ژاړم تا ويستلي يم فرياد کړم زه مرهم کړم له تا طمع زه به تل ژاړم و تا ته زړه د وسپاري و غم ته

څوک به څه وايي و ما ته چه پخپله عاشق وژني کوم ګناه دي عاشق کړي کیله درد کیله دوا شي

چه يو څه رنگ نګاريي هم يي ويرکړي په چغاريي چه يي خيره په ناتاريي کله خارکله ګلزاريي

په خوشحال د غم نازل کړ چه اغیار سره کناریي

لكه زه پسيغمجن يم بل به نه ويغمجن هسي څه ښه ياردي ښهيي سينه كشتن هسي شيون هسي تفرج د بهار وكړه كاهي نشته كلشن هسي هيڅ شهيد نه دي راوړي له ازل كفن هسي د جهان په باغ كښي نشته سنبل هسي سهن هسي دا نازك بدن چه ستا دَي دَ چا نشته بدن هسي خوارم چنون نه وه ليدلي په درست عمرديدن هسي چه له يار سره كښيني څوك به څه كاسوختن هسي دا ژوندون دي مرك نه دي كه دوشي مردن هسي دا ژوندون دي مرك نه دي كه دوشي مردن هسي خوښ له بخت وله قسمت چه يي وكړ وطن هسي

لكه زه په خپل يارمين يم بل به نه وي مين هسي چه م ووژني پخپله بيا په ما باندي ژړاكړه مخ يي درست سره ګلزار دى زنګارنګ لري ګلونه زړه داغدار غرقاب په وينولاله ګل وته نظركړه تورو زلفو ته يي ګوره ښايسته دواړه رخساره كه د ګل پانړي کړي خته لابه هم باندي څړخيژي كه د ګل پانړي کړي خته لابه هم باندي څړخيژي لكه زه يي ننداره کړم ورخ وشپه په خپله خونه كه يي رسم يا ييي دود شي هم وفا د هندوګي چه څوګ ټاب در پسي وكا سرټک وهي لاسونه د آرام م بياموند ستا په غولي کښي خوشحال

چه خوشحال خټک يي وايي په پښتو ژبه خبري په فارسي ژبه به نه وي که پوهيري سخن هسي

له زلفينويي دَ چين دَ مسكوننګ دي دَ عاشق تر زړه يي تللي هر خدنګ دي هميشه يي دَ عاشق له دلَ جنګ دي هغه خال يي چه دَ دوو شونډو ترڅنګ دي

لاله كال يي ترجمال پوري بد رنگ دي توري وروي بد رنگ دي توري وروڅي يي ليندي بانړه يي غشي دواړه ستركي يي په تن توري بلا شوي ته به وايي حبشي شكري پيري

تجلي يي دَ جمال لکه مشعل شوق خوارعاشق په دا جمال باندي پتنګ دي چه له غُورِو يي مقصود مومي لښتي ده چه له پوزي يي مراد مومي لونګ دي په ښايست کښي يي تقصير د صورت نشته څه خو دايوعيب لري چه په زړي سنګ دي

دَ هرچا په خپل غرض پسي کوشش دي دَ خوشحال يي په جمال پسي آهنګ دي

په خبرو د اغيار شه دريغه دريغه بیا بی مهر ستمکارشه دریغه دریغه مل د هر خس و هر خارشه دريغه دريغه ككشتن م روا دار شه دريغه دريغه

يارم بيا د رقيب يارشه دريغه دريغه يوڅو ورڅي يي په زړه کښي مهرڅاي شه هغه ګل چه م ِساته دَ زړی په وینو و قصدمنو ته کاته څما په قصدکا بی له تا م د کروینی خوراک شوی تیرم عمر په ۱۵ کار شه دریغه دریغه

بیچاره خوشحال په طمع د وصال وه د هجران په غم ګرفتار شه دريغه دريغه

يا دَ چين يا دَ ماچين يا دَ تاتار دي هغه کل واړه خجل دَ دوي ترکار دي چه په اصل دَ يعقوب قوم و تباردهي . په پنځه وقت نمانځه عطرد عطاردي دا همه تر تؤرو زلفو پوري خواردي دا همه واړه تر سپين پړوني څاردي ترظاهريي دَ باطن خوارِه بسياردي نه ګريوان ټر نامه څيري په بازاردي نهٔ آموخته په ښکنڅلو په پايزاردي كه په حسن د كشمير خوبان اوڅار دي پُښتني جونه چه ما په سترګو څير کړي په ښايست باندي يي ختمه دا وينا ده هیچ حاجت نشته دَ سنکو دَګلابو كه ټيكه كه كټماله كه نور سنګاردي كه اودنړي مقيش دوزي دي كه سالودي ترصورت يي دُسيرت خوبي افضل ده كل روزګاريي سرتر پايه پرده پوش دي له حيا بـه پـورته غټ كتـلي نه شي

ما خوشحال له ډيرو لږدي څه ويلي له دي حالَ ګوي مه ګوي ويل بسيار دي

آد مخيلي افريدي دي سري و سپيني غتي ستركي لوي بانړه فراڅي وروڅي تنكه خوله لكه غنچه هموار غاښونه په وجود کښي لکه ها له ويښتو خلاصي ترنشي ګيډي سينه وړي ملا باريکي كه دَ بازغوندي م كِشت په غرونو كيري باز كه چوز وي كه كرچ طلب د ښكار كا يا اوبه دَ لنډي سيند يا دَ باړي دي دَ ماتري غاښي نيغ درومي تر آسمان آدم خیلو سره زه په تیراه راغلم

پەكىبىي شتەدىي بىلايستەپەرنىك رنگىنى شكر لبي كلرخساري مه جبيني سريى كرد په تؤرو زلفو عنبريني پښي کمکي غونډي پنډي پهن سريني قديي سم لكه الف په تن سيميني ښكارم ِ هم شوي ښايسته زركي سميني لا تر چوزه وي دَ کرچ غوټي مهيني چه په خوله م تر شربت لګي شيريني په خاته خاته ويليږي باندي سپيني رخصتم وركري په خوړي په زرد خوړيني

مينه وارد كارد اور لري خوشحال که لنبه يي پټه وي لوګي يي ويني

یا د کشت وشي د سراي د سیند په سیم ورسراه شما له لوريه شو تسليم ولنهي وته وينا ووايه حليم په ګنګا جمنا به مونږ نه يؤ تر قديم دَ اوبو بلا يي لا بده عظيم هم دَ هر كوهي اوبه نه دي بيم بيم تري توبه که واړي ډک دي له نعيم عاقبت پري کرم کيبري له کريم دَ پرهار چه څه کمني وشي له ريم دا چه اوْس ورڅني لري دي دوه نيم

که محذر په خيراباد وکړي نسيم په بار بار سلام څما ورته عرضه کړه الاستيند وته ناره وكره په زوره گندى وي چە بيا م ستاسى جام نصيب شي که د هند د هوا زارکړم څو به زارکړم كه دَ نهر اوبه څښي كلمي پري باسي چه سري اوبه د غره نشته په هند کښي تل به هیشوک نا امید په جهان نه وي دَ ويشتليو و صحت وته اميه شي خداي زري م په وصال ذ هغه خَوَسِ کړه ً عاقبلان به هین انکارورشنی نه کا هرافعال چه صادر کیری له حکیم

همیشه به په هند نه اوسي خوشحال عاقبت به عاصي ووزي له جمیم

رحمت په اکوړي شه چه نيوه يي څاي سراي چه ښه فکرم وکړکه تور غريي د هودي دي تر تيراه پوري سم تيلي نيلاب و لنډي دواړې پري سازه ليويه لار د هندهستان و خراسان ده ګفريي د اټک دي هر فيفي د جهان چه څه ياديې ورلره وادرومي که ملک يي باراني د که سوات که اشنغر که پښاور دي د ملکونو رجوع لري وده ته ف هم لوري يي ښکار شته د شاهين د باز د هر څه واه واه کاله پانړي په هر لوري يي ښکار شته د شاهين د باز د هر څه واه واه کاله پانړي په هرانان يې چاق تندوست چست و چالاك دي په هر اولس دي چه څوک په کښي ميشه که زوي که مې اولس دي چه څوک په کښي ميشه که زوي که مې اولس د کې جما شوي په خپل واي خوش چل واي خول واي په خپل واي

چه ښه فکرم وکړ که باورکړي څاي دي څاې نيلاب و لنډي دواړه عجب سرايښي په پاې ګڼر يي د اټک دي تري ترس کا شاه ګداې که ملک يي باراني دي څه بهارلري هاي هاې رجوع لري وده ته فيض وردرومي د هر څاې واه واه کاله پانړي چه څه ښکار يي دلرباې خوش چشم وسپين وسره بلند بالادي په نماې چه څوګ په کښي ميشته دي په امان اوسه د خداي

يو څو جام پياپي چه بي ميو څي پسرلي ورع څه کاندي سړي چه آواز کا چنګ و ني آه ارمان ارمان هي هي که تر تله و هميش وي نور يي وګنړه لا شي فلک نه لري زړه سوي ساقىي راكىرە و ما مىي دا ھە ظلىم دى كە كورى ھە ھە ھاي چەكل و مل وي كورى كورى ھە ھە ھاي چەكل و مل وي كورى غۇركى ھە وايىي پرى غۇركى ھى بيا بە تير ساءت را نە شى د د نيا ژوندون ھە بىلە دى چە ترتل و ھەسىش نە دى دىركىل دىر دىرلى دىرى وبلە تيركىل

غم ښادي چه په چا وير شي سررشته يي مونده نه شي چه په خوا په خاطرنه وي

لکه وير شي هسي تير شي کونا ګون د دور پير شي هسي چاري په تا دير شي

په هجران کښی غم د يار دي چه هميش له زړه چا پير شي

مىبارك شه بادشاهي لري په زړه كښي څه عجب آگاهي لري په زړه كښي چه د سعي كوتاهي لري په زړه كښي چه هر چا سره سياهي لري په زړه كښي بد بختان به گمراهي لري په زړه كښي هر سړي چه تباهي لري په زړه كښي هر سړي چه تباهي لري په زړه كښي چه دَخلقونيک خواهي لري په زړه کښي که يي غَورد دانشمند په نصيحت دي د مردانو په معراج به ورتلي نه شي مختورن د دواړو کونو نه دي څه دي نيک بختان به انديښنه لري د نيکو د ناصح په نصيحت به اصلاح نه شي

په هغه هنرکښي ټينګ اوسه خوشحال هر هنر چه سپاهي لري په زړه کښي

چه توان لـري د تـوري خان هغه چه احسان تري پيدا کيږي کان هغه د مجلس سره چه خوړ شي خوان هغه چه يي توان د چا پکار شي توان هغه چه د خداي په يادو د رومي آن هغه په تنها وجود چه شان دي شان هغه چه يي قول و عهد وران دي وران هغه چه ګټل خوړل بخښل کا څوان هغه
کان دَ لعل دَ ياقوت دَ ګوهر څه دي
چه يي ته په ګيډه وخوري حبطه شي
که دَ مال دي که دَ ملک دي که دَ ليچو
په تمامه شپه و ورڅ په مه و سال کښي
چه د څوک دَ وړاندي ورستو څي دا څه شو و نور چا وته وران مه وايه خوشحال

دَ عالم سره خوْرِ په زیست و ژواک نه دروغ نه يي فريب نه تش تاپاک دَغنچه غوندي خوله پوري سينه چاک په لوئي لکه آسمان په پستي خاک په هر لوري يي څانکي زنگولي لکه تاک هميشه د ښو بلبلو پري بلغاک

مرد هغه چه همتناک و برکتناک مخ يىي مخ قول يى قول عهدييي عهد لږ گنتارديريي كردار په خاموشي كښي چه خبري د بلندي و د پستي شي په تمکين کښي لکه سرو په سخاکښي لكه كل شكفته روي تازه په باغ كښي

چه هسي شان ويل کا زه حيران يم چه خوشحال راوړ له کوم دا ادراک

دَ حُواني په خوبي کښي يي څه شک دي د پيري عمر درست له عيب ډک دي پرهارونه مربه زړه تازه تازه شي پاشيده په هر پرهار باندي نمک دي كه سادي درد ندي درشي پري خَوَس مهشه په سادي پوري يي هركله غم لك دي هم فرياد دَ چا د ظلم و جؤره مه كړه په هرچا باندي چه شندي كا فلك دي غم يي بي حكمتَ نه دي پيدا كړي د نامرد ومرد په سين كښيغم محك دي څو چه ډير ډير لنتونه ډير غمونه په هغه چه بس يي ګيډي ته کنډګ دي تؤره چا وته تېرم چه زه ملنګ شَوَم ښه خودا چه م په غاړه يو کوتګ دي تفحص که څوک د خوږو زړونو کاندي دَ خَيْلَ قُوم دَ لاسهُ ورک خُوشِحال خَيْک دي

په هر لوري دي فغان دَ مرګ له لاسه دَ آدم صورت یی صرک لرہ پیدا کر همكي پيغمبران كه اوليا وو عاقبت به شي بي شکه بي ګمانه راشه ته هم د توسي په سرانجام شه کاروانونه شول روان د مرک له لاسه

په هر څاي په هرمکان د مرک له لاسه خرابي شوه په جهان دَ سرګ له لاسه دوى په زمكي شول نهان دَ سركك له لاسه دا ودان كۇرونە وران دَ سركِك لە لاسە

اي خوشحال که په تن شاهجهان شي هم به درومي په ارمان دَ مرک لـه لاسة

له كومَ يم راغلي بيا به كوم لـوري تـه څمّ

حيران يم نه پوهيرم چه راه څه يم څه به شم خبر دَ هغو تلليوبيا په بيّرته چا رانهوړ له حالَ له احوالَ يي که هر څو زه پښتم دلي چه څوک ليده شي نن يي شپه په دا بانډه کښي آخريي له دي څاي وار په وار واته ګڼرم جهان يو كټوري شه زه په مــشـل د ميږي يم حيران په كښي جاروزم لاس و پښي په كښيوهم دنيا وته چه ګورم کار و بار ته دَ وګړي دَ وړوکيو تماشي دي زه يي هم ورسره کوم چه ته پري مبتلايي كه دِمال دي كه دِملك دي دا واړه بي له خوب بي له خيال نه وينم

> چه تؤر ويښته د سپين شول خوي د نور نه شه خوشحال باور کره اوس ناحقَ دَ سري نـوم در بانـدي رِدِمُ

كوټه سپي د قصابانو د جَوس دي دَ مغل دَ منصبونو په هَوَس دي په اولجه د اوښ د غاړي د جرس دي له اول که دا نور ورپسي پس دي نىكىالى دَنىك پەكاركىسى ھرنفسدى

پښتانه په عقل پوهه چه ناکس دي بادشاهي يي د مغل په زرو بايله اوښ له باره په خپل کؤرکښي وررغلي دَ نفرين لايق په نام سربني دي بي ننگان دَ بي ننگي کارو بارکا

سريي هوري قندهار بل يي دمغار دي تر ١٥ ميّنج همه ميشنه واړي عبث دي

كور په كوركاندي غورزي بل يي ووهي مغزي اي خوشحال نن اغزي

پښتانه واړه بد خوي دي يوچه سركاندي په پؤرته دَ مغل دَ ستركو ته يي

ياران څما په ګؤرکښي زه په کؤرکښي يم ستم دي چه همره ښه مخونه په دا خاوروکښي په ګوردي • چه دوي لـره وردرومم ګور وما وته ارم دي چه زه کړم هغه نه شي هغه ملک هغه عالم دي

. چه خون په غاړه کيږي له دي کار څه خوغم دي پيري راغله چه زبون شوم که څه نور علامت وشه

چهښه وايم و چا ته هم يي بد نيسي په زړه کښي نه بخت دي د مغلو نه زه په عقل کم يم مغلو ته جه ګورم هغه هسي مغل نشته پښتون په زرو نيسي په فريب په ټيټالونو نه هې يم نه قارګه يم چه په ګړو مړو ګرزم کهماغوندي نورهم وي په دا کار به ډير خوشحال وم

يا بخت دي د مغلويا شما شه عقل كم دي دا كل واړه پيري ده چه م كار برهم درهم دي د تؤرو واريي تير شه اوس ورپاتويو قلم دي په مايي اثر نه شي لا په ما د خداى كرم دي يابازيم يا شاهين يم په خپل ښكارم زړه خورم دي چه ماغوندي څوكننشته څكه پرؤت راباندي غمدي چه ماغوندي څوكننشته څكه پرؤت راباندي غمدي

ايمل دريا خان دواړه په ښه شان تير شول په ننګ کښي د دواړو په فراق کښي د خوشحال تـل آه و ماتـم دي

درسته وته په کونه په تندي کښي اوږده پلنه د خپل آس په ترپونه په فساد کاندي جستنه د سهري په ورکسونه حاسد شنه کا خپله ينه ختک چه په آس سورشي شمله د دستار پريردي سايه د شملی ګوري دعوي د خاني واخلي حسد بده باد ده د هسچا څه و نه کا

له حال يي خبرشه كه شته شته كه نشته نشته كمه ليه ده كمه ډيره واړه ونيسه په تيره دعمر څه اندوه كړي څه اندوه دي كه څان پوه كړي ته بادشاه د بير و بريي كه قانع په خشك و تريي كه دُر دي كه كوهر دي كه كلونه كه شجر دي بي وقت غواړي بد كړى بيهوده رُخه حسد كړي مه ژاړه مه پري وياړه غم ښادى پريږده دواړه بلا دي چه ټوليږي په هيچا فه پاتو كيږي

دَیار په رضا سرشه که شته شته که نشته نشته آرام په خپل مقرشه که شته شته که نشته نشته په واړاد برابر شه که شته شته که نشته نشته قانع په خشک و ترشه که شته شته که نشته نشته

په خپل هنر نظر کړه څو ژوندي يي خپل هنر کړد خوشحال شير نرشه که شته شته که نشته نشته نشته

په اعجازيي که ړانده بينا گول کار دَ چا دي دَ نادان دان کول په خضاب سره زاړه برن کول عيسي يو نادان هوښيار نه کړ په عمر څوک چه خداي په ازل نه وي بيناکړي چه نادان په سبق زده حال به يي څه وي

چه بهتر تر سلطنت دي تر دولت نه ښه عزت دي يو عفت بل صداقت دي هغه شغه دي قناعت دي حبطه هغه طاعت دي هغه څه دي مصلحت دي هغه که دي مصلحت دي هغه که دي مصلحت دي د کادان سړي صحبت دي

هغه څه دي روغ صورت دي
د دنيا دولت که ښه دي
چه ډير ښه دي تر توقيره
چه سړي له غم خلاص کا
په طاعت که ته لوئي کړي
په طاعت که ته لوئي کړي
چه فايده لري بي شماره
په منت چه وَرکول کا
چه دوزخ دي په دنياکښي

خپل نيت ښه لره خوشحال که څه ښه دي خو ښه نيت دي

· سرداري دِ په خپل دوري کړد بد دام هم خپل څان لره بالا شوي بد فرجام

تا هنر دَ سرداري نه زده بهرامَ هم تمامي خيلخاني ُلره بلا شوي اوس فارغ شوي دَ طاهر له انتقامَ خیلخانه دِ په بد خوئي کړه بي آرامَ چه لا نه يي دَ خوني هاتي تر ژامَ دا خاني دِ شه په څان پوري حرامَ لا څايده دَ ستا زړه انديښنه خامَ تا طاهر دَ كم عقلي په جرګو مړكړ تا خپل څان لره دَ مرګ رخنه پيدا كړه په دا هسي بد خوئي بي بخت نه ئي مشرورور د په زندان كړ ته خاني كړي چه خاني ته دِ هَوَس دَ زره په زور كړي

نوردِ نوم هما دَ زويو په شمار مه شه دَ خوشحال خټک وينا په دا تمام

په دل نه لري بندونه سره بيل لري سندونه نه باور په سوګندونه نه د غله څی مړوندونه د بابر د وقت بندونه

بر سير شول پيوندونه كه پدر دي كه پسر دي نه اميد شه سرا پاتو نه سزا د بدكردار شي د اورنگ په ظلم مات شول

په دا هسي وقت خوشحاله مرک بهتر دي له ژوندنه

همره چري قراريوي سمي غرونه يا دَ ستا له لاس وير دَ چا په ورونه په حکمت په زر و زور په لښکرونه صد چندان شي په تدبير په هنرونه نور په واړو باندي جوړ شول محضرونه چه جنګيجوي سره ساړه کا تټرونه په ليړشنو دَ اعدا کا ثهرونه خود د ملک وارث و نه وهي سرونه يا به شاپه وره ناري وي تا به شاري روي تا به شاري رخنه کرد ملک کښي دخنل ملک کښي څو په توريو په نيزو شي څو په تورو په توبريو په نيزو شي ورور و زوي د ملک په کار کښي قتليږي بي د تيخ له اب نوري اوبه نشته د سردار د رياست ونه په وينو

يا دَ مرد غوندي شمله دَدستار پريږده يا په سرکرد لکه ښځه ميزرون.

په ميدان کښي توي ښي دي دَسرويني نه چه ډکه سينه وړي له جګر خونه

خداي چا وته کښم څوک به پري پولا شيي ما ويــــــي هــريــو بـــيــت دي دفـــــرونه

دُ جهان دُ كم في ميو الامان په بازونو چه غوټي وهي زاغان چه مغل کاندي بازي په افغان چه ګیدر په وازدوډک وږي شیران

را ښكاري شوي كې فهمي د جهان دا هم څاي دَ تعجب دي که يي ويني دا هم څاي دَ تعجب دي که يي ويني دا هم څاي دَ تعجب دي که يي ويني

دا هم څاي دَ تعجب دي که يي ويني چه لښکري په خوشحال کا بهرام خان

نسداره د ابا سیند له میرکلانه بيا م كوم لوري ته ته بياي آسمانه درست وجود پرهار پرهاريم له چوګانه زه به څه لره مانه کوم له چانه اوس په طمع د حرص درومي له ميانه لك مونبرة يؤ پيدا له كونستانه كورستان لـرم به درومو لـ، ارمانه يا چه غم لرم له خپله خاندانه چه تمام شي په مذکور سرد له مانه

لا منت لرم په ۱ هم له آسمان په تيراه په سوات په خوړه در په در شَوَم. لکه ګوي هسي په حکم دَ چوګان يم سرنوشت م ِله ازل مكر دا وه قديمي دَ پښتنو جهل و خرتوب وه که رښتيا وايم شير شاه دا هسي نه وه پښتانه چه بي ننګي کا څوک يي څه کا د ختكود نفاق له ناپوهي چاته وايم څو به کښم څه همره نه دِي

دا داغونه چه خوشحال لري په زړه کښي رغیدل به یی په تاکیری سیانه

خما خراب دل ته يو خه رنګه خراب شوي د مښکو دور د تير شه د کافورو دور د راغي د خولي حقه د ډکه په ګوهرو وه خالي شوه په باغ به د چه کښلو ښايستو بـلـبـلـو ژغ کـړ بيړئي د د سينې په زور چه پاس تللي په غرونو مزري چه د له ترس په هيبت وو په کوهسار کښي چه ډکي په ښو مښکو په عنبر وي هغه خوني په عمر چري ويښ وي بيا به هم چري ويښوي

چه څه وو در څخه لاړل په هرڅه پوري کرياب شوي چه نوم دِ دَ شباب وه په نام دَ شبخ شاب شوي په حون په حسرت دَ هر دُر ناياب شوي يوه بلبله نشته اوس پري چغي دَ غراب شوي غوطي خوري په کښي ګرزي اوس خسړی دَ درياب شوي نژدي درته ويغ ويغ کا له ګيدرو لا څواب شوي بد بوي چار چوبئي دَ زماني په انقلاب شوي بد بوي چار چوبئي دَ زماني په انقلاب شوي هي هي دَ خواب شوي

پــــري لــري خــوشحــالَ دَ آســمــان نـــنــداره وکــره چه څه وي په کوم شمار وي دا زمان په څه حساب شوي

خداي ما وزغوري له هسي غضبونو لکه څوک لولي قرآن په مکتبونو خسرداريم د هر چا په مشربونو چه نازيږي د مغل په لقبونو خو ويل کا د منصب د دهبونو که کيدي چري په نورو سبونو نه ښيوه د نووکري په قصبونو نه ښيوه د نووکري په قصبونو چه تمامه شپه م تله په ياربونو هر خټک نيول مغل تر جلبونو

ليوني شول پښتانه په منصبونو د كورزنو د كنگاش علم د چا دي د تورزنو د كنگاش له علم هيڅوك خبرنه دي پښتانه لره لوي عيب دي كه يي ګوري شرم ننگ نام وناموس يي په يادنه دي د مغل سره ديدن په طمع مه كړه خټک واله بلنځه ښه څما تر ملا ده د بادشاه د زندان شپه څما په ياد ده پښتانه چه جنگ مغل سره په تيځ کړ پښتانه چه جنگ مغل سره په تيځ کړ

دَ خَتْكُ دَ نَنْكَ جَرَّكُهُ نَشْتُهُ خُوشُحَالَ را وتلي دي لـه كـومـو نــسـبـونـو

ماخوب ايده په خداي بوو چه زه ته سره پخولا يؤ ما څخه كتاب دي په كښي واړه غزلونه لاس ترلاس نيولي سره محرزو كښينو پاڅو ته پياله كړي را ته ډكه زه يي ستاله لاسه واخلم مطرب راته له ورايه په تارونو لينده ايښي ته كل واړه خوبي لري زه واره كامراني ناكاه له دي خوبه د سحر په وقت بيدار شوم څو پايم په دنيا كښي د چاكار راسره نشته

خَوَرِي خَوَرِي خبري دَ زرِه حال وبله وايو
تا څخه مينا ده دَ ګلزار په تماشا يو
خپله خوڅحالي هوا هَوس کړو په خندا يو
دَ شونډو بوسه راکړي بيا په توره تقاضايو
په بم په زير جاروزو مونږيي محو په نوا يو
شادي ته مخاصخ غم و اندوه ته شا په شا يو
نه ته وي نه دِ وصل زه دا کار سره جدا يو
يو زه يم يو دِ غم دَي سره دواره خوا په خوايو

خوشحال خټک يواڅي نه دي څو په ملک کښي عاشقان شته په خوب په بيداري کښي سره واړه باد پيدما يو

که بی تا را درومی بل جمال په سترګو چه مهمان مرشه دَ یار خیال په سترګو خو چه راغی ستا دَ وروڅو خال په سترګو دَ مینو سره قیل و قال په سترګو نن دِ نه وینم په ملک کښی سیال په سترګو چه یی نه راڅی دَ خلقو مال په سترګو ما چه ولیده دا ستا دیوال په سترګو زه له مینی مېږم ستا رومال په سترګو چه یی نه وینم ماه و سال په سترګو زه به چري کښیږدم دا وبال په سترګو زه به چري کښیږدم دا وبال په سترګو لکه ووینی لوغستی نهال په سترګو

و د نه وینم زه ستا وصال په سترګو مهماني مرد زړه ویني ورته کښیښوي هغه دم مر زړه داغ له دل دور شه چه ډیر خلق سره ناست وي عجب ښه شي په خمو و په مکیونو په مکرشمو په مکیونو عارفان د قناعت په ګښې توانګر دي عارفان د قناعت په ګښې توانګر دي د مکی دیوال به نور په خوله یاد نه کړم ستا په ګوتو کشیده رومال چه راغي ستا په ګوتو کشیده رومال چه راغي هغه مخ چه مربه تل لیده اوس ګوره چه بي ستا له زیبا مخه بل مخ ګورم و ښه مخ و ته له ورایه څلبلاند شم

نورِ عالم خو دَ يارانـُو ناز پـه سر وړيِ تل نازونه وړي دَ يار خوشحال په سترګو

په هرکارکښي مصلحت شته چه لربر له مصلحت شي ده د سړي همدولا ښادي ده وي چه همت د سړي نه وي سرهاله په تنه ښه دي د سري چه عزت نه وي په صحيح غنني هغه دي په صحيح غنني هغه دي د نيستي اندولا مه کړلا چه صحت د صورت نه وي چه صحت د صورت نه وي دي دنيا د مبارک شه

خپل پردي ته نصبحت شته
کله خير و برکت شته
چه په زړلا کښي يي همت شته
مهيا ورته نکبت شته
که د سر سره عشرت شته
دَ ژوَندون يي څه لذت شته
دَ هر چا چه قناعت شته
که په تن کښي د صحت شته
څه پکار که د دولت شته
څه پکار که د دولت شته

اوس ياري مه كرة خوشحاله د ياري سرة آفت شته

نه زده چا چه قراري يي په کوم خاي ده ننداره م په هر شهر په هر سراي ده په ليده م د هر چا ژړا هاي هاي هاي ډه د همنده و د مسلمان ناري واي واي واي ده چه د واړو اندي بسته راته نماي ده زمانه دا هسي تل کا په خپل راي ده د بد د به م د مساي ده او چه پريوزي په دوه غرونو لُواي ده محرومي د ديدن بده غم فزاي ده همکي عالم ويل کا چه اوس باي ده غيب نشته په دا کار کښي يي جلاي ده

دَ آسمان په حکم څه فتنه بر پاي ده بنديوان يي اورنګزيب لره روان کړم پښتانه مړ چه حال وويني کباب شي لوي هملک مړنندارو لره را درومي زه هر چا وته موسيږم تري تيريږم نه يواڅي په ما ظلم و ستم وشه په هر څاي مړ په څوکي راڅي فوڅونه په ولاړه کښي هاتي شمار په يوه غردي کړه م درست سوري سوري لکه غلبيل شه کوندي وي چه بازي بيا را وجاروزي که په اور کښي د سرو زرو وښي پريوزي

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نوري واړه تکيي تار په تار خوري شوي ده د خوشحال خټک تکيه په يوه خداي ده

دَ احد بادشاه په حکم شَوَم زه آګاه امر نهي م قسبول دي دَ بادشاه يا مهدي يي يا عيسي چه راښکاره شوي په جهان د غلغله وشوه ناګاه دَ مهدي او دَ عيسي دَ وړاندي څه دِي هم دجال هم دَ دجال واړه سپاه چه خييبر لوه ما بولي قضا کيږي ډير کارونه پا دا ملک دَ خير خواه دريا خان درويزه دواړه په حضور دِي ګويا زه هم په حضور يم دَ درګاه خواه نا خواه که امر دا دي چه را درومه دا بنده به در روان شِي خواه نا خواه نا خواه که امر دا دي چه را درومه دا بنده به در روان شِي خواه نا خواه

دارنده د عريضي شما له لوريه زباني خبري هم لري همراه

بيا م غوره غوره جمع ښه خوانان کړه ليوني کوټه سپي مره ګوره شيړان کړه . هرنفس څي په ارمان ارمان ارمان ارمان کړه په لحظه لحظه تيريږي دَ آسمان کړه په صبايي له ما واړه څان په څان کړه زه جدا په غاړه غرونه په ارمان کړه که دَ هر يوه م ساري سل دمان کړه په دشمن باندي وشوي په دا شان کړه مال اولجه بند يان دَ کل واړه جهان کړه لا هاله څما دا کړه وو دَ نادان کړه و موذي سره څه سود دِ دَ احسان کړه

ما په ننځ د پښتانه خوانان قربان کړه د سړي د لاسه مېړه وي څه به ښه ؤو همره کوټي کوټي ارمانونه همره کوټي کوټي ارمانونه په يوه ساعت ښادي په بل غمونه مچه په شپه را سره ټول وو په زرګونه څني مړه څني ژوندي له ما جدا شول چه شاهان څوانان م ومړل هاله مرد يم يو مهلت د عمر بل مدد د بخت وي يو مهلت د عمر بل مدد د بخت وي چه نو ښهر م واهه کوهاټ م پريښو چه نو ښهر م واهه کوهاټ م پريښو چه بده اصل سره ښه کا کله ښه کا

سر خو دا په خوشجال وشو بيا تر کال کوره څه رنګ ښکاره شي د سبحان کړه

اوس خو كار د وار د پار د ي يا دا زوي م دا شان د ي نه په دف د ي ده په دب د ي خه په خپل اولاد نازيږي د اولاد په حال خبر شوم ديرش م زوي په شماره دي ديرش م زوي په شماره دي لوي هلك واړه خبر دي اورنګ شاه و ته نظر كړه ورونړه پلار يي وبله كښيښول چه ژوندي ګرزي خوشحال

كه د زوي كه د پلار دي يا د هر چا دا روزگار دي خبر نه يم دا څه كار دي هغه كس كله هوښيار دي اولاد واړه لېړم مسار دي د نمسيو م څه شمار دي هر يو جنګ وته طيار دي چه يو څه خوني خونخوار دي بادشاهي كا شهريار دي بادشاهي كا شهريار دي لا مست د كردگار دي

زه هم ښه يم څما هم برغو تر څنګ دي غوري خيل را سره هم ولاړ په ننګ دي دا په کوم توکي له ما سره په جنګ دي خوار هغه چه له ما سره يي آهنګ دي چه په دا هنرکښي سر ښندې پتنګ دي چه په دا هنرکښي سر ښندې پتنګ دي چا چه ما سره وهلي سر په سنګ دي که ليدلي چا څما د ښکار تفنګ دي چه د کچا ټر غوږ څما د ښکار تفنګ دي چه د کچا ټر غوږ څما د توري شرنګ دي چه مړداغ په خاطر ايښي د اورنګ دي چه مړداغ په خاطر ايښي د اورنګ دي څاي په څاي يي پښتانه وته قلنګ دي فلي څه کړم چه پښتون واړه بي ننګ دي

په دا څه که د بنکس راته ډنګ ډنګ د ي عقل زور د غوري خيلو تر بنکس زيات د ي د بنکس نه همره زور وينم نه توره که زه کور درد آشام ورسره شمار يم هر ملحي د سر بازي هنر شمار يم لا تر اوسه يي ماغزه په قرار نه د ي لا تر اوسه يي ماغزه په قرار نه د ي ک کينډيو په جګر کښي يي ګولي وي لا په خوب کښي په لرزه پريوزي له کټه که په دا دوري م کوري هغه زه يم درست جهان م و مغلو ته خيسر کړ څني څو لوي دعوي لرم په زړه کښي خو طالع وا سره هسي مدد نه کا خو طالع وا سره هسي مدد نه کا

دَ خوشحال دَ زَرِهِ دَ حال ننداره وكره كه په تخت دَ پاسه كښيني هم ملنګ دي

چه مور پلا خني آزار شي هغه عاق دي هغه مور و پلار به خلاص نه وي له غم هغه زوي به آخر په خواري خوار شي د اورنګ بادشاه په دوری رسم دا شه نن هغه قطب افاق ګنړی خپل خان نا خلف زوي په ګور خلف د غواړي دا څمه همه ګهه د تټوګي زيېږي

دَ عاق زوي څای دوزخ په اتفاق دي چه فرزند څني زوولي بد اخلاق دي چه ښکاره يي دَخپل پلارسره نفاق دي چه هرزوی دَخپل پلار دَ سرمشتاق دي چه ګواه يي دَ عاق والي درست آفاق دي هر پدر چه دَ پسر په اشتياق دي هر پدر چه کوم په کښي تفچاق دي را وښيه چه کوم په کښي تفچاق دي که اَلْغيَر يي دَ عرب يا دَ عراق دي

دَ هغه اسلام اسلام نه دي خوشحالَ چه بهتر ورڅني ګبر په میثاق دي

نه م زړو د بهرام خان په سرداری باندی خوشحال د کي نه څما د خیلخاني د اتفاق څه حال احوال د کي چنکو اولس هم په ننګ په شرم نه پوهیږي کاریي درست د نادیده ؤ په خصال د کي پښښتانه لکه مګس ورباندي ګرزي ورته ایسی د مغل د حلوا تال د کي نوري واړه تکیي تار په تار خوري شوي اوس په مینځ کښي یوکرم د دوالجلال د کي ایمل خان دریا خان دواړه خوردبین لاړل اوس خو پاتو و مغل ته یو خوشحال د کي

یو مغل دویم پښتون چه څوک صاف کا خپل لرمون هم بیچون و بیچکون سرة ورغلل دوة غرونه رنب شدت يي هسي نه دي خداي ته دانا بينا يي

ته حکیم یی پری پوهیوی وارد ستا په حکم کیوی دا فحونه ته توانیوی که بیرون نه شی له ملک که رودونه پار پُراب وؤ په هر حال شکر بایده دی

زه پري نه پوهيږم چون که ګنډون دي که شلون که که له ملک شي بيرون غم لري په کښي زرغون غم لري په کښي زرغون سږ د وينو دي جيحون تبه ښه ده نه طاعون

چرته و نه شه په غرق په سمه کښي باران شاي په څاي شول دَ غلي نرخونه ګران فتح الباب وه په تحويل کښي دَ سرطان په باران سره نهال شه درست جهان صلح وشوه دَ مسغل و دَ افغان په وګړي مسبارک دي په هر شان چه هلک په کښي له نونو شول طوفان چه هلک په کښي له نونو شول طوفان داغ دَ زړه دي عبدالله دَ يحيي چان دره دَ رانړي چوي

یو ورکزی دویم بنکس دریم بولاق
یو انصاف دویم حکمت بل اتفاق
یو بد جهل بل بد نیت دریم نفاق
یو همت دویم توره بل اخلاق
یو روزگار دویم لعنت دریم فراق

دَکشت دِي دَ زدن دِي دَ تاختن دِي دَ ورکزي دَ بنګښ دَ بولاق نشته خداي دِ ورک دَ پښتنو کا دا دري څيزي سرداري لـره بويه دا دري تـوکۀ څودا زمکه دا آسمان شته دا به هم وي

په بد قام دِ نن څما له لوريه تل وي بو نفرین دویم لعنت دریم طلاق دَ قيراه په ملک چه راغلم دا م ِ بويه يو ډير عزم بل ايلاق دريم قشلاق په صورت په تيراه ناست زړه م په يون دي یو په ذکر بل په یاد دریم مشتاق

خوله شرق به يي ډارکا چه آګاه دي

که یبي ګوري اورنګزیب هسي که راه دي دَخوشحال منصب يي واخست كوم كناددي دَخوشحال خاطرخوشحال دي خداي كواددي په منصب پوري خوشحال خټک نوکروه چه منصب ورڅني لاړشه اوس بادشاه دي اولا مياشتي دِي چه لاردَ كابل بند شوه حال أحوال دَ خلايق وارد تباه دي په هر څاي دَ ده دَ خوي نوي آه دي دَ اورنگ بادشاه په دوري آرام نشته چا ويل چه جهان څاي دَ آرامگاه ديَ لكه يبي منح دَ پاسه تورسياه ليده شِي * اندرون يبي هغه هسي تور سياد دي كه نيت وته يي كوري يو يزيد دي كه طاعت وته يي كوري اهل الله دي

تفاوت دَ خپل پردي ور باندي نشته مستجاب غريب يي ووژله په ظلم د منصب په آخسته څه دلګير نه شه دا لا څه په هندستان توره تياره ده دَ ده خير به واړه ده وته بخښلي

يا صرفه كاندي په زر نه به خپل كاندي كشور دَ شاهانو څاي مقر مرنتوب نه كا لسكر چه صرفه کاندی په سر نه به خان نه به سلطان شي يا تخت دي ياتخته ده٠ چه په څان مرني نه وي

حبش په مکه راغي قريشو جنګ و نه کړ چه وقت د محمد شه مدار په ښه سردار دي چه امير د لښکر مرد وي که يي صبر که همت وي

چه مکه کاندي ويرانه
تار په تار لاړل له ميانه
عرب سلوم شول په مړانه
نور څه مه وايه اي څوانه
ګرانه چارشي پرې آسانه
فتح يوسي له ميدانه

غضب ملوک لره دروغ مُلا لره دا څلور توکه هرګوره بد دي

بخل غني لرة فحش نسا لره فكرچه راغي په زړة كښي ما لرة

دَ كسب په جنگ م ماتی آسماني وَه دَ مسيكو دَ سبيو شيطاني وَه دَ هم په دا سب را پيښه پښيماني وَه هم په دا سب را پيښه پښيماني وَه هم کي دَ حسن خيلو ناداني وَه هم کي دَ حسن خيلو ناداني وَه چه دَ دوي چار له ما سره جاني وَه په مردي دَ هريوه جانفشاني وَه په مردي دَ هريوه جانفشاني وَه په مسدان دَ عابد خان پهلواني وَه په دا هسي رنګ چاري حيراني وَه و خپل پلار وته يي ښه ارمغاني وَه په سرو وينو ي چه ره ارغواني وَه په سرو وينو ي چه ره ارغواني وَه په دا کار باندي سزا دَ ثنا خواني وَه په دا کار باندي سزا دَ ثنا خواني وَه

دَ بنكس په توره مات نه يم باور كړه نه بنكس وه نه ئي توره نه ئي زور وه چه و غره و ته ئي تيښته وكړه بي جنگ چه م ښه سواره د خان دَ وړاندى نه كړل چه م ټول دَ وړاندى نه كړل صد وحمت دَ مهمنديو په تنبه شه تورزنو توري لړوني په وهل كړي تورزنو توري لړوني په وهل كړي چه سردار دَ بنكس پريووت خټك مات شه عابد خان چه په مردي راغى له جنګ عابد خان چه په مردي راغى له جنګ پړوكي پړوكي ئي دَ سر شالونه ولاړل پړوكي پړوكي ئي دَ سر شالونه ولاړل په لاس ئي انتقام دَ بابا واخست لاس

چهٔ أي جنګ په سيدان کړه يوڅو سواره وو دَ خَتِكُو پَهُ سَوَرُو باندي لعنت شه چه اول ماتي ئي ګډه په سَوَرو کړه ىنىم خوانان چە د كىنبت پە سىدان ومړل همکي څوانان څما دَ زړم ارمان دِي دَ غليم سره په آس غاړه غړي شه ما دا هسي جنګ هرګز لیدلي نه وه خوانان جنگ تمامي ورڅ کا نه ماتيري نه په طمع نه اميد نه شرم ترس وه يا لښکر دَ نام و ننګ وي يا دَ زرو همکی په يوه سير راسره ټول وو چه نه دين وي نه دنيا جنګونه څوك كا چه په خواست او په ضرور سره ټوليږي چه م دا څله غليم له ډکي خلاص شه لکه زانړي چه و باز وته څان څير کا كه.زه روغ په څاي ولاړ وي غليم څه وه که طالع م په ظاهر مدد و نه کړ زد دَ عمر دَ ښادي دواړه اميد کړم دا شه مرك شما شوانان نه دي په جنگ كښي كه م دوست كه م دښمن سري په دا كاركښي صخالف م ِ په دا کار کښي پاتو نه شه سل څلويښت څوانان م قِتل په ميدان شَوَل دَ هجرت دُ كال غَفُو وِلا په حساب كښي چه بي زخم له ميدان څي نا مرد وي

نور دَ واړو بخره تيښت تن آساني وَه په يوه جلو ئي تيښته څان څاني وَه په سُوروکښي چارد څټ د عثهاني وَه دَ هر څوان په زړد کښي ننګَ افغاني وَه په کښي بيله د عبدل تانده څواني وَه دَ عسبدل دَ مرنتوب بغرد كاني وَه څو م عمر څو خټک څو م خاني وَه په يوه لحظه ل^محه ماتـي آنـي وَه دَ لَسِكُرُ مُ ِسُو رَشْتُهُ الْمُعَانِي وَهُ هما دا ټوله دَ ننګ نه ود ناني مَو په يوه ساعت ئي څکه پريشاني وَد مكر سهل جانبازي جانستاني ود دَ هغو لښكرو كله وداني وَه پري يکباره دَ فلک مهرباني وَه هغه هسي دَ غليم پر افشاني وَه دَ پرهار په کار م ِ درسته ويراني وَه توجّه ئي په ما ډيره نهاني وَه دَ غليم كه م ِ هُو ورهي ښادماني وَد داهما دَ ننگ په کارکښي مبهاني وَه په هر توکي م ِ حاصله کامراني وَد چه فاسده انديښنه ئي وجداني وَه دَ الهٰشر په عرفه کښي قرياني وَه په غره واوري وريدلي نيساني وَه زه زخمي لاړم د څان نګهباني وَه

يوه تيښته نامردي بله مردي وي انتقام و ته م تيست وه له ميدان تل خوني مزري هم جنګ کا هم څان ژغوري پيغمبر چه له كافرو نه فرار كړ كه ظفر كه هزيمت بيا م ميدان دي كه ژُوندي په دنيا پايم خود به ګورم

و دانا وته دا دواره عیانی وَه نه م ِ یاد د دنیا زندگانی وَه دَ مزري دَ تيست څه به ګماني وَه . وكافرته ئي په زړې كښي تيځ راني وَه چهٔ دَ پلار نیکه م بخری میدانی وَه چه په تيغ م ِڅه وراني څه وداني وَه

دُ خوشحال اختيار ترواړه بنګښ تيردي كه څه ننګه دَ خټک دَ كرلاني وَه

كارو بار به ئي ښكاره شي په دوه رنگ يا به ملک و مغل ورکاندي بي جنگئ پیسوي هغه اولس وته بیا ننگ كهٔ أي زركا خداي چهره په مرك بد رنك وړاندی ورستو پري پري کا له غورزنگ • چه چهره په کښي ليدي شي رنګک رنګک لوي چاريي خولکه د چرک په هويو کونگ دَ سردارو بوی ئي څي له دواړه چنګ سك الهو غوندي شان رْغوري له نهنگ چه أي واړه ملكان وينم بي ننگ په ډوډيو پسي درومي څو فرسنګ دُ خَتِكُو لَشِكُر نِـهُ لِـرِي دُ شُنَّكُ تله لسه نورو سره سروهي لسه سنگ كه دُ سوات په هوا خَوَس ئي په كښي ښكار كړه • او كه نه ور څني تيښته په فرسنگ دَ سوات زلمى ئى نه بيليږي له پالنگ

حقیقت کر یوسفزي راته معلوم شه يا به كۇر پە كۇر اختە شى پة مىرڅيو خداي چهورك كا ښه مړونه په اولس كښي اوس په درست اولس کښيښه ملك عادل دي حمزه خان هغه چمند دي په جُلگوکښي دَ طالي ملكي تِته آئينه ده طالي چرګه نرښځي دي په ديدن کښي اللَّهداد لكه لمشي په جيفه مرزي مصري خان مندنړ د غاړي ماهي آخلي نوم ئي څه د کشرانو په خوله آخلم مختصرة وينا دا دُ بازار سپى دي بس دا همبره نور څه مه وايه خوشحال نه حميد شته نه كجي شته نه كاچو شته دَ بيي ڊي په کور ئي واوره کټ کټ کانړي

لس به مله سره و نه ویني په ننګ کښي که درست ملک سره پره کړي تر تور سنګ

چه دَ روه په ملک کښي ښه پښتون يادبري دَ مهمندو سپي بهتر دي تر بنګښ چوهري دَ افريديو نـه ورکـزئي دي هرچه ښه دَ پښتنخواه دي حال ئی دا دي لـه ژونديو پښتنو ښيکـره نشـته دن دَ واړو پښتنو بهتر مهمند دي چه مغل ورته ووائي دولتخواه است

نن مهمند بنگښ ورکزئي افريدي دي که هزار څله مهمند بتر تر سپي دي افريدي که همه واړه چوهړي دي افريدي که همه واړه چوهړي دي هغو بدو ته ئي څوک وائي سړي دي هرچه ښه وؤ هغه کل د ګور بندي دي هغه هم د واړو خلقو ته څرګند دي نور حرام شه که په خپله کُنه بند دي

پښتانه دِ ننګ وباسي لــه دلــه اوس تړلي دَ مغل دَ آش په ښوند دي

مگر چار ئي آسماني ده کم و کوزه چه کابره دي د بد بختو څو وربوزه د فساه په اور کښي سيځی واښه دروزه د هوښيارو په مدهب ده لايجوزه د بي ننګو پښتنو له مينځه ووزه تر خوشاب پوري ملک کړه شنه ډډوزه يا مکي لره څه بس دا دري رموزه لويه چار د پښتانه له لاسه نه شي که هر څو ئي سه وم را نه سه سيري په فساد کښي هيڅ فايده نشته خوشحال هغه چار چه عاقبت لره ښه نه وي يوسفرئي نينګيالي پښتانه نه دي يا د بينو په لور درومه ټوله وکړه اي په کُنج کښي د عزلت کښينه طاعت کړه اي په کُنج کښي د عزلت کښينه طاعت کړه

هغه مينه كا په ښكار چه په زړه نه وي بيدار د ك بازونو دي پكار كه ميدان وي كه كوهسار كه ميدان وي په كدار كه باتور وي په كدار كه پري ته وكړي تلوار په جهان كښي دي اوڅار په جهان كښي دي اوڅار هم په دا دي مينه دار

چه زړه د چا ژوندي دي
له ښکاره ئي څه کار دي
که ښکار کا د مرغونو
د سپي په ښکار هم درومه
د غشي ښکار ډير ښه دي
د غشي ښکار ډير ښه دي
که ښکار دي د ټوپک دي
په دا دوه کار خوشحال
د باز د ټوپک دواړه

و چنار ته ئي آغاز كر دا مقال راته و وايه خپل عمر خپل احوال په حساب كښى كوندي كم وي يو نيم كال دا يم زه درسره سم شَوم دم در حال و زه او ته به سره زده كړو هاله حال

كده د كه حنار په ونه وخوت چه ته د څو كهلونو ئي چساره چنار ووي چه د دوه سو كالو زه يم كدو ووي هي څو ته په موده لوي شوى چنار ووي ښه چه وقت سخت د چلي راشي





